Death is Divine

Talks given from 1/10/78 to 10/10/78
Original in Hindi
10 Chapters
Year published: 1994
Translation of "Maram Hey Yogi Maram" Hindi series.

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Chapter #1

Chapter title: Die O yogi die
1 October 1978 am in Buddha Hall

[Note: This is a translation from the Hindi Maran Hey Jogi Maram, which is in the process of being edited. It is for research only.]

NEITHER ISNESS NOR NO-ISNESS, NEITHER EMPTINESS NOR FULLNESS,
SO UNFATHOMABLE, BEYOND THE SENSES.
WITHIN THE CROWN OF THE HEAD A CHILD SPEAKS,
HOW SHALL HE BE NAMED?
LAUGHING, PLAYING, THE KNACK OF MEDITATION,
DAY AND NIGHT SHARING DIVINE KNOWLEDGE.
HE LAUGHS, PLAYS, KEEPS MIND UNTROUBLED
SUCH UNWAVERING ONE IS ALWAYS WITH GOD.
DAY AND NIGHT DISSOLVING MIND IN NO-MIND,

DROPPING FATHOMABLE TALKING THE UNFATHOMABLE.
DROPPING HOPE REMAINING HOPELESS:
BRAHMA THE CREATOR SAYS, "I AM YOUR SERVANT."
WHAT FLOWS DOWN, HE CHANNELS UP,
A YOGI BURNS UP HIS SEX.
HE RELEASES HIS EMBRACE, SHATTERS ILLUSION:
VISHNU THE SUSTAINER WASHES HIS FEET.
DIE, O YOGI, DIE! DIE, SWEET IS DYING.
DIE THAT DEATH GORAKH DIED AND SAW.

The great Hindi poet, Sumitranandan Pant, once asked me: who in the vast sky of Indian religion are the twelve people, who in my opinion are the brightest shining stars? I gave him this list: Krishna, Patanjali, Buddha, Mahavira, Nagarjuna, Shankara, Gorakh, Kabir, Nanak, Meera, Ramakrishna and Krishnamurti. Sumitranandan Pant closed his eyes and slipped into thought.....

Making a list is not easy , because the Indian sky is filled with so many stars! Who to cut, who to include?...

Sumitranandan was a lovely man -- extremely soft, extremely sweet -- feminine. Even in old age a freshness remained on his face -- just as it should remain -- he had become more and more beautiful.

I began to read the expressions appearing and disappearing on his face: it was difficult for him too. Some names, which should naturally be included, were not there. Rama's name was missing! He opened his eyes and said to me: "You have excluded Rama!"

I said: "If I am allowed to choose only twelve; many names will have to be cut. So I have chosen those twelve people who have made some original contribution. Rama has made no original contribution, Krishna has. This is why Hindus call Krishna a complete incarnation, but not Rama."
He asked me further, "Next, could you give me seven names?" Now the question had become more difficult!
I gave him seven names: Krishna, Patanjali, Buddha, Mahavira, Shankara, Gorakh and Kabir.
He said: "The five you have deleted, on what basis did you drop them?"
I said: "Nagarjuna is contained in Buddha. That which was a seed in Buddha, manifested itself in Nagarjuna. Nagarjuna can be dropped when it is a question of saving, trees can be dropped, but not seeds, because seeds will again become trees. They will become new trees. When Buddha is born, hundreds of Nagarjunas will soon be born, but no Nagarjuna can give birth to Buddha. Buddha is the headwater of the Ganges. Nagarjuna is just a place of pilgrimage that appears along the course of the Ganges. Lovely, but if cutting is needed, then the place of pilgrimage can be dropped, not the source of the Ganges.
"Similarly Krishnamurti is included in Buddha. Krishnamurti is Buddha's newest edition -- the freshest; in today's language. But the difference is only of language. Krishnamurti is just an elaboration of Buddha's final sutra 'appa dipo bhau' -- be a light unto yourself.' A commentary on one sutra -- deep, profound, tremendously vast, immensely significant! But he's just a commentary on 'Be a light unto yourself: appa dipo bhau'. These were Buddha's last words on this earth. Before leaving his body, he had

given this essential sutra... As if the treasure of his whole life, his whole life's experience was concentrated into this small sutra.

"Ramakrishna can easily be included in Krishna.

"Meera and Nanak can be dissolved into Kabir. They are like branches of Kabir. As if half of what came together in Kabir has manifested in Nanak and half has manifested in Meera. In Nanak the male aspect of Kabir has manifested, so it is not surprising that Sikhism became a warrior's religion, a religion of the soldier. In Meera, Kabir's feminine aspect is manifested -- hence his entire sweetness, his entire fragrance, his entire music resound from the bells on Meera's ankles. The woman in Kabir has sung on the one string of Meera's ektara. In Nanak the man in Kabir has spoken. Both are contained in Kabir.

"This is how" I said, "I made the list seven."

Now his curiosity had become tremendously aroused. He said, "And if you had to make a list of five?"

I said, "Then it will be even more difficult for me."

I gave him this list: Krishna, Patanjali, Buddha, Mahavira, Gorakh. ... because Kabir is merged into Gorakh. Gorakh is the root. Gorakh cannot be left out. And Shankara easily merges into Krishna. He is the exposition of one part of Krishna, the philosophic interpretation of just one aspect of Krishna.

Then he said: "One more time... if only four are to be kept?"

Then I listed for him: Krishna, Patanjali, Buddha, Gorakh... because Mahavira is not very different from Buddha. Just a tiny difference and that too only a difference in expression.

Mahavira's greatness can be encompassed in the greatness of Buddha.
He started, saying: "Just one more time... please choose three persons."
I said: "Now it is impossible. I can not drop any of these four." Then I told him: "These four individualities are like the four directions. These four dimensions are like the four dimensions of time and space. These four arms are like the four armed conception of god. In fact there is only one, but that one has four arms. To leave out any one would be like cutting off an arm. I cannot do that. Until now I've been going along with you. I was continuing to decrease the number, because until now the one's that had to be put aside were clothes. Now limbs would have to be broken, I cannot fracture limbs. Please don't insist on such violence."
He said: "Some questions have arisen, one is: you can drop Mahavira, but not Gorakh?"
Gorakh cannot be dropped, because Gorakh became a new beginning for this country. No new beginning came from Mahavira. He was a rare man; but for centuries the first twenty three Jaina tirthankaras had already said what he was saying. He was just their repetition. He is not the beginning of a new journey. He is not the first link in a new chain, rather the last link.
Gorakh is the first link of a chain. Through him a new type of religion was born. Without Gorakh, there could be no Kabir, no Nanak, no Dadu, no Vajid, no Farid, no Meera -- without Gorakh none of these are possible. The basic root of all of them is in Gorakh. Since then the temple has been built high. On this temple many golden spires have been raised... but the foundation stone is the foundation stone.

Though the golden spires may be seen from afar, they cannot be more important than the foundation stone. And the foundation is not visible to anyone, but on this very stone stands the whole structure, all the walls, all the high peaks... The peaks are worshipped. People simply forget about the foundation. Gorakh has been similarly forgotten. But India's whole 'sant' tradition -- those innumerable devotees of love -- is indebted to Gorakh. Just as without Patanjali there would be no possibility of yoga in India; as without Buddha the foundation stone of meditation would be uprooted; just as without Krishna the path of love would not find expression -- similarly, without Gorakh the search that began for methods and techniques of sadhana, of spiritual practice to attain the ultimate truth would not have been possible. Gorakh made many discoveries within man for the inner search, more perhaps than anyone else has made. He has given so many methods, that in terms of methods Gorakh is the greatest inventor. He pushed open so many doors for going into man's inner being, he created so many doors that people got caught in them. Hence we have one word that remains with us -- people have forgotten Gorakh -- but not the word Gorakhdhandha, this word for maze remains. He gave so many methods, that people were confused, which method is right, which is wrong, which to do, which to drop? He gave so many methods that people became absolutely dumbfounded, hence the word Gorakhdhandha, maze. Now if somebody is entangled in something, we say, "What Gorakhdhandha have you gotten into?"

Gorakh had a rare individuality, similar to Einstein. Einstein gave such penetrating methods for investigating

the truth of the universe, as no one before him had given. Yes, now they can be further developed, now a finer edge can be put on them. But Einstein has done the primary work. Those who follow will be secondary. Now they cannot be first. The road was first broken by Einstein. Many will come who improve this road: ones who build it up, ones who place the milestones, ones who beautify it and make it comfortable. Many people will come, but no one can take Einstein's place. In the inner world the same situation exists with Gorakh.

But why have people forgotten Gorakh? The milestones are remembered, the path breaker is forgotten. The ones who have decorated the path are remembered, the one who has first broken the path is forgotten. Forgotten because, those who come after have the leisure to dress it up. One who comes first, will be unpolished, unfinished. Gorakh is like a diamond just out of the mine. If Gorakh and Kabir are sitting together, you will be impressed by Kabir, not by Gorakh. Because Gorakh is a freshly mined diamond, but on Kabir the jewellers have worked hard, on him the chisel has worked hard, much polishing has been done.

Do you know that when the Kohinoor diamond was first discovered, the man who found it didn't know it was a Kohinoor? He had given it to his children to play with, thinking it was a pretty colored stone. He was a poor man. He had found the Kohinoor in the waters of a small river flowing through his fields. For months it remained in his house, the children kept on playing with it, they kept throwing it from one corner to another, it remained in the courtyard... You wouldn't have been able to recognize the Kohinoor. The Kohinoor's original weight was three times

as much as it is today. The edges were set, it was polished, cut, its facets were brought out. Today only one third of the weight remains, but the value has become millions of times greater. The weight became less, the value increased, because it kept being refined -- more and more polished. If Kabir and Gorakh are sitting together, perhaps you won't even recognize Gorakh; because Gorakh is a diamond just removed from the Golconda mines. On Kabir much cutting has been done, the jewellers have worked hard... you will be able to recognize Kabir. Hence Gorakh has been forgotten. The foundation stones are forgotten.

You will be very surprised when you hear Gorakh's words. A little finishing is needed; they are uncut. This sharpening of the edges is what I am doing here. You will be amazed as you begin to know him a little. Gorakh has said the most essential. He has said the most valuable.

So I told Sumitranandan Pant, "I cannot drop Gorakh -- therefore the number cannot go below four." Naturally he must have thought that I will leave out Gorakh and keep Mahavira. Mahavira is a Kohinoor, he's no rough diamond just out of the mines. There is the whole tradition of twenty three tirthankaras, thousands of years, in which the finishing has been done, has been sharpened -- has become shiny. Do you see? Mahavira is the twenty fourth tirthankara. People have forgotten the names of the remaining twenty three! Those who are not Jainas do not even know those twenty three names. And those who are Jainas cannot count out the twenty three in correct order, they will forget or omit someone. Mahavira is the last, the pinnacle of the temple. The spire of the temple is

remembered. We still discuss him. Who discusses the foundation stone?
Today we begin the discussion of one such foundation stone. The whole palace of India's sant literature stands on him. All is based on this one individual. He has said all that slowly slowly becomes very beautiful, a many colored splendor. Upon this base people will do sadhana and meditate for centuries. Who knows how many enlightened beings shall be born through him!

DIE, O YOGI, DIE!
What a wonderful statement! He says die, disappear, be completely obliterated.
DIE, O YOGI, DIE! DIE, SWEET IS DYING.
Because in this universe there is nothing sweeter than death. DIE THAT DEATH and die such a death GORAKH DIED AND SAW, die that way in which Gorakh attained enlightenment. In the same way you die and see.
One death we are already familiar with: in which the body dies, but our ego and mind go on living. This same ego finds a new womb. This same ego, troubled by new desires, again starts off on the journey. Even before leaving behind one body, it is already eager for another. This death is not the real death.
I have heard, one man told Gorakh he was thinking of committing suicide. Gorakh said: "Go and commit it, but I tell you, afterwards you will be very surprised."
That man said: "What do you mean? I came to you so that you would tell me 'Don't do it!' I went to other sadhus.

They all cautioned me: 'Brother, don't do it, suicide is a great sin.'"
Gorakh said: "Are you mad? No one can commit suicide. No one can even die. Dying is not possible. I warn you, do it and you will be very surprised. After committing suicide you will discover, 'What! The body is left behind, but I am exactly as I was!'... And if you want to commit real suicide, then stay with me. If you want to play nonsense games, then it's up to you -- jump from some mountain, put your neck in a noose. But if you want the real death, then stay by my side. I will give you the art which brings on the great death, then there will be no possibility of returning again."
But that great death seems to us to be nothing but great death, this is why he is calling it sweet.
DIE, O YOGI, DIE! DIE, SWEET IS DYING.
DIE THAT DEATH GORAKH DIED AND SAW.
Gorakh says I teach death, the death I passed through and became awakened. It was the death of sleep, not of me. The ego died, not me. Duality died, not me. Duality died, and non-duality was born. Time died, and I met the eternal. The small constricted life broke, and the drop became the ocean. Yes, certainly when the drop falls into the ocean in one sense it is dying. As a drop it is dying. And in another sense for the first time it attains to the great life -- it lives on as the ocean.
The poet Rahim has said:
The drop equals the ocean, what a miracle! whom to tell?
Rahim the seeker astounded, looking at himself.
Rahim says, the drop is equal to the ocean, how miraculous! Who to tell? Who will believe it? It is so wondrous who will accept that the drop and the ocean are

equal, that the drop is the ocean? The whole existence is enthroned in an atom, that nothing is small here, that every thing contains the whole!
The drop equals the ocean, what a miracle! whom to tell? It is so wondrous, if you tell it to someone he will not believe it. It is so wondrous that when I knew it for the first time myself, I didn't want to believe it.
Rahim the seeker astounded...
When I saw it for the first time, I too remained astounded.
Rahim the seeker astounded, looking at himself.
I looked at myself and was astounded, because I had always thought I am small and constricted. But one's own vastness is experienced when one breaks the boundaries of the limited, when one transcends the small.
As an ego you have not gained anything, you have only lost. Creating the ego you have not received anything, you have lost all. You have remained a drop, a very tiny drop. The more arrogant you are, the smaller you go on becoming. Conceit strengthens the ego more and more. The more you melt the bigger you become, the more you dissolve, the greater you become. If you dissolve completely, if you evaporate completely, the whole sky is yours. Fall into the ocean, you become the ocean. Evaporated, rising in the sky, you become the sky. Your being is one with existence.
The drop equal to the ocean, what a miracle! whom to tell? But when you experience it for the first time you too will be dumb-struck, like a dumb man eating sweets. The experience will be there, the taste will be there, the nectar will be showering inside, but you will have no words to convey it.

... what a miracle! whom to tell?
How to say? It is such a marvellous thing.
Those who courageously declared, "Aham brahmasmi -- I am the ultimate": do you think people accepted it? Mansoor said, "Anal haq -- I am the truth" and people killed him. Jesus was crucified because he said, "I and My Father above are one." The Father and the son are not two. The Jews could not forgive him. Whenever anyone has declared his godliness people could not forgive him. This is how it is!
... what a miracle! whom to tell?
Who to say it to? Whoever you tell will start denying it. Yesterday the former vice-chancellor of Gurukul Kangri, Satyavrat, was here visiting the ashram. Ma Darshan was giving him a tour of the ashram. Satyavrat has written books on the Upanishads. He is a scholar of the Vedas. Very few people in this country know the Vedas with such depth as Satyavrat. I have read his books, his ideas. But his question to Darshan was the same as others: "Why do you call your master Bhagwan?" He too...
There is no difference at all between our scholars and the ignorant. Darshan answered him well. She said, "You too are Bhagwan, but you have not remembered it and he has remembered." It was an appropriate answer, a clear-cut answer. And when a scholar comes to the ashram, remember to answer clearly like this.
Satyavrat has written books on the Upanishads. He must have come across the words "Aham brahmasmi" -- who has not come across them? Certainly, he must have thought and contemplated over the great statement: "Tattvamasi Shvetketu -- O Shvetketu, thou art that." And he must

have expounded it, he must have given lectures on it. But it stayed just on the surface. It has gone deeper in simple ordinary Darshan. In him it has remained just scholarly, empty, like rubbish. It is worthless, not worth two cents. The Upanishads say, "Thou art that" and the Upanishads say, "I am Brahma, the ultimate." But still you go on asking why somebody is called Bhagwan? I ask you, who is there who should not be called Bhagwan?

Someone asked Ramakrishna, "Where is god?"

Ramakrishna said, "Don't ask this, ask where he is not?"

The priests of the Kaaba told Nanak, "Move your feet so they don't point at the Kaaba. Are you not ashamed? -- a holyman and still your feet are stretched out towards the holy temple."

Nanak said, "Move my feet in that direction where Allah is not. What should I do? Where can I put my feet? Which direction shall I point them in? I have to point them somewhere. He is present everywhere, he pervades all directions. But I am not worried," Nanak said, "it is he who is inside, he outside. The Kaaba stone is his, these feet are his. What can I do? Who am I to come in between?"

Darshan said rightly, "When you awaken you will know that it is only bhagwan who is present." This is what surprises me, that the people we call wise... and these same wise people lead others. The blind leading the blind, both fall in the well. Great are his degrees -- Satyavrat 'Siddhantalankar' -- the one who knows the principle. Without enlightenment no one knows the principle. No principles are known by reading scriptures -- they are known by going within.

The drop equals the ocean, what a miracle! whom to tell?

Rahim the seeker astounded, looking at himself.
Rahim says, when I look within myself I too am astounded, amazed, speechless! I myself cannot believe: me? god? This voice which is arising from within, this sound of Analhaq within, this echo of Aham brahmasmi within, this soundless sound Omkar awakening within -- I myself cannot believe that I, Rahim, me, a common little man like me... me? god?
The drop equals the ocean...
Who should I tell when I myself am finding it difficult to trust, then whom should I tell?
This is why I am sitting here, to help you trust it. When this trust comes, it is satsang, sitting with the master. Sitting near me don't become Siddhantalankaras, become Siddhas, the fulfilled ones, less than that won't do. Less than that is worthless. Learn the art of dying. DIE, O YOGI DIE. Die as a drop, and become the ocean. The art of dying is the art of attaining absolute life.
NEITHER ISNESS NOR NO-ISNESS, NEITHER EMPTINESS NOR FULLNESS,
SO UNFATHOMABLE, BEYOND THE SENSES.
WITHIN THE CROWN OF THE HEAD A CHILD SPEAKS,
HOW SHALL HE BE NAMED?
... ISNESS NOR NO-ISNESS... We cannot say that god is, and we cannot say that he is not. Think, consider. God is and he is not, he is both combined, therefore he is beyond both. Neither the believer nor the atheist knows him. Neither the believer nor the atheist is religious. Naturally, the atheist cannot be religious, but those you call believers are also not religious. Your theists and atheists are two

sides of the same coin. A believer says "is", an atheist says "is not". Both choose only half. God is and is not, both, side-by-side, together, simultaneously. His way of being is a way of not being. His fullness is full of emptiness. His presence is like absence. In god all contradictions are included. And this is the most fundamental contradiction: is or is not. If you say is, it is only half. Then when things are not, where do they go? Even when they are not they must be somewhere. Even when they are not they must go on being somewhere.

There is a tree, a big tree. A seed has grown on it. The tree will die, now you plant the seed, again it will become a tree. What was the seed? It was the non-being of the tree, it was the no-form of the tree. If you were to break the seed and open it you would not find a tree. No matter how much you search, the tree will not be found in the seed. Where did the tree go? But in some sense or other the tree is hidden in the seed. Now it is hidden as absence. Then it was present and manifest, now absent and hidden. Plant the seed in the soil, and give it proper care, again it will become a tree. And note when the tree comes, the seed is gone: both cannot exist together. The tree disappears, it becomes the seed; the seed disappears, it becomes the tree. These are two sides of the same coin -- you cannot see both sides at once, or can you? Try it, a coin is small, it can be held in the hand. Try to fully see both sides at once. You will be in difficulty. When you see one side, the other is not visible, when you see the other, the first will disappear. But when the first disappears, will you say it is not?

Creation is one form of god and annihilation another. One of his forms is presence and the other form is absence.

When you stroke the strings of a veena, music arises. Where was it? Where was it a moment before? It was in the void. It certainly existed. If it didn't exist it couldn't arise. It lay hidden, in some deep cave. When you touched the strings, you called it forth. You touch the strings and give it inspiration. The song was lying asleep. It woke up. A musician does not give birth to sound, he only awakens it -- awakens the sleeper. Who gives birth to sound? There is no way to originate sound.

In this universe nothing can be created and nothing can be destroyed. Now science also agrees.

You can not create or destroy even a small particle of sand. Nothing can be added to the universe or removed from it. It remains the same as it is. But still things go on appearing and disappearing. This is just the same as actors in a drama disappearing behind the curtains and reappearing again. Just the raising and dropping of the curtain. The tree has disappeared means the curtain is down. The tree has gone behind the curtains, has become a seed. The curtain rises and the seed again becomes a tree.

When you see a man dying what are you actually seeing? The 'no'-form of god: now it is, now it isn't. What was, becomes what is not and what is not will again become what is. The believer chooses half, the atheist also chooses half. There is no difference between the two. Each have chosen just one pan of the balance. Both have broken the scales. Both pans of the balance are needed. A scale is the combining of the two pans plus something more. Existence is the sum of is and is-not plus something more.

The believer is afraid, the atheist is also afraid.

If you understand the fears of the believer and the fears of the atheist you will come to know a very surprising thing: there is no difference between these two. The basic root of them both is fear. The believer is afraid, "I don't know what will happen after death, I don't know what was before birth. I do not know, will I be left all alone? The wife will be gone, friends will be gone, father, mother, the whole family will be left behind. I had arranged everything and it will all be left behind. I will travel a lonely journey all alone. No companions, no fellow travellers. Believe in god, that belief will give company. At least he will be with me."

He believes in god out of fear. The prayers of people who kneel down to pray in temples and mosques come out of fear. And whenever prayer comes out of fear, it is dirtied. Even the temples have become filthy because of your prayers. The temples have turned into centers of politics from the filthiness of your prayers. Here too are quarrelling and fighting, violence and enmity, competition. Temples and mosques do nothing but fight with each other.

The believer is afraid. The atheist is also in fear. When I say this you will be a little surprised. Usually people think that if the atheist were afraid he would believe in god. People have failed in their attempts to make him afraid, failed to create the fear of hell in him. They draw very elaborate scenes of hell, a bird's eye view. They give a complete picture of hell: flaming fires, boiling cauldrons, monstrous devils who will torture you badly, beat you and throw you into burning fires. They terrorize so much, yet the atheist does not believe in god, so people think perhaps the atheist is fearless. They are wrong.

Anyone who looks deeply into man's mind will see that the atheist denies god because he too is afraid. His denial is also out of fear. He is afraid that god may exist. Then there will be hell and heaven. There will be sin and virtue. If god exists, then someday he will have to answer to him. If there is god, then some eye is watching us. Somebody is checking on us, somewhere an account of our lives is being kept and we are answerable to somebody, we can't get out of it just like that. If there is a god, then we will have to transform ourselves. Then we will have to live such that we can hold our heads up in front of him.

And if god should exist another fear grips the atheist. If there is a god I will have to seek him, my life will have to be put at stake. It is not cheap. It is easier if there is no god, then we are free. Free of god you also become free of heaven and hell. There is neither fear of hell nor fear of missing heaven. Nor the fear that those who are worshipping in the temples will be going to heaven. It doesn't exist. Who has ever gone to heaven? Who will go? Where? Man does not survive death. What virtue? What sin?

The Charvakas, the original source of atheism in the East, said, "Don't worry, enjoy eating butter even if you have to borrow money." Don't be worried about paying it back. Who borrows? Who pays back? One dies and everything is left behind -- yours as well as his. And nothing remains afterwards. When nothing remains what is the fear. If you want to sin, sin. If you want to do evil, do it. Live freely the way you want to. It is a life of just two days, drop all worries and live it in style. Even if the other is hurt, even if violence is inflicted upon the other, don't worry about it.

What violence, what hurt? It is all a facade created by the priests to frighten you.
But if we enter into a Charvaka's mind the same fear is there. He is denying god out of fear.
Have you noticed, there are many people who deny the existence of ghosts -- just out of fear. You must know people like this who say, "No, no ghosts don't exist." But when they are saying, "No, no..." just watch their faces carefully.
Once a lady was a guest at my house. She did not believe in god. She would say, "God simply does not exist."
I said, "Leave god aside, do you believe in ghosts?"
She said, "Not at all, it is all nonsense."
I said, "Reconsider it because tonight it is just you, me and this house. I cannot say that I can arrange a meeting with god, but with the ghost I can."
She said, "What are you talking about? There are no such thing as ghosts."
But I could see she was getting nervous. She started looking here and there. The night was getting deeper. I said, "Then it is alright, I will tell you everything."
She said, "I simply don't believe in them. What will you tell me? I don't believe in them at all."
I said, "It is not a question of believing or not believing. Once a washerman use to live right where this house is built -- at the time of the First World War. He had just been married. His lovely bride came to live with him. The bride was beautiful in every way, with only one exception: she was one eyed. Very light skinned, a beautiful proportionate body -- just one eye was missing." ... I drew a vivid picture of her. "The washerman had to go to

the war -- he was recruited. The letters kept on arriving saying he was coming, he was coming soon. And the washerwoman kept waiting and waiting and waiting. He never came, he was killed in the war.
"The washerwoman died waiting for him and became a ghost. She still lives in this house, waiting for him to come back. She has only one eye, a light skinned woman with long black hair. She wears a red sari."
She insisted, "I don't believe in ghosts." But I saw she was looking nervously this way and that.
I said, "I am telling you all this because tonight you are staying here for the first time. Whenever somebody new is staying in the house, the first night the washerwoman comes in the middle of the night and pulls off their blanket to see if her man has come back."
At this point her face started going pale. She said, "What are you talking about? An educated man like you believes in ghosts and such like?"
I said, "It is not a question of believing. But it is necessary to warn you otherwise you might be too frightened. Now I have told you, if a one eyed, light skinned woman in a red sari pulls off your blanket don't be afraid. She never harms anybody, just throws off the blanket, stamps the floor in disappointment and goes away.
"And I will tell you one more characteristic of hers..." The owner of the house I was staying at in those days had the habit of grinding his teeth at night. Several times in the night he would start grinding his teeth. So I said, "I will tell you one more habit of the woman, when she comes into the room she will be grinding her teeth. Naturally, she has waited so long. Ages have past. She had loved him, she

comes in anger now, the washerman deceived her, he never came back. So she gnashes her teeth you may hear the sound of gnashing teeth at first."
She said, "What are you going on about? I simply don't believe in them. You please stop this talk. You are unnecessarily trying to scare me."
I said, " If you don't believe in them there is nothing to be afraid of."
We kept talking this way until it was twelve o'clock. I said, "Now you better go to bed." She went to her room. It happened that no sooner did she lie down, the owner gnashed his teeth. He was sleeping in the next room. I was confident, he could be relied upon. During the night he will do it at least ten times. He will grind them once in a while. She went, lay down on the bed turned out the light and he gnashed his teeth. She screamed. I rushed to her room, turned on the lights. She was almost paralyzed in shock, pointing towards the corner of the room: "Look! She is standing there."
I tried to explain to her in millions of ways that ghosts don't exist. She said, "I cannot believe you. They certainly do exist... she is standing right there! And exactly as you had described: one eye, light complexion, black hair, red sari and grinding her teeth."
The whole night I had to suffer, because she wouldn't sleep or let me sleep. She would say, "Now I cannot sleep." If I slept, she would come again saying, "And you said she would lift the blanket, she will come that close?"
I would say to her, "Do ghosts exist anywhere? They are all just imagination. I was just telling you a story, just to demonstrate..."

She developed fever in the night and I had to call a doctor. And the man with whom I was staying said, "You create unnecessary problems."
The woman left the very next morning. She never came back. Several times I sent messages to her, to come for a visit sometime. She said she could never enter that house. I would explain, ghosts do not exist. She would say, "Who are you trying to fool? Just drop the subject, I have experienced them myself."
Remember you usually start denying the thing you are afraid of. You deny so that you don't remember that you are afraid. If it doesn't exist what is there to be afraid of?
There is no difference at all between a believer and an atheist. Just one is afraid positively, the other is afraid negatively. The difference is only of positive and negative, but both are afraid. Out of fear the atheist says god does not exist. Once you believe in god much more follows that has to be believed and that makes him tremble. The believer says god exists, he is afraid in a positive way. He is saying, "God exists, if I don't believe in him, if I don't praise him, if I don't pray to him, if I do not persuade him, I will be tortured."
The truly religious man says, god is both. God is beyond the conceptions and beliefs of both the believer and the atheist.
NEITHER ISNESS NOR NO-ISNESS...
It can neither be said that he is, nor that he is not.
... NEITHER EMPTINESS NOR FULLNESS...
It can't be said that he's empty, nor said that he's full.
... SO UNFATHOMABLE, BEYOND THE SENSES.

It's so unfathomable. No word of ours can measure him. Our words are like tiny teaspoons, he is like the ocean! In these teaspoons, an ocean cannot be contained, nor can it be measured. All our measures are very small. Our hands are very small. Our capacity is very small. His expanse is infinite. He is limitless. ... SO UNFATHOMABLE, BEYOND THE SENSES.

Rahim says,

Words regarding the unfathomable can't be spoken or heard
Those who know don't say, those who say don't know.
Words regarding the unfathomable...

He is so unfathomable! Try to understand the meaning of this word unfathomable. Unfathomable means one whose depth we cannot measure, beyond depth. No matter how many million ways we try, we can not fathom him, because he is depthless. And those who have gone to measure his depth have slowly slowly dissolved into him.

It is said that once two dolls made of salt went to probe the depths of the ocean. They jumped into the sea. A crowd had gathered there. A fair was in full swing on the sea beach. Everyone had come. They continued waiting for days on end but eventually the fair became deserted, those dolls of salt never came back to the surface. Not only were the salt dolls unable to fathom the depth, they themselves were dissolved. 'Seeking, seeking, O friend, Kabir has disappeared.' They went seeking and disappeared themselves. How long can salt dolls probing the ocean survive? They must have dissolved. They were part of the ocean, that is why they got the idea. We too are salt dolls. He is an ocean. We will go in search of him and be dissolved.

Unfathomable does not mean simply the unknown. The unknown means something that can be known someday. What is known today was once unknown. Man had never walked on the moon, but now he has. Up till now the moon was unknown, but now it is known. We did not know the mysteries of the atom, but now we know.

God is not just unknown. Here lies the difference between religion and science. Religion says, there are three types of things in the universe: the known -- which has already been known; the unknown -- which will be known; and the unknowable -- which is not known and will never be known. Science says there are only two categories in the universe: the known and the unknown. Science divides the universe into these two categories -- that which is known and that which will be known. The unknowable: in this one word the whole essence of religion is hidden. There is something which has never been known and never will be known, because its mystery is such that one who seeks it disappears into it.

Words regarding the unfathomable can't be spoken or heard

And when the seeker himself has dissolved, then who is to tell, what to say, how to say? All words are very small, very shallow. You also have experiences in your life. Waking up early in the morning, the sun is rising in the garden, the trees are waking up. The smell of fresh earth is in the air -- perhaps it has just rained. The dew drops on the grass leaves are shining like pearls. The birds have started singing. A peacock dances, a cuckoo calls. Flowers bloom, the lotuses open their petals. You see all this. It is not beyond your senses, it is within their grasp. It is not unknown to you, it is known. You experience all this

beauty. If somebody asks you to describe it in one word, what would you say? Just this: it was beautiful, it was very beautiful. But is this any description? In this 'very beautiful' there is no ray of the sun, or fragrance of the fresh earth, or blooming petals of the lotus, or bird song, or dew drop pearls, or the green of the trees, or open sky. There is nothing in it. What is in this 'very beautiful'? Nothing at all, only a few letters of the alphabet.

It is as if you write down the word lamp and hang it on the wall, will it illuminate the night? The night is dark and it will remain dark. Talking about lamps does not illuminate.

A woman told Picasso, "Yesterday I saw your painting -- your self-portrait -- at a friends house. And it was so beautiful, so lovely that I could not contain myself. I kissed it."

Picasso asked, "What happened then? Did the painting kiss you back?"

The woman said, "What are you talking about? Of course not!"

Picasso said, "Then it was not my portrait."

Mulla Nasruddin's neighbor told him, "Keep your boy in line, he's already started harassing women... Yesterday he threw a small pebble at my wife."

Mulla asked, "Was she hit?"

The neighbor said, "No."

Mulla replied, "Then it must have been somebody else's son. My son hits the target. It must have been somebody else's -- it's a misunderstanding."

Similarly Picasso said, "It could not have been my portrait. It was not me. There was no response to your kiss? What a waste! It was not me, I would have responded."

But pictures do not respond. Pictures fall short. Our songs, our words, our scriptures also fall short. Even the worldly things we experience cannot be described...

A mother loves her child. How to say it? What is there in the word love, everybody can repeat it. If you say I love my son very much, or I love my wife very much what does it mean? Here people also say I love ice cream. Somebody says I love my car very much. Where love is for ice cream and cars too, what meaning remains? When you say I love my wife very much, is it your wife or ice cream? What meaning does love have?

Our words are small. These same small words we use in many ways. They have limits. Even our worldly experience cannot be contained in them. The absolute experience, the ultimate experience -- when all thoughts become silent, become quiet, when the person goes beyond language, where all intricacies of logic are left behind, where thoughtlessness prevails -- one who experiences it will not be able to express it.

Those who know don't say...

Those who have known, could not say. Nobody has ever been able to say it. Do you think saying it to you every day that I am ever able to say it? No, I manage to say everything else, but the unfathomable remains the unfathomable. I manage to say much about and around it , but no arrow of words ever hits the target. Everything else can be said, but all saying is nothing more than indications. Do not cling to what I say. What I say is only like a milestone. On it an arrow indicates that Delhi is one hundred miles ahead. Do not sit down and cling to the milestone thinking you have arrived at Delhi. What I say is

like pointing a finger at the moon. Do not start worshipping the finger. All scriptures are fingers pointing at the moon. No finger manifests the moon itself. But those who are intelligent understand the indication. For the intelligent a hint is enough.

A man came to Buddha and said, "I have come to hear what cannot be said." Buddha closed his eyes. Seeing Buddha close his eyes, the man sat down and closed his eyes. Ananda, Buddha's attendant and constant companion, was sitting near by. He became alert that something was going on. He must have been napping -- what to do, just sitting and sitting? He must have been yawning. He saw that something was going on. This man had said he came to listen to what cannot be said, and Buddha closed his eyes, became silent. This man too sat down and closed his eyes. Both absorbed in ecstasy. As if somewhere far in they are meeting in silence. Ananda is looking on, he feels something is certainly transpiring, but no words are uttered from either side. Words are not leaving lips nor are they reaching ears, but something is definitely happening. He felt an invisible presence. As if both are submerged in one energy field. And that man got up after half an hour. Tears were flowing from his eyes. He bowed down at Buddha's feet, offered his greetings and said, "Blessed am I. I was searching for just such a man who can say it without saying. And you have said it very beautifully. I leave fully satisfied."

He left Buddha blissed out, shedding tears. No sooner had he left, Ananda asked, "What was that? What happened? You neither said anything nor did he hear anything. And when he was leaving and he touched your feet you blessed

him with such overwhelming totality, putting your hand on his head in a way that you rarely do. What happened? What kind of man was he?"

Buddha said, "Ananda, you know when you were young, when we were all young..." They were cousins, Buddha and Ananda, brought up in the same royal palace. They grew up together. "You loved horses very much. You know well that there are horses who stall even when you beat them. You go on whipping them and they just don't move, they are very stubborn. Then there are some horses who you whip a little and they move. And there are others who do not need whipping, just the crack of the whip, make the sound without striking and they start galloping. And there are still others -- you know them well -- for whom even the sound of the whip feels like an insult. Just the shadow of the whip and they gallop. This man was one of the last kind. The shadow of the whip. I did not say anything to him. I just dived into nothingness, he got a glimpse of my shadow. And the communion, the satsang occurred. This is what satsang is."

It is not that Buddha does not speak. He speaks to those who can only understand speaking. He does not speak to those who slowly slowly begin to understand non-speaking. Speaking is just a preparation for non-speaking.

There are two forms of satsang. One, where the master speaks, because you still only understand speaking -- even to understand that is too much... Another moment comes -- the ultimate moment -- when there is no question of speaking, when the master sits and you are sitting near him. This moment in the ancient days was called 'upanishad -- sitting near the master'. The Upanishads were born from

this sitting near. Their very name became 'upanishad -- sitting near'. The music that had been heard in the emptiness near the master has been gathered. The Upanishads were made from this. Upanishad means sitting near, upanishad means satsang.

No, Those who know don't say, those who say don't know. So if somebody is saying he will help you know god, beware. You will be cheated. Only words will be given to you. The claim of one who says he has known god will prove fatal. God is never known. One who knows him becomes him. There remains no separation between the knower and the known. There the knowing, the knower and the known do not remain divided. There, the knower dissolves into the known. There the known dissolves into the knower. That is why he is called unfathomable. His depth cannot be measured because the depth taker disappears. 'Seeking, seeking, O friend, Kabir has disappeared.'

NEITHER ISNESS NOR NO-ISNESS, NEITHER EMPTINESS NOR FULLNESS,
SO UNFATHOMABLE, BEYOND THE SENSES.
WITHIN THE CROWN OF THE HEAD A CHILD SPEAKS,
HOW SHALL HE BE NAMED?

And when someone is ready to endure this unfathomable, when someone finds courage to dive into it, the definition of this courage is:

DIE, O YOGI, DIE! DIE, SWEET IS DYING.
DIE THAT DEATH GORAKH DIED AND SAW.

Disappear, die: then the seeing, then the meeting. Disappear, then the search is fulfilled. In such a man a new expression arises from the brain.

WITHIN THE CROWN OF THE HEAD A CHILD SPEAKS...

In his crown, where the thousand petalled lotus blooms, in his brain, silence is born. When all thoughts are gone, when the ego disappears, when even the feeling "I am" does not remain, when there is only silence, peace, emptiness -- this is called samadhi. Then samadhi comes to fruition! Then you become awakened. But there is no current of thoughts flowing in the mind. The trail of thoughts becomes silent, becomes quiet, no traveller moves there -- mind without thought, mind without object of thought. You are just a pure mirror, now no shadow is made, no reflection is made. In this state your inner lotus blooms. Then silence is created in your brain. There is nothing there to fill it. You exist only as a hollow sacred emptiness.

WITHIN THE CROWN OF THE HEAD A CHILD SPEAKS,

And then his innocent voice, like the joyful squeal of a small child! Like the sound of a just born baby! Brand new, fresh, just bathed -- freshly bathed virgin sound is heard. His sound is experienced.

In this state of being Mohammed heard the Koran. In this same state the seers heard the Vedas. In this same state, all of the important scriptures of the world were born. They are all beyond human -- man did not create them. Man's hand is not involved in them. God has flowed through, man has only made a channel.

WITHIN THE CROWN OF THE HEAD A CHILD SPEAKS,
HOW SHALL HE BE NAMED?
And no name can be given to that innocent sound which arises within. It is nameless. Nor can any attribute be given to it, because all attributes set limits; and it is boundless, infinite. The drop became the ocean. The drop has evaporated, it has become sky. Now who will speak? What can be said?
When someone returns from there he becomes dumb, completely mute. He says much, speaks of everything else. He says how to reach there, he says on which path to reach, he says by which techniques you will reach. But what happened there -- about this he remains completely silent. He says: "You go yourself, see for yourself. I will tell you the method how you can open a window. I will tell you which keys to try so the locks opens. But what you will see, you will see only when you go! No one can lend that darshan, that vision to anyone."
LAUGHING, PLAYING, THE KNACK OF MEDITATION...
But a few things can be observed in the life of one who has experienced this. These are very beautiful statements, very profound statements.
LAUGHING, PLAYING, THE KNACK OF MEDITATION...
You will see him laughing, playing. Life is just play-acting for him. You will not find him serious. This is the criterion of a master -- you won't find him serious or sad. You will find him laughing.

LAUGHING, PLAYING, THE KNACK OF MEDITATION...

For him everything is laughter and play -- all divine play. Because of this we call Krishna the perfect incarnation. Rama is serious, he keeps account of mere trivia: he lives according to rules of conduct, he is a man of great respect. Krishna is not respectful -- without rules, without conduct. For Krishna life is divine play.

Life is a game. Don't take it as more than a game. Take it as more than a game and immediately you are in trouble. Understand it as drama, acting. In acting is there any suffering? When one gets a part in a drama he does it with gusto. Even having to play the arch-villain Ravana in the Ram Leela, one needn't suffer a bit. No one goes around crying to himself: "Oh! how unfortunate I am that I have to play Ravana." As soon as the curtain closes Rama and Ravana become equal. On stage they were ready to end each other's lives, but go and look behind the curtain, they are sitting drinking tea, gossiping. Sita is sitting just between the two -- with no question of abduction, with no question of rescue.

Life is a drama; but only those who have attained emptiness can know it fully as drama.

LAUGHING, PLAYING, THE KNACK OF MEDITATION.

Meditation too is nothing but play, nothing but laughter. People ask me, "What's wrong with this ashram of yours? Here people laugh, dance, play, frolic!" And how else could an ashram be?

LAUGHING, PLAYING, THE KNACK OF MEDITATION,

DAY AND NIGHT SHARING DIVINE KNOWLEDGE.
And then whatever is said is divine inspiration -- day and night. The way he walks, the way he speaks. If he remains silent, in that silence is divine inspiration. If he speaks, the words are inspired. If he dances, then inspired dance. And if sitting peacefully then he sits peacefully in divine inspiration. His entire being is surrendered to the divine, surrendered to the whole. Now he is not separate. This is why he laughs, why he plays. Now he has become part of the divine play.
HE LAUGHS, PLAYS, KEEPS MIND UNTROUBLED...
Just laugh and play and don't be sad and troubled, uselessly letting the mind be serious. Don't be miserable.
But you can see some people are very troubled in a worldly sense and some troubled in a religious sense. Both are miserable. One is running after money, his mind is disturbed; the other was frightened of money and has fled, his mind is disturbed. One says the more women I can get the better, the other says let no woman come into my sight, otherwise everything will be disturbed. But both are disturbed, neither has learned to laugh and play. They haven't learned the art of playing. They are too serious. They are ultra-serious! This seriousness is their disease.
LAUGHING, PLAYING, THE KNACK OF MEDITATION,
DAY AND NIGHT SHARING DIVINE KNOWLEDGE.
HE LAUGHS, PLAYS, KEEPS MIND UNTROUBLED...
Therefore he says laugh, play, don't disturb the mind.
... SUCH UNWAVERING ONE IS ALWAYS WITH GOD.

Then immersed in this laughing and playing, this delight, soaked in the juice of this play you are always with the divine.
... SUCH UNWAVERING ONE IS ALWAYS WITH GOD.
Then every second you and god will remain together. Saying together is perhaps not right, you have become one. This is the meaning of: ... SUCH UNWAVERING ONE IS ALWAYS WITH GOD. You are not apart for a single moment. Togetherness becomes continuous.
DAY AND NIGHT DISSOLVING MIND IN NO-MIND,
Each moment moving or sitting, awake or asleep only one thing remains: DISSOLVING MIND IN NO MIND.
Transform mind into no-mind -- 'man' into 'un-man', what Zen masters also call no-mind. Let mind become emptiness.
What is mind? Thoughts about the past, plans for the future -- this is mind. A fuss over what has already happened, expectations about what should happen -- this is mind. Neither the past nor the future remain. What does remain? -- the present.
LAUGHING PLAYING, THE KNACK OF MEDITATION...
Only this pure present remains which does not have even a shadow of thought. But you are entangled in the past which does not exist and entangled in the future which has not happened yet. Some people are past oriented, their eyes are fixed backwards. Some people are future oriented, their eyes are fixed ahead. And both are deprived of 'what is'. And 'what is', now, this very moment, is the manifestation of god.

Live in the moment. Live moment to moment. Then where is sadness?

Have you ever taken note of one thing, that the present is always juicy, the present is always blissful. Whenever you become sad, just look at it, the sadness is either in reaction to the past or about the future. Worry and suffering are created either by what you wanted to do in the past and could not do, or by what you want to do in the future and don't know whether you will be able to do or not. Did you ever notice, did you ever look at this small truth, that there is no suffering in the present, there is no worry? This is why the present does not disturb the mind, anxiety disturbs the mind. There is no suffering in the present. The present doesn't know suffering. The present is such a small moment that suffering cannot fit into it. In the present only heaven can fit, not hell. Hell is too big. The present can only be peace, can only be happiness, can only be samadhi.

DAY AND NIGHT DISSOLVING MIND IN NO-MIND,

So turn mind into no mind, wipe the mind clean, meaning don't think of the past and future. This moment that has come, savor it a little, right now. This very moment... this distant sound of a passing train, people sitting in deep silence, soaked in love listening to what I say, all of you looking at me without blinking, sunshine filtering thru the trees, gusts of wind -- where is misery? How? In this moment all is happiness. Go deep into this happiness. Drink this happiness. This is the wine worth pouring. This is the tavern one must become part of.

One never gets more than one moment -- two moments never come together. Enough, just live one moment.

Jesus asked his disciples, "Do you see the lilies blooming in the fields? What is their beauty? What is the secret of their beauty? Poor lily flowers, what is the mystery of their beauty? Where does their fragrance come from? And I say unto you," Jesus said, "even Emperor Solomon in all his glory was not so beautiful as these lilies of the field." What is the secret of their beauty? Only one secret: what is gone is gone, what has not yet come has not come. They have neither worries about yesterday, not anxieties about tomorrow. They are simply here."

"Therefore," Jesus said to his disciples, "Do not think of the morrow." All anxiety is for the morrow. There is no anxiety in this moment. And where there is no anxiety, no thinking, no worry, there is no mind. And where there is no mind, god is. In the death of the mind is the experience of god.

DIE, O YOGI, DIE.

DROPPING HOPE REMAINING HOPELESS...

Mind is born out of your hoping. Mind is the demand for more. Mind says more, more... Whatever you give it is too little, it wants more. This disease of more is so ancient that no matter how much you give, the mind from its ancient habit will go on asking for more. It has a thousand, it will ask for a million. You give it a million, it will ask for a billion. It will keep on asking. It will never reach any moment when it says to you, enough! Enough never comes, a full stop never comes.

Hence the mind keeps on running. It keeps people like Alexander the Great running too. Everyone goes on running, goes on rushing... and dies while still running. What else are you from the cradle to the grave besides this

race of ambition? What is the outcome of this race? Who has ever achieved anything out of it?

DROPPING HOPE REMAINING HOPELESS...

Try to understand the difference, the word hopeless does not have the meaning you give to it nowadays. We have started calling a man hopeless who is sitting unhappy and dejected. We have distorted the word. The word hopeless means: one who has dropped all hopes. And one who has dropped all hopes cannot be hopeless in the modern sense of the word. Hopeless in that sense is one who has hopes which are not being fulfilled. Then comes hopelessness and despair.

Try to understand this modern meaning of the word hopelessness correctly. The modern meaning is you hoped and that hope is not fulfilled -- hence hopelessness, hence you are sitting unhappy. You wanted to win the lottery but you didn't.

One day Mulla Nasruddin was sitting looking dejected. His neighbor asked him, "You seem to be very sad. You should be happy! I have heard that your uncle died last week and left you fifty thousand dollars. You should be happy."

Nasruddin said, "Yes, I was happy, but I'm not now. Last week my uncle died, he left fifty thousand. A week before that my other uncle died, he left one hundred thousand dollars, but now nearly one week has passed by and no one has died... I am feeling very hopeless! The week is almost over, it is already Saturday, tomorrow is Sunday and nobody has died so far."

Don't laugh, this is how the mind functions. The more you give the more it becomes a beggar. The more it gets the

poorer it becomes. The greatest emperors are standing with their hands outstretched begging for more.

The old meaning of the word hopeless is very deep, very profound, very significant. It means when someone's hopes are gone, his hopelessness is also gone. Neither hope survives, nor hopelessness; that state was called hopeless. Hope -- less, no hopes. Along with hopes hopelessness also disappeared. How can someone fail who has no ambition to succeed? And how can you disappoint someone who has no hopes?

Lao Tzu has said, "Nobody can defeat me, because there is no desire to win in my mind. Come anybody, and defeat me. No one can defeat me because I have no desire for victory."

If you attack Lao Tzu he will lie flat on his own and say, "Come brother, sit on top of me. Enjoy declaring your victory a little and go back home. I have no desire at all for victory, so how can you defeat me?" You can only defeat a man who desires victory. And only one full of hopes enters hopelessness.

The original meaning of hopeless is very valuable. When there is a space empty of both hope and hopelessness it is called hopeless. And this is what it should be. If your meaning of hopelessness was implied there would be no sense in saying:

LAUGHING, PLAYING, THE KNACK OF MEDITATION...

HE LAUGHS, PLAYS, KEEPS MIND UNTROUBLED...

No, it would make no sense. The meaning of hopeless is: I dropped all hopes. Now I don't ask. Now I am no longer a beggar. Now I don't expect anything from the future.

Whatever happens, happens, whatever doesn't happen, doesn't happen. Whatever happens I am ecstatic. LAUGHING PLAYING, THE KNACK OF MEDITATION... Whatever is I am happy with it. As it is, I do not desire even a hair to be moved. He has always given, he will continue to give. I have lived happily every moment. And an interesting thing is, the more one lives happily the more happiness comes to him. The more miserably one lives, the more miseries come to him. Because whatever we create in our being is attracted towards us. We become a magnet.

There is a famous saying of Jesus that "Those who have will be given more, and those who have not, even that which they have will be taken away from them." It is a very hard statement. It seems to be very unjust that those who have will be given more and those who have not, even that will be taken away from them. But no, there is no injustice at all in the statement of Jesus. This is a simple direct law of life. This is what is happening. If you are blissful, you will become even more blissful. If you can laugh, more dimensions will be added to your laughter. If you can dance, more and more rhythm will come to your dance. If you can sing, the whole sky will sing with you, the mountain ranges will sing with you, the moon and stars will sing with you. And if you start crying, and start feeling disturbed, then disturbance will move towards you from all directions.

You attract the same as what you are. This is the absolute law of life. Whatever you are, the same comes to you. That is why a happy man goes on becoming more happy. A peaceful man goes on becoming more peaceful. A

disturbed person goes on becoming more disturbed, a miserable person goes on becoming more miserable. You are getting practiced at it. A miserable person is practicing misery.

One morning, Mulla Nasruddin went coughing and wheezing to his doctor. The doctor asked, "Nasruddin, how are you doing? It seems your cough has improved."

He said, "And why shouldn't it? I have been practicing it three weeks. Why shouldn't it get better? I practiced all night long, it is getting more rhythmic, the instrument is getting fine tuned -- why shouldn't it improve?"

Remember people become skilled at making themselves miserable. I know thousands of people who have become skillful at making themselves miserable. They are artists of misery. They create misery even if there is none. Their skill is so great, their expertise is such, that they will manage to prick themselves with a thorn even where there is no thorn. Flowers too become thorns to them.

This ashram is a world of ecstasy, but people become miserable even coming here! They become miserable seeing the way others are so ecstatic. What is the matter here? What kind of religion is this? Their meaning of religion is people sitting in their graves -- one foot in the grave, rosary beads in the hand, dead, a stump, all leaves fallen off... When no flowers appear, nor any birds sing on this stump then they say, "Aha! This is religion. This saint has reached the highest peaks of consciousness."

You have become miserable. Now you understand only the language of misery, you recognize only misery. You have become so skilled at misery that you are able to relate only

with the miserable. So the more a saint tortures and torments himself the more crowds are attracted to him. People ask me why few so Indians come to me -- there is a reason. India has become expert at misery. In thousands of years it has acquired great skills in the art of torturing itself. People arrange a bed of thorns and sleep on it, as if they won't be able to sleep without thorns. It is already as hot as fire and they sit surrounded by fires. The body is already going to turn into ash and they rub ashes all over the body. This country has practiced misery too much.

My message is of happiness: LAUGHING, PLAYING, THE KNACK OF MEDITATION... So it does not appeal to them, they feel great discomfort. They simply can't accept that dancing has anything to do with meditation, that music is in any way related to meditation. They do not understand this. And then certainly they become filled with anger against me. In their minds nothing but hatred and enmity develop against this unique place. They are holding on tight to their misery. They are not ready to drop their misery. And until this country breaks the habit of misery, its moment of benediction will not come.

And I say unto you, religion does not ask you to be miserable. Religion is the search for bliss. This is why we have called god 'sat-chit-anand, truth-consciousness-bliss'. Religion is the search for ultimate bliss and all the joys of the universe, the small happinesses are to be turned into the steps of the temple. It is a wrong idea that one will attain the state of sat-chit-anand by dropping the joys of this world. Because one who is not ready to receive even the ecstasies of this world, how can he gather courage to receive godliness? One who cannot enjoy small pleasures,

how will he be able to withstand that ultimate pleasure? One who cannot drink even a cupful of water, how can he drink the ocean when it descends into his throat? No, he will drown, he will die.

In my vision, this world is a school. Here we are taught small lessons... Behold the flowers and bloom like flowers. Behold the rainbows and dye your life in rainbow colors. Listen to music and become the music. Let your song also arise.

Have you seen any saint among the birds? ... sitting by an ascetic's fire, body covered with ash, crying, his forked staff stuck into the ground, fasting...

Have you seen any tree who you can call a saint? The tree has sent its roots into the earth, it is drinking the earth's juices. It has put forth its flowers and is whispering with the stars. Do you find saints anywhere other than among men? Do you find misery anywhere other than in mankind?

Just think about it. Nature is far behind man but animals, birds and plants are happier than you. What has happened to you? What plagues you? Sick people have taken control of your mind. Insane people have established their dominion over your mind. Those who cannot be happy have sung praises of misery. Inferior people who do not know the art of happiness sing praises of misery. And they have driven this idea into your mind with arguments that if you are miserable you will be loved by god.

Gorakh says something else. I say something else.

LAUGHING, PLAYING, THE KNACK OF MEDITATION,

DAY AND NIGHT SHARING DIVINE KNOWLEDGE.

Then your walking and sitting, talking, breathing, everything becomes the expression of divine inspiration.
HE LAUGHS, PLAYS, KEEPS MIND UNTROUBLED
SUCH UNWAVERING ONE IS ALWAYS WITH GOD.
Then satsang will click. Then you are already with the divine. Then he is with you, then there is no distinction.
DROPPING HOPE REMAINING HOPELESS
BRAHMA THE CREATOR SAYS, "I AM YOUR SERVANT."
What to say of men, even Brahma comes and bows down to your bliss-filled life, saying, "I AM YOUR SERVANT." Even the gods offer praises to the man who has become blissful. Even the gods are jealous of him.
Right now your situation is such that even the residents of hell may take pity on you. They may be saying, let us not commit any sin such that we have to be born on the earth -- and especially not in the sacred land of India. Such are the rumors current in hell.
There was a time when we wrote stories like: when Buddha attained enlightenment, gods descended from the heavens to bow their heads at his feet and when Mahavira attained awakening flowers showered from the heavens, the gods came to listen to him. When somebody attains the ultimate bliss, the gods too will be jealous because they have not yet attained the ultimate. They are enjoying the reward of their virtues. The reward will be over tomorrow and they will have to come down to earth again. However long their happiness may be, it is temporary. Only one who has fallen permanently into the company of the divine knows eternal happiness. They are not yet in that permanent company.
WHAT FLOWS DOWN, HE CHANNELS UP,

A YOGI BURNS UP HIS SEX.
A very significant sutra!
WHAT FLOWS DOWN, HE CHANNELS UP,
A YOGI BURNS UP HIS SEX.
A seeker's sex is burnt when he doesn't allow his bliss to move downwards but channels it upwards. WHAT FLOWS DOWN, HE CHANNELS UP... He starts raising upwards that energy which naturally flows downwards.
Three words have to be understood. One is sex: sex is pleasure moving downwards. The second word is love: love is pleasure stuck in the middle, neither going downwards nor upwards. And the third word is prayer: prayer is pleasure moving upwards.
The energy is the same. In sex the same energy moves downwards, in love the same energy stays still in the middle, in prayer the same energy opens up its wings and starts flying in the sky. That is why I have said sex and samadhi are joined, it is the same energy, the same ladder. If you go downwards it is sex, if you go upwards it is samadhi. And between the two is love. Love is the door. Love is the door to both. Love is the door to sex: if your energy is moving downwards then love will become a door to sex. And if your energy is moving upwards then love will become the door to samadhi. Love is miraculous, it is a bridge, because it is the middle.
WHAT FLOWS DOWN, HE CHANNELS UP...
The energy that is moving downwards in sexuality, now gradually wakes up. This same energy has to be taken upwards. And don't fight the energy that is to be taken upwards, because whatever you fight, your contact with it is broken. You become afraid of whatever you fight with.

You suppress whatsoever you fight with. And upward movement is not possible for anything that becomes suppressed.

That is why Gorakh and the Naths, the masters who came after him, did not say to suppress sex, but taught the upward movement of sex energy. Understand the difference. Your so called religious teachers teach the suppression of sex, just repress it. But what can repression do? Sex energy is to be refined, not suppressed. Sex energy is a diamond lying in the mud. The mud is to be washed off but the diamond is not to be thrown away. Do not throw away the diamond because of the mud, otherwise you will repent later. And this is the state of your saints. Their condition is worse than yours. You have not found the diamond because your diamond is lying under the mud, they have dropped the mud but the diamond was dropped with it. They have become like the donkeys of the washerman, belonging neither to the home nor to the washing place by the river. When the mind is split both are lost, one attains neither the illusory nor the real. There is no trace of samadhi, and whatever small glimpse or ray of happiness they used to get in sex is also gone. This is why their minds are always sick. They have no roots anywhere. They have pulled their roots out of the earth but they did not learn the secret of letting them take root in the sky. The secret is in the fact that the diamond is to be polished, cleaned, the mud washed off. Mud turns into the lotus, so don't be afraid of the mud. That is why one of the names for the lotus is 'pankaj'. Pankaj means that which is born out of the 'pank', the muck. Mud turns into lotus -- so valuable, so lovely, such beauty manifests. In the mud of

sex is hidden the lotus of samadhi, the lotus of Rama hidden in the mud of 'kama'.

WHAT FLOWS DOWN, HE CHANNELS UP...

So wake up, understand, make acquaintance with sex energy, become a witness to it. Don't fight with it. Make it a friend, not an enemy. Only a friend can be persuaded to move upwards. Walk hand in hand with sex energy so that by and by you transform it into love. First one has to transform sex into love, then love into prayer. If these three steps can be completed, then the thousand petalled lotus may open within you, that child may be born from the emptiness in the crown of your head.

Remember, from sex children are born, and from samadhi a child is born also. That child is your inner being. That child is your sublime form, your divine form. As if Krishna is born within you, as if Krishna's day of birth has come. The Krishna child is born within you.

WITHIN THE CROWN OF THE HEAD A CHILD SPEAKS,

HOW SHALL HE BE NAMED?...

WHAT FLOWS DOWN, HE CHANNELS UP,

A YOGI BURNS UP HIS SEX.

Only that yogi will be able to burn the sex to ash who turns the downward moving energy upward. It is not a question of fighting.

HE RELEASES HIS EMBRACE, SHATTERS ILLUSION...

Slowly slowly let go of your embrace with the trivial, the lower what is outside of you. Gradually drop the idea that there is any meaning in it. It has no meaning. Meaning is hidden within you.

HE RELEASES HIS EMBRACE, SHATTERS ILLUSION...

Gradually drop attachment, infatuation, greed -- because whatever you are holding onto outside will be taken away by death. If you let go on your own before death takes it away from you, you are immensely rewarded, you are blessed. Death never comes again to one who leaves everything before death comes. Then he has nothing which death can take away, he has dropped everything on his own. This is called sannyas, renunciation.

And dropping does not mean escaping. One who runs away, is still holding on. This is why he runs away, otherwise why should he run away? If somebody leaves his wife and runs to the forest it only means he is attached to his wife. Otherwise what is the fear, what is he scared of? I tell my sannyasins things can be dropped right where you are. The idea of running away is a mistaken idea. Running away is cowardice. Letting go does not happen through running away, it happens through waking up. Just look with awareness, slowly slowly become conscious. And you will find that in the light of your awareness that which is worthless looks worthless. And whatever is seen as worthless you won't be able to keep enclosed in your fist. Your embrace will be released.

HE RELEASES HIS EMBRACE, SHATTERS ILLUSION...

VISHNU THE SUSTAINER WASHES HIS FEET.

The great god Vishnu comes to massage his feet. Daring statements! The person who was able to say this was certainly a man of courage. That is why I am unable to drop Gorakh -- I have to count him among the four great

masters of India. One who makes Vishnu massage people's feet, he has some daring, some courage. He is no ordinary man.

DIE, O YOGI, DIE! DIE, SWEET IS DYING.

DIE THAT DEATH GORAKH DIED AND SAW.

In love one has to die. Love is death. And one who dies attains the eternal, the immortal.

Rahim, does not praise the give and take of love,
Put your life at stake whether victory or defeat.

Whether you win or lose, life has to be put at stake. Only then... This love is not a matter of giving and taking, it is not business. Stake your all. It is a gamble.

Rahim says, riding through fire on a horse of wax,
The path of love is this hard, not everyone succeeds.

Rahim said, on a horse of wax...

Like making a horse of wax then riding it passing through fire.

Rahim says, riding through fire on a horse of wax,
As difficult as passing through fire riding a horse of wax...

First a horse made of wax and then a fire... where can you escape? How can you escape? The horse will melt away.

Rahim says, riding through fire on a horse of wax,
The path of love is this hard, not everyone succeeds.

Such is the path of love, so hard because only those who are ready to die find entry into love.

DIE, O YOGI, DIE! DIE, SWEET IS DYING.

But there is great sweetness in this death. There is no other experience more full of the nectar of deathlessness than when one dies the death of meditation. Only dying this death does one come to know, "Oh! What has died was not

me at all. And what survives after dying, this is me. The essence survives, the non-essential burns to ash."
I too teach death.
DIE, OH YOGI, DIE! DIE, SWEET IS DYING.
DIE THAT DEATH GORAKH DIED AND BECAME ENLIGHTENED.
Gorakh says I saw it through dying. You die too, you disappear too. Learn this art of dying. If you disappear you can attain it. One who dies attains. One who wants to bargain for less than this is only deceiving himself.
We are starting off on a unique journey today. The statements of Gorakh are among those few rare statements in the history of mankind. Contemplate, understand, grasp, internalize, live... and let these sutras go on resonating within you...
LAUGHING, PLAYING, THE KNACK OF MEDITATION,
DAY AND NIGHT SHARING DIVINE KNOWLEDGE.
HE LAUGHS, PLAYS, KEEPS MIND UNTROUBLED
SUCH UNWAVERING ONE IS ALWAYS WITH GOD.
DIE, O YOGI, DIE! DIE, SWEET IS DYING.
DIE THAT DEATH GORAKH DIED AND SAW.

Enough for today.

Death is Divine

Chapter #2

Chapter title: The call of the unknown
2 October 1978 am in Buddha Hall

[Note: This is a translation from the Hindi Maran Hey Jogi Maram, which is in the process of being edited. It is for research only.]

The first question:
Question 1
EVERY TIME I COME HERE I RETURN AGAIN WITHOUT TAKING SANNYAS. THE DESIRE TO TAKE SANNYAS ARISES IN ME MANY TIMES, BUT I AM UNABLE TO GATHER COURAGE TO DO IT. I GET SCARED THINKING, 'WILL I BE ABLE TO WALK JOYFULLY UPON THIS PATH OR WILL I HAVE TO LEAVE THE PATH HALFWAY AND THEN GO BACK?" BUT WHEN I PUT ASIDE THE IDEA OF TAKING SANNYAS, IT FEELS MEANINGLESS TO MOVE IN THE WORLD WHERE I HAVE BEEN MOVING.
WHAT SHOULD I DO? PLEASE, SHOW ME THE PATH.

Chandra Rekha, the new always seems to be frightening. The familiar even if it is painful is still familiar. One is not afraid. One feels safe with the known even if it is not joyful. One is well acquainted with it. Before descending into the unknown, descending into the unfamiliar, fear is quite natural. So don't make a problem out of fear. Whenever someone steps forward on a new path he hesitates. But only through stepping forward on the new is there growth in life. One who keeps rotating in the old becomes a bullock in a grain mill. It is always worth

considering, "Am I blissful the way I am living?" If one is not then one must take risks. New paths, new life-styles, a new search will have to be undertaken. This much is certain: you have nothing to lose. You did not find bliss through your old life style. If you had there would be no need for the new. The old has become meaningless, this much is certain. The new can turn out to be meaningful or it can turn out to be meaningless. But at least in the new there is a possibility of it being meaningful. The old has been through the press. You have seen it, understood it and lived it without receiving anything. As if one had been trying to extract oil from sand. How long will you rack your brains trying to get oil from sand?

I do not say that the new will definitely give you bliss, because bliss is less dependent on the path that on the traveller, the one who travels on it. Hence the real change is not in the path, the real change is in the traveller. But to change paths is a beginning. You are outside, so the transformation also has to begin from the outside. If you gather courage to change the outside it will strengthen your courage to change inside. And if a few drops of bliss start showering on you then the search for the new will begin with joy and eagerness.

But one thing is certain: you have nothing to lose. Don't worry unnecessarily. What have you achieved by holding on to the old? Nothing can be lost. Then what is the fear if there is nothing to lose? Either you will get something... At the most what can happen is that you will also get nothing from the new. Then you will have to search anew.

Always look at it this way: the way I have lived, the way I have thought, have I gotten anything from it or not? Think

it over. Don't think what will be gained or won't be gained in the future -- the future is unknown.
Sannyas is unknown. You will know it only by entering the experiment. You will know only by tasting. Before tasting something how will you decide whether it is tasty or not? You will have to trust somebody -- somebody who has tasted it.
You often visit here Chandra Rekha. I have tasted it and I say unto you come forward, move ahead. And there are many here who are becoming ecstatic, who are dissolving. Seeing their ecstasy, their dissolving, the feeling for sannyas arises in your heart too. Otherwise why this desire for sannyas ? Your heart is already vibrating, it is only your mind that is hindering.
The mind is always traditional. The heart is always eager to go with the new and the head is always ready to stay tied to the old. The mind has nothing except the past. Whatever the mind has is a treasure of memories. It is all past. The mind has no future. Something becomes part of the mind only when it has become the past. When you have experienced something it becomes part of the mind. Mind lives in the past, in the dead. So the mind is afraid of moving into the future. But the heart is always ready to take the jump.
Your heart is full of rejoicing, your heart wants to take the step, it is the mind which is cunning. The mind says, "Stop, think, first decide: what if you move on the new path and still get nothing? What if you have to return? What if you change your life style, take so much trouble and still the reward is not worth it. Think a little, calculate, figure it out."

But if you listen to the mind you will never take the step. Just think of a child still in the mother's womb. He is about to be born. If he has a mind, if intellect had already arisen it would say, "Where are you going? This way of life, this living in the womb is so comfortable. No troubles, no worries, no responsibilities: just sleeping twenty-four hours a day. Where do you think you are going? Nobody knows what is outside -- what troubles will come, what challenges will come."

If a child has a little arithmetic, a little logic then no child will ever be born from the mother's womb. But there is no arithmetic, arithmetic comes later -- fortunately! Logic comes later. The child has only heart, eager for the new, excited.

If we follow the intellect the earth will be full of senility. This is what has happened to this country. People have tied themselves to excessive intellectuality. Hence this country has become senile. This country has lost its youth. It is living in ruins. It sings praises only to the past. It has no enthusiasm for the new. It praises fallen yellow leaves. It turns its back on the new shoots that are blooming. It worships lifeless stones, the traces of the past. It has become a blind believer. And everyone's mind has become like this.

You will have to gather courage.

And I say only this to you, even to be defeated with the new is a victory and even to win with the old is defeat. Even if one gets happiness with the old at the very most it means convenience. Even if you suffer with the new it brings growth. The suffering received with the new is the only asceticism. This is what I call asceticism. Sitting with

your body smeared with ash or lying down on a bed of nails or fasting -- I don't call this asceticism. I call all these the idiocy of a sick mind.

Asceticism is one -- the courage to go with the new, the guts to descend into the unknown! Just like a little baby leaving the mother's womb.

Just two days ago on a nearby tree a bird was raising her young. The babies kept on growing day by day. Two days ago they came out of the nest for the first time. When they came out of the nest, I was standing nearby. Both of them settled on a branch -- wonderstruck, trying their wings, thinking should we go forward or not? They had never come out of their nest before, and their mother was sitting on a distant tree giving them a call, a loud call -- this is how to call children. ... she goes on calling: hearing her call they flutter their wings. But the attachment to the nest, safety... And they have never before opened their wings... Should we open them or not? Will we be able to fly or not? Seeing their dilemma I was reminded of the dilemma of people newly taking sannyas. They try their wings the same way, think it over, get nervous, look back. But how long? The mother kept on calling, kept on provoking, call after call. It took about half an hour, slowly slowly they fluttered their wings, moved a little further from the nest, sat on other branches of the same tree. They felt a little more confident, flew a little in the air and came back. Confidence grew further and then they flew away... They have not been seen since. For two days I have been looking, but they never came back. Why come back? The nest is left behind -- two egg shells left in it broken to pieces.

Birds who have never flown before gather courage to fly into the sky, but we have become human and still cannot gather courage.
I am calling you everyday, calling out loudly from a faraway tree. This calling continues every day .
You say: EVERY TIME I COME HERE I RETURN AGAIN WITHOUT TAKING SANNYAS. THE DESIRE TO TAKE SANNYAS ARISES IN ME MANY TIMES, BUT I AM UNABLE TO GATHER COURAGE TO DO IT.
Chandra Rekha, flutter your wings a little, get filled with the thrill of the new, gather a little courage. You have wings. I call you from the skies, I am giving you an invitation for the faraway. It is not that you do not have wings. You have wings as much as I do, only you are not confident. And how can you be confident? Fly and confidence comes.
All I can say is, with the new even suffering is sweet. And a little suffering will come with the new. Do you think those young birds who flew away did not experience pain? Gusts of wind, rain in the night, now they will have landed on some tree without their nest. Their wings will have gotten wet. They must have shivered with cold. They may even have thought to themselves, "Our nest was better, what trouble have we gotten ourselves into?" But still the joy of flying in the sky is such that all these prices can be paid. One must pay. And one who pays the price attains.
A breeze heavy with fragrance
And yet its feet are swift
What season is this?
When even pain feels intimate.

Sounds unknown adding magic to the melody of the waves
Fields shaded by wintry clouds tossing flowers
My heart today out of control
Sky soaked with songs
Who has bewitched my spirit?
Even pain feels intimate

What are you saying, O wandering ray of sadness
Why are you flowing aimlessly through the mists?
Love has a saying:
Fulfillment is love's promise always
A dream has awakened in my eyes
Even pain feels intimate
Dusk willows through the fields heavy with full youth
Like the song of a reed only my solitary voice exists
Solitude is beckoning
Piercing the body and heart
What season is this?
When even pain feels intimate.

With the new, even pain is very intimate. With the old even convenience and comfort are nothing but slow suicide. What is there to leave behind? What will you lose? You have never gotten anything so what have you got to lose? Search and seek! And go on searching until you find. Until then do not stop your feet, do not close your wings. No matter how afraid one is, one has to try his wings, one has to fly into the sky. And the challenge is already awake in you. How long will you deny it? How long will you keep turning back?

Don't let this turning back become a habit. Don't let this turning back become your pattern. Before it becomes a habit, do something, wake up a little, gather courage.
Should you wish to cross this roaring ocean
You must take life in your own hands and plunge into the waves.
These waves come to you travelling from places far away
Bringing messages afresh from that new world.
How much longer will you sit contemplating on the beach?
Veenas taking voice call you sweetly from that other shore.
Should you wish new life, new youth, new heart
Today you must embrace the swelling ocean with your arms.
Set forth today with new confidence
Lift up your eyes towards a new history.
Let the old sky be left far behind
Adorn your world with new sky today.
Should the voices of new creation resound in your spirit
You must dress anew every cell of your body.
This pain of annihilation will become sweet song of new creation
This darkness of night will become the benediction of the sun.
Let this ancient, ruined idol of the ages crumble now
Any rock you lay your hand on will become divine.
You are kin of the Himalaya, no matter what depth the ocean
Today you must contain the boundless sky in your wings.
Should you wish to cross this roaring ocean
You must take life in your own hands and plunge into the waves.

Plunge in! Even if you are afraid of drowning, plunge in. All new swimmers feel the fear of drowning. One who has stopped on the bank out of fear of drowning, will never be able to know the joys of swimming and floating. And far away is the other shore -- and that is the destination. One has to go across, only then the meeting with the ultimate. Sannyas is nothing but a small boat for crossing to the other shore. It is true that the other shore is hidden in the mists, it is not visible and this is why one has to join somebody who has eyes. This is why one has to be close to somebody who has eyes, so that the melodies fast asleep within you also become audible, so that the strings of your veena are also struck.

Chandra Rekha, this is why you continue to come. This coming will have no meaning if you don't drown in this juice. Then it will be like someone coming to the lake but always returning thirsty. The thirst is not quenched just by coming to the lake, one has to cup his hands, bend down, fill them with water and drink it, then the spirit will be satisfied.

Sannyas is the process of bending down, of cupping the hands.

The second question:

Question 2

WHY ARE PEOPLE AFRAID OF SUCH NAMES AS TANTRA, VANMARG, AGHORPANTH, AND NATHPANTH? IS THERE NO POSSIBILITY THAT THROUGH CORRECT ANALYSIS AND RIGHT PRACTICE OF THESE PATHS, PEOPLE COULD

UNDERSTAND THEM IN A NEW PERSPECTIVE AND NOT CONDEMN THEM AND REMAIN OPPOSED TO THEM?

Taru has asked. And not just one, she has asked fourteen questions! I had to count them. She has never done this before. There is some connection with Gorakh... some sleeping memory has awakened, a waterfall has gushed forth.

No one is new here, everyone is ancient. Who knows how many paths you have travelled on. Who knows which masters you have been with. Your coming to me is not accidental. You have been travelling, you have been searching. This search has brought you here. Contact between me and those who have never travelled, those who have never sought, happens only with great difficulty. Even if they come, they stray off. Their coming is accidental. There is no foundation stone beneath their coming. Those who stick with me after they arrive, who stay around me -- and Taru has come and stayed -- it means that a deep thirst of their being is satisfied here. They have started getting a glimpse of what they had sought through many many doors and could not get. They are getting close to the destination. You must have had some contact with Gorakh, Taru. You must have some connection. Questions have burst forth from her gushing out like an ancient sleeping song -- and all of them are meaningful questions. None of the questions are intellectual, they have not been asked for the sake of asking: they arose. They have not been thought up because one should ask: she could not refrain from asking! Then she must have become afraid, because of asking fourteen

questions. In the end she has asked forgiveness, that I should not get angry with her. So many questions... as if she were helpless, she had to ask, she couldn't manage not to ask.

This is one question of the fourteen: WHY ARE PEOPLE AFRAID OF SUCH NAMES AS TANTRA, VANMARG, AGHORPANTH, AND NATHPANTH?

The first thing, all these names are names for Tantra. One name for Tantra is Vanmarg. Vanmarg means the path, the marg, of the left hand. You have two hands, one right, one left. These two hands are not just two hands, there are great mysteries behind them. Your right hand is connected with the left part of your brain -- crosswise. Your left hand is connected with the right part of your brain. The brain is divided in two halves. Now science has also made many investigations into this and these investigations have revealed great secrets.

Your right brain, which is connected with the left hand, is the source of poetry, of experiencing, of feeling, of art, of wisdom, bliss, ecstasy, dance, music, celebration, imagination. Whatever is sweet, whatever is feminine, whatever is beautiful, the birth of all of this is in your right brain. The left hand indicates the right brain.

Your right hand is connected with the left brain. In the left brain arise logic, mathematics, activity, efficiency, cunning, politics, diplomacy, the world, prose, science, accounting, utility, the market -- all these are connected with the left brain.

The world has always put emphasis on the right hand, because in the right hand is utility, expediency, mathematics, logic, the market, the shop, practicality. The

left hand has appeared dangerous, has always appeared dangerous. How can one trust a poet? A mathematician can be trusted. How can one trust a dancer? A scientist can be trusted. But science is useful, what is the use of dance? Dance is self enjoyment.

The left hand is the symbol of your inner enjoyment. It has no goal. It has no direction. It is not going anywhere. It is just the art of living this very moment in a blissful, charmed, ecstatic way.

What is the value of poetry? It can neither feed your stomach, nor cover your body, nor make a roof over your head. So we give poets only a little respect, in a certain proportion, like they are a decoration but not necessary. We can tolerate one man becoming a poet in society, but we will not tolerate a group of them, because a poet does not seem to be of any use. What is his utility?

Somebody asked Picasso, "What is the utility of your paintings?"

Picasso hit his forehead. He said, "You don't ask flowers what their utility is. And the cuckoo sings and you don't ask her what her utility is. And when the sky is filled with stars you don't ask them what their utility is. Why ask only me?"

Poets and painters, sculptors and musicians, they have always been saying they have no utility. And life does not end with utility. Remember the words of Jesus: "Man cannot live by bread alone." He needs something more, he needs something more than bread. Bread is necessary but not sufficient. There can be no poetry without bread, it is true, but if there is just bread without poetry then living and not living are almost identical. Every day stuffing your stomach, living and finally dying. If no poetry has

awakened, if no song arises, if no veena is played, if no music ever flowers on the flute, what meaning is there? "Svanthah sukhaya ragunatha gatha -- the song of the supreme is of self enjoyment." One who is filled with self contentment is the one who becomes filled with love for that ultimate beloved.

This is why the left hand has always been a sign of danger. So we call those who we are afraid of Vanmargi -- 'leftist'. You will find thousands who call me a Vanmargi. They are right. I am a Vanmargi, a 'leftist', because I am teaching you the art of Svantah sukhaya -- of self enjoyment.

Mathematics is not everything. There is a world beyond mathematics and that world brings fulfillment, there is contentment in that world, there is light in that world.

The necessities should be taken care of, it is true. But what else? When basic needs are fulfilled, what else will you do? This problem has arisen today in the West, because needs are fulfilled. The West has taken care of all the outer necessities. Try to understand the difficulty. The right brain, connected with the left hand, was not used in fulfilling the basic needs. The West denied religion, denied poetry, denied music, denied all dimensions of mystery. The West is living only on mathematics, science, matter: things which have solid proof. A continuous application for three hundred years, the application of the right hand, has made the West affluent. There is money, wealth, housing, beautiful roads, delicious and abundant food, everything is more than is needed. An age of affluence has dawned in the West. But it has come through three hundred years of continuous denial of the source of self enjoyment -- of Svantah sukhaya.

So the West has become rich, now what? Because they have lost the art of enjoying happiness, the West is dumbfounded. Where to go now? What to do? Whatever the world of work can accomplish is already complete. There is great uneasiness in the West. Western man is unable to even take Sunday as a holiday. The very habit of taking holidays has been forgotten. Work and work and work... So much emphasis has been placed on work that work is made into a god. Hence the art of play has been forgotten. Sitting gossiping and laughing, or playing on the strings of a veena, or growing grass in the garden, or lying down under the stars in ecstasy, or going out in a boat... No, all these are without meaning. For three hundred years only one thing has been taught and repeated from kindergarten to university: the value of work.

So today if someone is lying down in his boat just floating under the starry sky, he feels as if he is committing a sin: "Work is virtue, so I am committing sin." A feeling of guilt has become associated with moments of happiness. Whenever you become happy, you feel as if you are doing something wrong. What are you doing humming a song? You want to suppress the song in your throat. What will you get from it? Logic comes up, calculations arise -- what's in it for you? what is its benefit? Why are you playing the flute? Do some work.

People come to me and say, "You are teaching people meditation? What will meditation accomplish? Teach work."

Work has utility. And I do not say to drop work. But I want to say to you that the use of work is that you can be blissful in the non-work moments. The use of work is that you can

be free of work. The six days that you work hard in the market are so that on the seventh day you can leisurely stretch out your legs, you can lie down in the sun, or sit down in the shade of a tree, or talk with the flowers, or gossip with the moon and stars, or sing an ecstatic song, or tie ankle bells on your feet, and dance! This is the goal of striving for six days. And if five days work is enough, work only five days, dance for two days. If four days work is enough, then three days... go on reducing this way. Work has to go on being reduced. Leisure has to go on being increased. Leisure, is the aim.

Insanity starts creeping into the life of anyone who has no rest, no meditation. The moment work is over they don't know what to do. There is a reason many people are going mad in the West, it has a reason: the days of work are over, that job is accomplished. They thought work was life, now they don't understand life and what more it can be.

The reason many people are committing suicide is the same. What is the point of living now? One has accumulated wealth penny by penny, how long can you go on accumulating? He has forgotten why he was accumulating wealth. He was accumulating wealth so that at some moment he could sit down leisurely, with no worries. He forgot, because only one part of the brain was used in accumulating. That part has been active, and the other half which has not been used, has slowly slowly filled with dust.

Vanmarga means the aim of life is not work but rest. The goal of life is not money but meditation. The goal of life is not mathematics but poetry. The highest peak of life is not attained through science, it is attained through religion.

Vanmarg has always been a word of condemnation. And it was natural in the past, there were other reasons then. The further back you go the more the world was poor, means were not available. It seems only natural that in those days of poverty people made work very significant, gave it great value. And if the people who gave value to leisure in place of work were opposed by the society it is not at all surprising. But this ancient habit has remained with us like a complex in our minds -- even now we are afraid.

The mathematical, the calculating mind is opposed to enjoying taste -- it is always against everything which gives rise to happiness inside you. It goes on fulfilling the vow of no-taste. It is against beauty, it can make ugliness spiritual. It is against health also, because health is bodily happiness.

A famous German thinker, Count Keyserling, wrote in his journal after traveling in India, "Going to India I experienced that sickness is spiritual and health is unspiritual, because health is of the body." This is why a spiritual person will not take joy in good health. He is the enemy of the body. This is why the world has become the enemy of love, because love is great happiness. We have trained ourselves to be against all these things.

Vanmarg, the left hand path, has given the opposite message. Vanmarg says: Love is prayer and love is the ultimate. And Vanmarg says nothing is to be dropped because whatever the ultimate has given can be used. Use it, and make it a step. Transform it into a step of the temple of the ultimate. Don't take it as a stone on the path, don't take it as a hindrance. Make steps and climb up. Make even sex a step, don't oppose it either.

The amazing message of Vanmarg is, that if you are intelligent you can use even poison in such a way that it becomes medicine. If you are an idiot you will make even medicine into poison. This is the fundamental sutra of Vanmarg: the intelligent makes even poison into medicine. This is intelligence. Escapists are cowards, not intelligent. Vanmarg will not run away.

Escapists have been very respected in the world. The reason is, when you look at an escapist you begin to think he is more special than you. You are mad after money and someone has kicked away his money and gone to the jungle, you are immediately impressed. You are impressed because you are so infatuated with money and this man certainly has a quality, he has kicked it away. This is why you are more impressed by Mahavira than by the enlightened King Janak. Janak's name is rarely heard. You are more impressed by Buddha because he renounced the royal palace. If you praise Krishna you do it in a quiet voice, a little frightened, a little nervously.

Even if people praise Krishna they praise the Krishna of the Geeta. Very few people have the courage to accept all of Krishna. Because Krishna seems to be just like you, or rather a little worse than you. You somehow explain to yourself, okay he was God, he must have done it, he must have danced with his girlfriends. But this man Krishna is not given his full splendor. You may want to avoid calling him god. You look for an excuse. Your mind begins to be troubled. You start feeling uneasy.

I was a visitor at someone's house -- at a Hindu family. It was a respectable family, a high caste family. It happened ten or twelve years ago. My book, "From Sex to Samadhi"

had been published. The man was very upset. He said, "You should at least have given it another title. When someone reads the book he will find out what is really in it, but this title is very dangerous. You should give it some other name." Also on the first edition there is a picture of the ecstatic Tantra statues from the temples of Khajuraho printed on the cover. He said, "What got into your mind? If this is the title it should have a picture of Buddha in a state of meditation on the cover... but statues of Khajuraho? Later when someone actually reads the book, he will be very upset seeing all this."

I was sitting in their living room, I said as I looked at their wall... They had hung a big picture of Krishna in which he has stolen the clothing of naked women who are bathing in the river. And he is sitting in a tree. I said, "You keep this picture in your living room?" He looked up, he stopped for a moment. Perhaps he had never looked at the picture in this way. He said, "You are right. That picture has been hanging there since my father's time. And sometimes I am a little embarrassed, but no one pays any attention to it. Because this is God, he must be doing right. We have accepted it."

But when I went to his house again, the picture had been removed. I asked him, "What happened?"

He said, "No. Since the day you pointed it out, I have been aware of it. I began to be very upset and thought it better to remove the picture. So I disposed of it."

Even your acceptance of Krishna is incomplete. You want to select and cut many things. You are always ready to make revisions of Krishna. People believe in Krishna according to their own understanding. They believe as

much as they can believe, rejecting the rest. What is the problem? The problem is, that it is clear to you that Mahavira appears to be moving opposite from you. You can respect him because you know your greed, your lust, your anger, your ardent desire, and he has renounced all of this. He is special, now there is no need for proof, but Krishna? He is standing right in the same world where you are!

To recognize Krishna one needs eyes of great depth. To recognize Mahavira is within the powers of even a blind man, there is no problem. A blind man too can recognize, yes, Mahavira has renounced everything. But until the inner eye has opened it is difficult to recognize Krishna, because he is standing right here, there is no difference. There is no difference from the outside, there is a difference from the inside. So as long as you have no ability to see within, you will not be able to understand Krishna.

Krishna is a Vanmargi, a 'leftist'. This is why the Jainas have thrown Krishna into hell. In their scriptures they threw him into hell. He is a Vanmargi. What could be more Vanmarg? A natural acceptance of life, an eager acceptance, a welcome acceptance... The ability to live life in its total creativity, courage... There is nothing bad in life. If there are thorns, they are there ready to protect the flower. Whatever exists in life is beautiful. And if there is anything we cannot see the beauty of then somehow it is our mistake. How can the ultimate make something ugly? The ultimate is manifest in all forms. In lust too the ultimate is hidden -- in kama too Rama is hidden. Very few people can muster such courage. They don't have this broad a vision.

Taru this is why people are afraid of names like Tantra, Vanmarg, Aghorpanth, Nathpanth. It is because they will shatter your established conventions. These beautiful names have become swear words. If people call someone a Vanmargi then the matter is finished. Such and such man is a Vanmargi -- means you have totally repudiated him, now there is no need for refutation. Now there is no need to go further into his arguments: what he says, why he says it. You have labelled him Vanmargi, now the man is finished. Aghorpanth. A beautiful word like aghor has become an abuse! If you call someone an Aghorpanthi he will be ready to fight. People call someone an Aghori when they want to insult him.

Do you know the real meaning of the word aghor? Aghor means easy, simple, direct. If you call someone ghori it could be an insult. Ghor means complicated, terrible, dense. When there is a really terrible war then people say ghor-ghamaasaan -- terribly fierce. Ghor means complicated, messed up... Aghor means simple childlike innocence. But people say it when they want to insult. People say Morarji Desai is an Aghori because he drinks his own urine -- innocent? It means they are are insulting him.

Aghor can be used only for a few Buddhas. Gautam Buddha is an Aghori, Krishna is an Aghori, Christ is an Aghori, Lao Tzu is an Aghori. It can only be used for such people. Gorakh is an Aghori. Simple, innocent, straightforward... So simple that there is no opportunism in his life. The very mode of manipulating is gone.

Those who you call religious are also calculative. They look to see if they have done enough fasting to go to heaven, or are they fulfilling enough vows to go to heaven,

or have they given enough charity to go to heaven? This is all calculation. This charity is part of the market. This charity is business, a trade. Sin is hidden in this virtue. The meaning of Aghor is: simple, direct -- one whose opportunism is finished, who lives like children live. Aghor is the highest state, the state of a paramahansa. But unfortunately these have become swear words.

Nathpanth: because of Gorakhnath and Gorakh's master Macchindranath this branch of Tantra began to be called Nathpanth. It's feeling is very lovely. The meaning of Nath is master, lord. What the Sufis call, "Ya Malik." Everything is his, the master's, the lord's. We too are the master's, the world too is his, everything is his. We live according to his wish. We live as he would have us live. We will not project our own will. We will not live by effort. We will flow as one flows in the current of a river, we will not swim. This is the feeling. As long as he is the master why should we bring our will in between? If our will comes, then our ego comes, if our ego comes then we are lost. So we will live without ego, as he wills...

As dry leaves fly in the wind, whether they go east or west, north or south, wherever the wind carries them there is no worry. No fight, no resistance, they do not struggle to go west, saying they will not go to the east, why are you taking us east? No, what will do leaves have? A Nathpanthi is one in whom this has happened. Gorakh was like this. He lived in this spontaneous acceptance. He lived in this simplicity. But people live by the ego. The language of life of most people in the world is the language of ego. Naturally, such simple people cannot be tolerated. Others will feel a great danger with such people. If they start living so simply

others feel what will happen to morality? Immorality will spread -- as if there were morality now.
These are very strange ideas. People talk as if there were justice now, then injustice would spread. Where is justice? What kind of justice? Hypocrisy in the name of morality. People are wearing false masks, people are wearing counterfeit masks. Where is morality?
But people understand that if everyone begins to be simple, begins to live easily, begins to live naturally and say it is the will of the ultimate then morality will be destroyed. The fact is the opposite. People have become immoral by continually living by will. Who on this earth is more immoral than man? Who on this earth is more violent than man? Who on this earth murders his own kind more than man? Birds and animals at least don't kill their own species. No lion kills and eats lions. No hawk attacks hawks. Man is the only animal on this whole earth who murders his own species. And not just a few -- thousands, millions! Such joy in killing! And strangely this too is dressed up in the attire of law. Muslims call it a jihad: Christians call it a crusade. It is a holy war, so kill. Then there is no harm, the more you kill the better. The more you kill the more certain heaven is.
People fight jihads, fight crusades for centuries. They go on butchering each other in the name of God. Butcher them, in anyone's name. Sometimes butcher in the name of politics, sometimes in the name of religion, sometimes in the name of sects, sometimes in the name of scripture. These are all excuses, the object is killing. Without killing the mind will not be satisfied. What kind of mankind have we given birth to? What kind of sick minded man have we given birth to?

People are burning with sex desire. There is nothing besides sex inside of them. They sit repressing it. This is why whenever anyone says to them, accept sex naturally, it is a divine gift, there is great turmoil inside of them. Because they know that if they naturally accept sex everything will be disturbed. They have repressed so much there is a volcano burning under them. How can they accept it naturally?

Think of it as if someone has fasted his whole life, he goes on dying of hunger and you come and say to him, "Friend, accept your hunger naturally. When you feel hunger, eat." He will completely freak out. He will say, "If I accept it naturally then I will never get out of the kitchen, because I know myself, I know I am thinking of food twenty four hours a day." A fasting man thinks only of food twenty four hours a day. "... so I will not be able to get out of the kitchen. I will be stuck sitting there."

You will be surprised at what he is saying -- people who enjoy food don't sit twenty four hours a day in the kitchen. But understand what this man is saying, this poor man is also right. He thinks of food twenty four hours a day, one who fasts thinks of nothing but food.

This is why when someone like me speaks of living spontaneously people are very nervous, they are very afraid. Sometimes repressed types of people come here, and they are frightened. Because they know that if what I am saying is right, then the disease repressed within them will immediately be revealed, their life long repressed disease will immediately manifest. They will become insane. They will not be able to endure it. To save themselves from this

predicament they go against me, they become opposed to me.

There is a reason for opposing me. The truth of what I am saying appears so dangerous to them -- it appears dangerous not because truth is dangerous. It appears dangerous, because until now they have lived in so much untruth that now it seems very difficult to drop untruth. And if it drops then what they have held together their whole life will break...

In their life they do not have self restraint, only a false insistence on self restraint. That man is truly disciplined who has become aware and has wholly transcended his sex desire. To him it doesn't make any difference. He will not find any objection at all to what I say. Those who take objection to what I say are only indicating their diseased minds, but they think they are saying something against me.

There was a great movement opposing Freud all over the world. But Freud was speaking simple straightforward truths of life. Freud is a Vanmargi. Freud suggested to let repressed impulses flow again. He was opposed throughout the word, all the religions opposed him. You opposed him because the ground beneath you was slipping. You will all be wrong if Freud is right. And it is better if you go on proving yourself right. And the crowd is yours. The crowd is with you. Truth is always alone. Untruth is very ancient. The crowd is happy with it. The crowd has given it company for so long. All the vested interests of the crowd have become joined with it. You are completely freaked out, you have become completely frightened. In your fear,

in your freak out you start opposing. But truth is not defeated this way, truth returns again and again.
Vanmarg goes on returning again and again. Tantra will be proclaimed again and again, until man becomes spontaneous. The day man becomes spontaneous will be the day Tantra is no longer needed. Tantra is only medicine. Vanmarg, the left handed path, is only a means to bring people to the path who have gone off the other side. One who is come on the path is neither on the right nor on the left. Both left and right are his. He does not belong to either. His state is of transcendence. He has gone beyond both.
You have asked: WHY ARE PEOPLE AFRAID OF SUCH NAMES AS TANTRA, VANMARG, AGHORPANTH, AND NATHPANTH?
There is reason to fear. You have such a load of gunpowder inside of you that a tiny spark of truth and you will explode. How can you not be afraid of sparks? When you are ready to drop your gunpowder you will no longer have any fear of sparks. You are afraid of that which makes you uneasy inside. And truth makes you very uneasy. If you have made a continuing connection with untruth, if you have wedded yourself to untruth, truth will upset you very much.
Mulla Nasruddin got married. As is the Muslim custom, on the honeymoon the bride lifted her veil in front of Mulla, opened her 'burqa'. It was the first time Mulla had seen her, he had not seen her previously. He was very disappointed. He had never seen a more ugly faced woman in his life! According to the custom, the bride asked "Before whom can I remove the veil?"

Mulla replied, "You can remove it before anyone, just don't open it in front of me. Remove it in front of the whole world, remove it in front of anyone you want to, just don't remove it in front of me. If this burqa remains down now it is better."

You are afraid of this ugliness. You have veiled yourself, you don't remove it. You become angry with whoever removes your veil, whatever shows your dirtiness. You become angry with whoever shows your rubbish within. And the master has to show you your inner rubbish. If you don't see it how will you become free of it? If you are not liberated from the inner sense of worthlessness that is riding in your chest you will sink into it. You will drown in it. It will cause your drowning. The rocks you have bound to your chest have to be removed. Although you think they are philosopher's stones, they are drowning you.

Whenever there is a new declaration of truth there are waves of unrest in all direction where untruth has spread its nets. Cut the throat of truth, poison the truth, silence the voice of truth -- all these kinds of efforts start being made. And there is no reason to be angry about it. It is completely natural. It is a matter for compassion, a matter for kindness. Buddha said to his disciples, "The people that you go to teach are the ones who will harm you. Out of kindness you go on giving truth and they will throw stones at you. So don't be angry. They are helpless: what can they do? You have come to destroy the truth they had believed for centuries. You have started shaking their house. They thought this house was their security. You have started knocking down their walls. You have started lifting their veils and showing their ugliness. They will be angry.

One disciple -- Purna -- used to to on pilgrimage, taking the Buddha's message. Buddha asked, "Where are you going?"
There was a part of Bihar called Sukha. He said, "None of your sannyasins have gone to Sukha yet, I will go there."
Buddha said, "It would be good if you don't go there. The people of that area are dangerous, this is why no one has gone. If they insult you what will happen to you?"
Purna replied, "If they insult me then I will consider myself fortunate that they didn't beat me, they only insulted me."
Buddha said, "And if they beat you what will happen to you Purna?"
Purna replied, "I will consider myself fortunate that they didn't kill me, they only beat me."
Buddha said, "One more question, if they kill you what will happen to you as you are dying?"
Purna replied, "What else could happen? These are such good people that they have released me from living in this body in which I might have committed some mistake. Now no mistake is possible. They have released me from living in this body where my foot may have gone on wrong paths, anything could happen, I could stray off. They have liberated me from this body. I will die filled with kindness for them. I will die full of gratitude for them."
Buddha said, "Then you go. Go anywhere. Wherever you go, you will find your friend, because now you cannot see any enemy." It is not that by closing eyes there are no enemies. But one who no longer sees enemies is one who can declare the truth. Enemies will arise, enemies will immediately arise. The truth always gives rise to enemies. Do we have enough understanding that we can stomach the

truth? Do we have a big enough heart to allow the truth to permeate us? ... to make it a guest inside us? If we can let ourselves be a host to truth, let truth be a guest... but do we have this capacity? This is why it goes on happening, insults continue, opposition continues, but truth goes on making its declaration again and again.
And I say unto you, that truth comes from the right half of the brain, connected with the left hand. Calculation comes from the left half of the brain, which is connected with the right hand. A calculative person can never accept poetry. A person who thinks money and wealth are valuable cannot understand the value of meditation. And one for whom business is everything cannot be in the temple. And if he goes to the temple, the temple is corrupted by him.

The third question:
Question 3
WHAT IS THE FIRST EXPERIENCE OF SAMADHI LIKE?

You will know only if it happens. It is not that it can be said. A few indications can be given. A lamp is suddenly alight in the dark - it is like this. Or like a sick man dying and suddenly the medicine works... nearing death the medicine works and suddenly ripples of life, the thrill of life spreads again -- it is just like this. Like a corpse has come to life -- the first experience of samadhi is like this. It is an experience of immortal nectar. It is an experience of the ultimate music. But it happens only when it happens. And only if it happens will you be able to understand. You will not be able to understand from my saying it. It is like

being in love. Who can explain it to anyone? One who has not loved, one who does not know love, no matter how times you try racking your brains, how much you explain -- he will listen to everything, but he will still say I don't understand a thing. Please explain a little more.
It is like trying to explain light to the blind, or sound to the deaf -- they will not be able to understand. One whose nostrils are damaged, who cannot smell anything, how will you explain the experience of fragrance? Experience cannot be put into words, but a few indications can be given.

Songs awakened in spirit, but flowed out in feelings.
the lingering ache of the heart was
molded by devotions, nurtured by imagination;
the path was unknown to me,
I had not yet gone on it,
the narrow lane of love;
but steps suddenly went forward,
and the heart also went ahead;
all illusions from folk tradition crashed down in one moment!
Songs awakened in spirit, but flowed out in feelings.

That sweet hour was sweet mimicry of anticipation,
I was surprised, gratefully;
I cannot say: was it victory for the heart, or defeat?
the agony was tender;
the voice remained silent, but
the secret of the heart was out;
these eyes have said all I didn't want to say,
Songs awakened in spirit, but flowed out in feelings.

What imagination had tendered I found right in front of me,
that moment also came;
that beautiful image overwhelmed my heart,
the mind enchanted, too shy to look;
when I could come around
I was lost in myself
and now my spirit remains quite completely lost!
Songs awakened in spirit, but flowed out in feelings.

Like a song, suddenly awakening in your heart. Like suddenly, an uncaused cascade of juice bursting forth spontaneously within you.
the path was unknown to me,
I had not yet gone on it,
the narrow lane of love;
And suddenly love awakens... the first experience of samadhi is like this. As if it were autumn and suddenly spring comes! And where trees standing dry and barren become green, loaded with leaves, abloom with flowers -- the first experience of samadhi is like this.
but steps suddenly went forward,
And feet unexpectedly step forward in one when love has awakened or when light has arisen, or when one has heard the inner sound. Then fear does not grip one. One lets go of all fear when love has awakened. This is why mathematical, calculating people say love is blind -- because the lover goes where people with eyes are afraid to go. Where people with eyes say, Be careful! Take care! Protect yourself. Don't get into trouble! -- the lover enters there dancing and singing.

This is why so called intelligent people say love is blind. The reality is just the opposite. No one is blinder than the intelligentsia. Only a lover has eyes. If love is not eyes, then what are eyes?

the path was unknown to me,
I had not yet gone on it,
the narrow lane of love;
but steps suddenly went forward,
and the heart also went ahead;
all illusions from folk tradition crashed down in one moment!

The first experience of samadhi is like this. All previous beliefs, all previous convictions, all previous sects and scriptures, flow away like a river in the first spate of rain that carries off all the rubbish left along its banks.

That sweet hour was sweet mimicry of anticipation,
I was surprised, gratefully;

Yes, you will remain standing in wonder. You will not be able to comprehend what is happening. Thoughts will stop. There is no opportunity to think. Something has happened beyond comprehension.

That sweet hour was sweet mimicry of anticipation,
I was surprised, gratefully;

I cannot say: was it victory for the heart, or defeat?

It is difficult to say -- who won, who lost? Now there are not two, this is why it is right to say won, right also to say lost. In one sense lost because one is obliterated. In another sense won because one has become the whole. In one sense the drop is defeated because it is obliterated, in another sense victorious because the drop has become the ocean.

I cannot say: is it victory for the heart, or defeat?

the agony was tender;
But this much is sure that the misery was very lovely, very sweet. Hasn't Gorakh said, ... SWEET IS DYING. DIE THAT DEATH GORAKH DIED AND SAW. It is very sweet and lovely, a death very sweet and lovely!
What imagination had tendered I found right in front of me,
The truth is whatever you have imagined appears small when it faces the truth. You get much more that what you asked. When it comes, it comes crashing through the roof.
that moment also came;
You could not believe it would come. It comes.
that moment also came;
that beautiful image overwhelmed my heart,
the mind enchanted, too shy to look;
One cannot believe, how can I deserve this? -- that I meet the beloved, that the union with the beloved could happen.
when I could come around
I couldn't manage to say anything, not even two words of welcome...
I was lost in myself
and now my spirit remains quite completely lost!
The first experience of samadhi is like being completely lost, missing, as if completely plundered... One doesn't know if defeated or victorious. But it is certain that the limits are broken, confinements are broken -- the whole sky has descended. Kabir has said, "The ocean has disappeared in the drop..." The limitless has entered the limited, the unseen into the seen... The invisible present in what was already visible.
The first experience of samadhi is the most valuable experience of this universe. And then there is experience

after experience, lotus after lotus goes on blooming. Then there is no end, then lotuses go on blooming in a continuous series. It never happens that the experience of samadhi becomes less, it just goes on increasing. This is why god is called infinite, because the experience is never completed.

It is described in the life of Jesus that when John the Baptist -- John too was a remarkable man -- initiated Jesus... John was Jesus' master. He took Jesus to the Jordan river to baptize, to initiate by water. A great crowd had gathered because John had been saying, "The man I am waiting to baptize is coming, he'll be coming very soon, he has almost arrived." So a great crowd had gathered to see him. And when Jesus came John said, "The man I have been waiting to baptize has come. Now my work is done. Now he will take care of everything. I am already old..."

When he initiated Jesus in the river Jordan the story says a very beautiful thing -- it is symbolic -- that a white dove suddenly descended from the sky and entered into Jesus... It is symbolic. The white dove is a symbol of peace. No real dove descended from the sky and entered Jesus, but certainly an experience of pure whiteness suddenly descended in many people -- like lightning striking. Whoever had eyes... and people with vision must have gathered. Who would bother? John is baptizing Jesus in the Jordan river, who cares? The thirsty must have gathered. Those who had tasted a few drops must have gathered. Those who had been spattered with a little color must have gathered. Those who had touched John's red powder of festivity must have gathered. The must have seen something like a cluster of light descending from the sky

and entering into Jesus... And John immediately said, "My work is finished. The one that I was waiting for has come. Now I can depart."

This was the first experience of samadhi for Jesus. When the first experience of samadhi happens, the vibe spreads all around while its happening. It is said, when Buddha first experienced samadhi, flowers bloomed out of season. This is also a symbol, like the dove. The dove is the Jewish symbol -- a symbol of peace. Flowers blooming is an Indian symbol -- out of season, suddenly. Whenever anyone reaches samadhi... the flower of samadhi is always a flower out of season. On this earth when is there a season for samadhi to bloom? It is perfectly normal when samadhi doesn't bloom on this earth. If samadhi blooms it is abnormal. This earth is a desert, where is there greenery here? Where does nectar flow? When it descends there are flowers out of season. It was not to be but it happened, it is a miracle! Samadhi is a miracle!

You will know it only when you experience it. Or perhaps staying near one who has experienced some day you will see a white dove descend or suddenly see flowers blooming.

In my courtyard, a white dove.
A white dove flew from high parapets, into my courtyard.
Once in the delicate dusk of summer --
I peeped into my courtyard.
A few drops like the sprinkling of fragrant pandanus water
in the body-mind of a new bride;
a rainbow gossamer on a maidens soft slender body
a white dove flew from high parapets, into my courtyard.
My hand painted with red mehendi lines, O heart --

in the garden, trees blooming madly,
a flute melody rings in my ear
the heart-longed-for guest has come home;
a thrill in my soul, a sparkle in my eye, sweet, sweeter
a white dove flew from high parapets, into my courtyard.
a beautiful golden dream --
the moon wrapped in a sari,
a song sleepily wandering,
colliding with my breath;
like a sprinkling of jasmine, heart and soul perfumed
a white dove flew from high parapets, into my courtyard.
my restless song cries out in joy
I am home, courtyard, threshold, door.
Lamps lighted, dusk falling
like the song of wedding reeds in the soul;
juicy flower-like sounds spread in the mango groves,
a white dove flew from high parapets, into my courtyard.
A white dove descends in the first experience of samadhi. Flowers bloom all around. A flute melody resounds. A reed begins to play inside. All vibrations, all tones are awakened.
a flute melody rings in my ear
the heart-longed-for guest has come home;
The awaited guest has come -- the 'atithi,' the one with no date. In this country we have called the guest the atithi because he arrives without a set date. By now the only remaining atithi is god, all other guests set a date before coming. Now they send a message ahead that they are coming. They are saying that it is not right to suddenly shove their way in. We will be coming. Take care to prepare yourselves, because nowadays no one is happy to

see a guest. If a message comes first then people can get ready. The cursing and swearing can be done earlier. What has to be said to the wife can be said. What has to be said to the husband can be said. By the time they arrive politeness has returned. If they suddenly come, who knows -- the truth might come out! One has to say that it is a blessing, that seeing you our hearts are very delighted. This is not what is inside. Something else is inside. The Western custom of first informing is good so that people can get ready, can fortify their hearts.

Now god is the only remaining atithi -- he doesn't fix a date. There is no prior indication of his coming. No one can say when the first experience of samadhi will happen. Spontaneously, out of season... The truth is what happens when you are not waiting, not expecting at all. As long as you are waiting you remain tense. Tension remains in your mind. While you are watching the path you can't be total. Watching the path is also a thought and thought is the barrier. As long as you are thinking, "Now he will come", it has not happened yet, you are still surrounded by thoughts. Clouds have gathered. How can the sun come out? It comes suddenly, spontaneously -- when you are just sitting... not doing anything, not even meditating -- then the first experience of samadhi happens. Even when you are meditating somewhere a desire remains in the mind -- perhaps it will happen now, it must happen now. It hasn't happened yet, it is overdue! Complaints go on arising. Continuing to meditate, meditating one day a moment happens when you are sitting, not even meditating, peaceful, just healthy, silently -- and it comes!

a flute melody rings in my ear

the heart-longed-for guest has come home;
a thrill in my soul, a sparkle in my eye, sweet, sweeter
my restless song cries out in joy
I am home, courtyard, threshold, door.
Lamps lighted, dusk falling
like the song of wedding reeds in the soul;
juicy flower-like sounds spread in the mango groves,
It happens. Don't ask the definition. Ask the path. Ask how it happens, don't ask what happens. It cannot be said. There is no way to talk about it. It is not something to be said, it is something to know. But the method can be told, indications can be given -- move this way, be careful that way. When the mind is without thoughts, peaceful, empty of expectation, free of desire and longing -- in that very moment. Whenever such a moment of spring is adorned within you the inner reed begins to play. Flowers bloom out of season. A ray descends from the sky and makes you forever different, changed. You can never become the same again. The first experience of samadhi -- and you are bathed!
You have been dirty for centuries. Much dust of long journeys has gathered. The first experience of samadhi carries away all the dust. All beliefs, all traps of belief are finished. You become innocent.
Did not Gorakh say it is like a small child is born within? -- in the inner silence a child's voice arises, a new arising of life.
In samadhi your death happens... DIE, O YOGI, DIE... The ego dies. You are destroyed and become the whole.

The fourth question:

Question 4
BELOVED MASTER,
A MASS OF QUESTIONS HAVE COME,
THE ANSWERS ARE SILENT.
WHO WILL KEEP THESE THORNS?
THE GARDEN IS SILENT, THE GARDENER SILENT
THE QUESTION REMAINS SILENT IN ITSELF
THE DAY IS SILENT, NIGHTS ARE SILENT
JET BLACK CLOUDS HAVE ARISEN
A COMPLETELY SILENT DARKNESS HAS COME.
MASTER, PLEASE DISPEL THIS STATE.

Kannumal. As long as there are questions, answers will remain silent. It is because of the questions that answers are silent. The answer does not come from questions. When questions have gone and the mind has become free of questions, the answer comes. In a crowd of questions the answer is lost.
You are right: A MASS OF QUESTIONS HAVE COME, THE ANSWERS ARE SILENT. The answers will remain silent. The questions are making such an uproar how should the answers speak? And remember questions are many, the answer is one. The answer is singular, questions are plural. There is a crowd of questions. Just as there are many illnesses, but health is one. There are not many kinds of health. If you tell someone you are healthy they don't ask you what kind of health, which type of healthiness. But if you tell someone you are sick they immediately ask what you are sick with. Ilnesses are many, health is one. Questions are many, the answer is one. And because of these many questions you do not grasp the one answer. You

are right, there is a crowd of questions. Question upon question in all directions... questions emerging from questions, arising, disappearing, made anew. You are surrounded by questions it is true. But this is the very reason the answer is silent.

You say, A MASS OF QUESTIONS HAVE COME, THE ANSWERS ARE SILENT.

The answer is not silent. The answer too is speaking, but the answer is one and the questions are many. It is lost like a bird's peep in the band room... It is lost like someone singing softly in a noisy bazaar.

The answer can be found. The answer is not far away. The answer is very near. You are the answer. The answer resides in your center. Let go of questions a little. Don't give importance to questions. Don't give much value to questions. Slowly slowly become disinterested in questions. Don't encourage questions, don't welcome them, ignore them. Be indifferent to questions. One who goes into questions strays off into the jungle of philosophy. Let questions come and go. Look at the crowd of questions like you look at people moving on the street -- nothing to give, nothing to take -- with detachment, standing far away... The more distance there is between you and your questions, the better. Because it is in this gap the answer will arise.

Whenever someone came to Buddha, and asked questions, Buddha said, "Stop, stay here for two years. Stay near me in silence for two years, then ask."

Once a great philosopher came to Buddha. His name was Maulungaputta. He was a well known philosopher. He had brought a mass of questions. Buddha listened to his

questions and said, "Maulungaputta, do you really want the answer? If you really want it, can you pay the price?"
Maulungaputta said, "The end of my life is coming near. My whole life I have been asking these questions. I received many answers but no answer has proved to be an answer. From every answer new questions have arisen. The solution was not in any answer. What price do you ask? I am ready to pay the full price. I want only to solve these questions. I want to leave this earth with these questions solved."
Then Buddha said, "Good. People also ask questions but are not ready to pay the price. This is why I asked you. Sit in silence for two years, this is the price. Sit near me in silence for two years without saying anything. When two years have passed, I myself will tell you, 'Maulungaputta, now ask your questions.' Then you can ask what you need to ask. And I promise that I will answer everything, I will dispel all doubts. But two years completely still and silent. Don't bring it up for two years."
Maulungaputta was thinking whether to say yes or no. Two years is a long time and who knows if this man can be trusted, will he answer even after two years or not? He asked, "Do you give full assurance that you will answer after two years.
Buddha said, "I give complete assurance, if you ask I will answer. But if you do not ask, who will I answer?"
At that time there was a disciple, a bhikshu, sitting in meditation under a tree nearby. He began laughing uproariously.
Maulungaputta asked, "Why is this bhikshu laughing?"
Buddha said, "You ask him."

The bikshu said, "If you want to ask then ask now. I was deceived in the same way. He made a fool of me too. But he is telling the truth that if you ask after two years he will answer, but who asks after two years? I have sat silently for two years. Now he goes on prodding me, saying ask brother. But after two years of remaining silent nothing remains to be asked, the answer is received. If you want to ask, ask now, otherwise after two years nothing will be left to ask."

And this is exactly what happened, Maulungaputta stayed two years. When two years were over, Buddha did not forget, he remembered the exact date. Maulungaputta had forgotten when two years would be over because one whose thoughts have become slowly slowly quiet loses awareness of time. How to keep track of time, what day it is, what year it is! All was gone, all had flowed away. And what was the need? He would sit every day with the Buddha so Friday or Saturday, Sunday or Monday all were the same. June or July, hot or cold all were the same. Inside him there was only one vibe -- of peace, of silence.

Two years were over. Buddha said, "Maulungaputta, stand up."

Maulungaputta stood up. Buddha said, "Now you can ask, because I don't go back on my promise. Do you have something to ask?"

Maulungaputta started laughing and said, "That bikshu was right. Now I have nothing to ask. The answer has come. Through your grace the answer has come."

The answer has not been given but it is received. The answer does not come from outside, the answer comes from within. Think of it like digging a well. First rocks and

gravel are removed, rubbish is removed, dry earth is removed then wet earth, then mud, then flowing water... The flowing water has been suppressed. The layers and layers of your questions have collected, the flowing stream is repressed beneath all this. Dig, push these questions aside. And there is only one way to push them aside: as a witness alertly watch this stream of questions. Just go on watching this stream, don't do anything. Sit every day an hour or two, let the stream flow. Don't be in a hurry to stop it today. This is why Buddha said two years. After some three months the first rustling of stillness begins. And as two years are over the experience ripens. Only if one has enough patience to sit two hours everyday, not doing anything... The whole art is hidden in this not doing anything.

People ask: How did Buddha's first samadhi happen? He was sitting under a tree, not doing anything, then it happened. For six years he did much -- great control, exercise, breath control, who knows what all he did. He had gotten tired doing everything. That night he decided before sleeping, "Now there is nothing more to do, it is enough. Nothing happens from doing." That night he stopped doing. That night he went to sleep in a complete state of non-doing, in a silent mood. In the morning he opened his eyes and samadhi was standing at the door. The guest he had been waiting for had come. The last star of dawn was disappearing and inside Buddha's last thought disappeared. Outside the sky was emptied of the last star, inside the last thought dissolved. Samadhi came, the answer came. This is why it is called samadhi, because in it is the solution, the samadhan.

Dusk came, earth and sky became silent
clouds of dust stirred up in the eyes
the eyelids blinked from the load, becoming moist.
The dusk asked, why are you sad?
I have no answer.

Night came, engulfed in blackness
in the thick dark the door of the mind opened
in the fire, sparks began laughing.
The night asked, why this burning?
I have no answer.
Sleep came, consciousness silent
the body tired and fell asleep, but the spirit
explored magic-filled lanes of dream.
Sleep asked, why this forgetting?
I have no answer.
Questions are scattered in every direction
I have no answer.
Don't cling to questions or you will not find answers. No one has found the answer moving with the help of questions. Let questions arise, this is the itching of the mind. Itching is the right word. Sometimes you feel itchiness and you scratch it -- just like this, questions are the itching of the mind. Nothing is solved by itching, but if you don't ask you will also feel uncomfortable. By itching you get a little momentary relief -- just like your answers. Grab onto one answer and get relief for a little while. Very soon questions will arise from this answer. Then relief will disappear, the search for the answer will begin again.
Kannumal, you are right:
A MASS OF QUESTIONS HAVE COME,

THE ANSWERS ARE SILENT.
WHO WILL KEEP THESE THORNS?
THE GARDEN IS SILENT, THE GARDENER SILENT
THE QUESTION REMAINS SILENT IN ITSELF
THE DAY IS SILENT, NIGHTS ARE SILENT
JET BLACK CLOUDS HAVE ARISEN
A COMPLETELY SILENT DARKNESS HAS COME.
A MASS OF QUESTIONS HAVE ARISEN,
THE ANSWERS ARE SILENT.

The answers will remain silent. Answers don't speak. When you stop speaking, you will immediately encounter them. Your voice will disappear and you will find -- emptiness speaks within you, silence speaks within you. Suddenly, in that silence is the solution, the answer to all the. In that silence is peace, is happiness, is the highest bliss.

Have you noticed? Questions arise because of suffering. Suffering gives birth to questions. When you have a headache you ask why you have a headache. When you don't have a headache you don't ask why you don't have one. When you are sick you go the the doctor and ask why you are sick What is the cause? But when you are healthy you don't go the doctor and ask why you are healthy. What is its cause? No question arises in health, the question arises in illness. Questions arise from unhappiness, questions become weak in happiness.

As soon as you become peaceful inside and you get a glimpse of a little happiness, you will be surprised -- questions disappear. Who asks, why ask? When the pain does not remain how can questions born of pain remain? They are finished by themselves.

The last question:
Question 5
WHAT IS PRAYER?

Prayer is a state of gratitude.
Prayer is thankfulness.
God has given so much, at the very least we can give thanks.
Prayer is a preparation to welcome him. The guest will come, the guest will have to come. Decorate the house with flowers and boughs. String flower garlands. Prepare lamps of blessing. Prayer is a preparation to welcome. Who knows when the guest will come? I will be ready.
Since I heard you will come to my door, each day I fill my house with new wreaths and flowers!
O my life, look all around -- the door, the threshold, the courtyard
I have swept the whole house in your welcome;
because your feet are delicate beloved,
the whole path is decorated with flower petals;
since I heard you will come to my courtyard,
I fill the whole street with festive spires and streamers.
Ever since I heard you will come to my door,
each day I fill my house with new wreaths and flowers!
I had thought life a rather desolate place,
I thought no song here was mine;
never did a song
burst forth from these strange lips;
ever since I heard you will sing my song,
each day I try out and bring new rhymes, new rhythms!
Ever since I heard you will come to my door,

each day I fill my house with new wreaths and flowers!
In the eyes there is a festival of new dreams,
this seven-colored-wish smiles in my heart;
how can I cut the beautiful wings of imagination,
the heart's golden bird is restless;
ever since I heard you will overwhelm my life,
every day I dream bewitching dreams!
Ever since I heard you will come to my door,
each day I fill my house with new wreaths and flowers!
Standing at the crossroads I realize,
I don't know on which path you will come;
the world says I have become your mad woman,
dark lover caress this madness;
ever since I heard you will take an unknown path,
I light lamps each day on every path!
Ever since I heard you will come to my door,
each day I fill my house with new wreaths and flowers!
Whenever the guest will come, on whichever path he will come, from whichever door he will come, prayer is the preparation for his coming! Prayer is a mood of welcoming. Don't fall into formal prayer. Let prayer be spontaneous, direct, arising from your heart, only then will it be meaningful. Not scriptural but heartful. Then even if it is babbling...
You have seen that when a small child starts babbling the first time how sweet its babbling is. Later when he starts to speak correctly perhaps no one will pay attention to him. But babbling is so sweet that the mother is delighted and calls everyone around to hear. He doesn't say anything clearly yet. But when he starts speaking, no one bothers.

In the beginning prayer is like babbling. And remember a prayer that is babbled reaches to god, if it is from the heart, spontaneous, yours.
Whom shall I befriend today?
In the sky with billowing dark clouds,
imagination dances, becoming a peacock,
feelings pull me towards them.
Tell me, with whom shall I flow?
today, thirst is floating on my lips,
the heart sitting, silent, sad,
in the breath an agitated sigh,
will I remain in pain on the verge of death?
The language of the eyes is unknown,
my song flying like a bird,
a great dilemma in the heart,
should I endure the remorse of helplessness?
The hour of evening is impatient,
a gentle breeze dancing and turning,
a suffocating pain rising
who to tell this lingering agony to?
Whom shall I befriend today?
Tell me, with whom shall I flow?
Prayer is a submission like this. Love is from the sky... No answer comes from another direction. This is why the prayer of one who waits for an answer will quickly cease. Don't just wait for an answer, keep making your offering. Don't be concerned whether he will answer or not, whether the matter reaches to him or not, don't worry about all this. Don't even try to use your prayer to change god. Just be concerned whether your prayer is going deeper. Is my prayer soaked with my tears, soaked with my bliss? Is the

mark of my smile on my prayer? And is the signature of my spirit on my prayer? Just be concerned with this. And one day suddenly prayer reaches. Your babbling is heard. And in that moment in your temple of silence that child is born. That innocent consciousness enters. The white dove descends, the first glimpse of samadhi has come... it will come, it will certainly come.
Jesus has said, what has happened to me can happen to you. I say the same to you, what has happened to me can happen to you too. What has happened to one man is the birthright of all.

Enough for today?

Death is Divine

Chapter #3

Chapter title: Live spontaneously
3 October 1978 am in Buddha Hall

[Note: This is a translation from the Hindi Maran Hey Jogi Maram, which is in the process of being edited. It is for research only.]

DON'T SPEAK TOO EAGERLY, DON'T WALK WITH A STRUT, PLACE YOUR FEET WITH CARE.
GORAKH RAJA SAYS, DON'T BE STIFF, LIVE SPONTANEOUSLY.
THE FULL POT IS SILENT, THE HALF FULL SOUNDING SPLASHES

WHEN THE SEEKER IS READY, O AVADHUT, THE MASTER SPEAKS FRUITFULLY.
NATH SAYS, KEEP YOUR DIGNITY, DON'T INSIST ON DEBATE.
THIS WORLD IS A GARDEN OF THORNS, PLACE EACH STEP ALERTLY.
MOVING WITHOUT PATH, BURNING WITHOUT FIRE, BOUND BY A THIRST FOR AIR,
WELL KNOWING GORAKH SAYS, FIGURE THIS OUT O LEARNED PUNDITS.
[These couplets are not in the 'sutras' given for the discourse, but added lines of Gorakh.]
SWAMI, GOING TO THE FOREST HUNGER ARISES, GOING TO THE CITY MAYA ARISES.
STUFFING YOURSELF, SEXUAL DESIRE ARISES, WHY WASTE THIS BODY BORN OF PASSION?
DON'T ATTACK YOUR FOOD, DON'T DIE OF HUNGER, CONTEMPLATE THE SECRET OF BRAHMAN DAY AND NIGHT
DON'T OVERWORK, DON'T LIE AROUND, THUS SAYS GORAKH DEVA
OVER EATING STRENGTHENS THE SENSES, DESTROYS CONSCIOUSNESS, FILLS THE MIND WITH SEX.
SLEEP OVERTAKES, DEATH CLOSES IN THE HEART ENTANGLED.
THE MILK DIETER MONK'S MIND ON OTHERS' COWS, THE NAKED MONKS ALWAYS NEED FIREWOOD.
THE MONK IN SILENCE DESIRES A COMPANION -- NO DEPTH WITHOUT THE MASTER'S SHELTER.

HIS FRAGRANCE AND SWEETNESS PERVADE THE WHOLE WORLD.
THE TRUTH IS, ONLY A MASTER WHO HAS SEEN, CAN HELP YOU SEE.
LISTEN VIRTUOUS ONE, LISTEN INTELLIGENT ONE, TO THIS CALL OF NUMBERLESS SIDDHAS.
IN THE DISCIPLE'S BOWING, THE MASTER IS FOUND, AND THE WORLDLY NIGHT IS OVER.
DIE, OH YOGI, DIE! DIE, SWEET IS DYING.
DIE THAT DEATH GORAKH DIED AND SAW.
Man lives in ego. Ego is only a mask, not your being. Ego is not your reality, it is your acting. Ego is not your truth it is your belief. In a drama, when someone is cast as Rama he doesn't become Rama, in the same way you are cast here as something which you are not. A vast drama goes on. When you were born you didn't come with a name. A name was given to you and you became that name. You didn't come with any knowledge when you were born. You were taught and made to study, you went to school, to college. Many thoughts were poured into your brain. You were thrown into knowledge. Then you began to think it is your knowledge. Nothing in all this is yours. Everything is borrowed, everything is stale leftovers. Your name is not yours, your knowledge is not yours. The intelligence that you think is yours is not yours -- it too has been constructed from others. If someone says you are very beautiful you fall for it. And if someone says you are simply incomparable you fall for that. If anyone praises you, you wrap it up to keep it. If anyone insults you you're hurt.

Your personality is constructed from others opinions. It is the creation of other hands. Others have brought their brushes and painted you. And if you accept this as your being you will never be able to know yourself.
Gorakh says, DIE, OH YOGI, DIE! Let this false form die, so you can experience your real form. Let your mask fall away. It is good if this clothing burns to ash, so your truth, naked, can manifest in its naturalness. Until the ego is gone there will be no experience of being. And one who does not experience his own being, his soul, how will he become conscious of the soul of existence?
Soul is a drop, existence is the ocean. If you experience the drop you begin to experience the ocean too, because the ocean is hidden in the drop. And what else is the ocean than combined drops?
You are a ray, god is the sun. And the sun is nothing but the combining of rays. God is the combination of all of us. God is the totality of all of us. You go out searching for god but you don't destroy the ego. You have not yet recognized even this one ray but you go in search of the sun? You will wander much... Right now you are false, whatever you find will also be false. The false cannot reach the truth, the false will reach only greater falsities.
The ego is false, a drama. Whatever you do while this drama is running will be illusory. Make vows, do ascetic practices, control, fast; abandon your home and go to the jungle. Nothing will come of it. Your ego will receive new ornaments from all of these. It will become more beautified, better arranged. Your ego will not die, it will get more life, become more nourished. And until the ego dies,

there is no experience of being. To experience being the ego must be lost.

DIE, OH YOGI, DIE! DIE, SWEET IS DYING.

Gorakh says, the death I am telling you about is very sweet. If one dies this death, life is nothing but sweetness. Truth is very sweet when you experience it. It is the taste of nectar. It spreads in the body and heart, you are filled with it. It begins overflowing. Certainly one who has received the truth is himself fulfilled. But droplets of fulfillment also start falling on those who are near him, lightly showering on those who sit in his shelter. But one must die -- this is the condition.

If the false dies, the truth is born. Truth is present within, but imprisoned in a wall of lies. Clouds of lies have hidden the sun of truth. It has not been destroyed. What lie can destroy the truth? It is not lost either, it has been forgotten. It is like a veil over someone's face, the face is not destroyed, it is veiled, it is simply not visible.

We have hidden our being behind the veil of ego. People think there is a veil covering the mystery of existence. They are wrong. The veil is on your eyes. The veil is covering you, existence is completely unveiled. Existence is naked all around you but you need eyes to see it.

Today's sutra is about how this sweet death happens. What is the process? What is its essential discipline? ... sutras about this. How can we die? What is Gorakh's death like?

DIE THAT DEATH...

Everyone dies. But there are differences in dying. You will die, Buddha also dies, but there is a difference between your dying and Buddha's. You will die only from the body and save your ego, your lie, taking it with you -- it will

adorn your mind like a treasure. Your ego will enter a new womb. You will die, your mind will not die. And nothing changes until the mind dies. Masks change, houses change but the journey is the same, just going round and round like an old ox in a grist mill. You have died many times, and you have been born again many times. Hardly have you died when you start being born again.

The ego hides all your diseases inside itself, enters a new womb, and starts taking a new body. But the desires are old, the diseases are old, the miseries are old, the ruts are old. You move ahead, get tired again, fall again, die again, this has happened many times. Buddha also dies, but there is a difference between his dying and your dying. Your ego does not die, it only abandons the body. He dissolves his ego, burns up his ego. Before the body is abandoned he abandons his ego. One who dies before dying, experiences the ultimate life. Then he has no need to come back again, because the very thread that used to pull him back has died. Being has no birth, no death. The ego is born, only the ego dies. And one who is released from ego is eternal. Then he doesn't die, he isn't born. One living, changeless, beyond time. Then you are as big as the sky. This is your nature.

DIE THAT DEATH GORAKH DIED AND SAW.

This is why he says, don't think that I am talking about ordinary dying. Everyone dies ordinary deaths: birds and animals die, plants die, mountains die. Gorakh is not talking about this death, he is talking about a special death -- die in samadhi, die in meditation. Let the ego go and dissolve into meditation. As long as the ego exists one cannot dissolve in meditation.

What is the secret of the ego's living? If this is understood, then the art of its dying will also be understood. The ego lives in extremes. Extremes are the life force of the ego. Perhaps you have never considered it, thought it over, looked at it with awareness that the abode of the ego is in extremes. More, more, more... this is the ego's way of life. Ten thousand rupees should become one hundred thousand, one hundred thousand should become one million. More, more, more... ego lives in this insanity. The ego lives in extremes. And the extreme can be of anything, whether it's money or knowledge, power or renunciation -- but more. One who has done a thirty day fast thinks next time he will do a forty day fast. One who has fasted forty days thinks next time he will fast fifty days. What is the difference? One who has forty million rupees thinks it should become fifty million. What is the difference? One who has started eating only twice a day instead of three times, thinks when should I begin eating only once? One who eats only once thinks, how can I be finished with eating even once?

A youth was brought to me. He wanted to know how he could live only on water. He didn't want to take anything else, because anything else is indulgence. How to live only on water? He had withered. He had come to India from America in search of someone to tell him the secret of living on water. I said, "If I tell you the secret how to live on water will you be satisfied?"

He closed his eyes and thought. He was a thoughtful youth. He kept on sitting for about half an hour. Then he said, "No, then I would ask how can one live on air." Only on air, why even this nuisance of water?

Such is the desire of the mind, the running of the ego -- for more. What direction you run makes no difference. The ego lives in extremes, whether it is the extreme of money or renunciation, the extreme of indulgence or yoga. Stop in the middle and the ego will die. This is why Buddha calls his path majjhim nikaya, the middle path, exactly in the center.

A youth, Prince Shrona, was initiated by Buddha. The people in the capital could not believe it. No one had ever imagined that Shrona would become a bhikkhu, a monk. Buddha's monks could not believe it either, their eyes were popping out when Shrona came and fell at Buddha's feet and said, "Initiate me, make me a bhikkhu."

Shrona was an emperor, and a famous emperor. He was famous for indulgence. His royal palace had the most beautiful women of that era. His palace had the finest wines, gathered from every corner of the world. Celebration went on all night long, he slept all day. He was so drowned in indulgence that no one had ever thought he could imagine becoming a sannyasin. When he climbed the steps he didn't have railings put up, but had naked women stand there. He would climb the stairs putting his hand on their shoulders. He made his house into a heaven. His palace was such that gods in heaven would be jealous.

The bhikkhus asked Buddha, "We can't believe it, Shrona being initiated!"

Buddha said, "Whether you believe it or not, I knew he was going to take sannyas. To tell you the truth it is for him that I came to the capital today. What goes to one extreme will go to the other extreme too. Indulgence is one extreme, he did that completely. Now there is no way to move further

there, no way to satisfy the ego. He has whatever is possible in that world. Now a wall has come in front of the ego, where can the ego go now? The ego demands more. Now there isn't any more, so the ego must return, must go back in the opposite direction. When the pendulum of a clock goes all the way to the right, it must return towards the left. Then it goes all the way to the left and has to return again to the right. When the pendulum of a clock is going to the left, remember that it is gathering momentum to go to the right. And when it is going to the right it is gathering momentum to go to the left. One who has a subtle vision will be able to see this. One who goes into extreme indulgence will one day go into extreme yoga.

Buddha said, "Wait a few days, you will see the truth of what I am saying."

And people saw. The other bhikkhus walked on a well paved road, but Shrona walked through thorns and brush, his feet became drenched in blood. When the sun was hot the other bhikkhus sat in the shade of the trees. Shrona would stand in the sun. The other bhikkhus wore clothes, he used only a loin cloth. And it seemed as if he was eager to drop the loin cloth too. Then one day he did drop it. The other bhikkhus ate once a day, Shrona ate only once in two days. The other bhikkhus ate sitting down. Shrona ate standing up. The other bhikkhus kept a bowl, Shrona didn't keep even a bowl, only his hand... he ate only the food that fit in his hand. His beautiful body shrivelled. Previously people used to come from miles around to see his body. His face had been very charming, immensely beautiful. After he had been a bhikkhu for three months anyone who saw him would not recall that this was Emperor Shrona. His

feet became blistered, his body became black, he shrivelled and became just bones. And he went on disciplining himself.
Buddha said, "Do you see bhikkhus, I had told you that what goes to one extreme, will go to the other extreme! It is difficult to stop in the middle, because the middle is the death of the ego."
Then Shrona stopped eating. Then he stopped taking water. He continued from one extreme to another. It seemed he would be a guest on this earth only two or three more days, then die. This is when Buddha went to his door, to the tree under which he had built a hut to rest in. He was lying down. Buddha said to him, "Shrona, I have come to ask you something. I have heard that when you were an emperor you had a passion for playing the veena, and that you were very skilled at playing it, that you took great interest in the veena. I have come to ask you a question: when the strings of the veena are very loose, will music arise or not?"
Shrona said, "What are you talking about? You know it well, if the strings are very loose music cannot arise, they cannot even sound a twang."
Buddha said, "Then I ask you this: if the strings are tightened too much will music arise or not?"
Shrona said, "If they are tightened too much the strings will snap, music will not arise, only the sound of snapping strings will arise. How can music arise from the sound of an instrument breaking?"
Then Buddha said, "I have come to remind you. Just as you have experienced the veena, I experience the veena of life. I say unto you, if the strings of life are very tight music does

not arise, and if the strings of life are very loose, again music does not arise. The strings need to be in the middle Shrona, neither too tight nor too loose. The greatest skill of a musician is in bringing the strings exactly to the middle, this is what is meant by tuning an instrument."

This is why when you see Indian classical music, it takes half an hour or an hour to tune the instruments. Tuning instruments is a great art. To bring the strings to that middle point where it cannot be said that they are too loose or too tight, one needs great skill, a very sensitive ear. Only a connoisseur of music is able to tune.

"The veena of life is exactly the same," Buddha said, "It is enough Shrona, wake up now. I was waiting to let you come to the extreme. At first your strings were very loose, now you have tightened them too much. Music didn't happen then, nor does it happen now: are you experiencing samadhi? What is all this that you are doing? Previously you stuffed yourself, now you are fasting to death. Previously you never went barefoot, if you went anywhere the road was covered with velvet. And now if the path is good you will not move on it. You move in the brush, in the thorns, on rough, rugged paths. Perhaps previously you had never drunk water but only wine. Now you are afraid to drink even water! Now you want to avoid water too. Previously at your house incomparable meat dishes were prepared, now you are not ready even to eat dry bread. See how you have moved from one extreme to the other? That extreme was unmusical, this too is unmusical. I call out to you: Now is the time, come to the middle."

Tears began to flow from Shrona's eyes. He became alert. He saw his situation.

Today's sutras are sutras for bringing the strings of the veena to the middle. And as soon as someone comes to the middle, the ego dies -- it cannot live. The ego is a disease, the ego can exist only if your mind is sick. The life of the ego comes out of your being sick, and extremes are the secret of your being sick.

I am also saying to my sannyasins, I give you the lesson of the veena strings of life -- the middle. Be in the world as if you are not in the world. The world will not control you, nor is there any need to renounce it and escape. Neither become indulgent nor a yogi, stay in the middle. Don't run after money, nor renounce money and run away, stop in the middle, exactly in the middle, where there are no extremes. There you will find music resounding! The veena comes to life. The unstruck sound starts echoing.

DON'T SPEAK TOO EAGERLY, DON'T WALK WITH A STRUT, PLACE YOUR FEET WITH CARE.

DON'T SPEAK TOO EAGERLY...

All those who have written commentaries and annotations for this sutra give it the meaning: don't speak without thinking. That meaning does not seem right to me. Linguistically it is correct: you should not immediately speak, when someone says something you shouldn't answer abruptly, you should think it over then answer. Linguistically the meaning is right, but existentially the meaning is not right. Replying after thinking about it means that the answer will not be spontaneous, it will be thought out -- in the next line Gorakh says:

GORAKH RAJA SAYS, DON'T BE STIFF, LIVE SPONTANEOUSLY.

Their interpretation does not fit with living spontaneously. Living would become very unspontaneous. Then the answer you give would be thought out and arranged, not spontaneous.

A spontaneous reply, spontaneous speech is something entirely different. It is not related to thinking. Whenever you think it over your answer becomes unspontaneous. Someone asks something, before answering you examine everything: what you should say, what you shouldn't say; what will make a good impression, what will make a bad impression; who will gain from it, who will be harmed by it. If you speak after thinking over and calculating all this your expression will no longer have spontaneity. Your expression will become false. Spontaneous expression comes from no-thought.

DON'T SPEAK TOO EAGERLY...

Others say this means to speak thoughtfully. And I say it means speak from no-thought, speak wakefully. To speak abruptly indicates unconsciousness. Stay aware inside, let the lamp of awareness keep burning, let your attention be alert. Don't speak thoughtfully, speak from no-thought. Note these two expressions -- speak 'thoughtlessly' and speak from 'no-thought.' Thoughtlessly speaking means saying whatever comes into your mouth and repenting afterwards.

I was a guest one night at a friend's house. Anand Swami an old disciple of Mahatma Gandhi was also a guest at the house. We were in the same room in the evening. Everyone in the house gathered. A conversation started. I asked Anand Swami what had impressed him about Mahatma Gandhi, because he had dedicated his whole life

to Gandhi. He said, "The first impression Gandhi made on me was when Gandhi came to India from Africa. He gave a statement to the press in Ahmedabad. I was working as a newspaper reporter, a journalist. In his statement he said some vulgar words against the English. I took the vulgar words out of his statement and the report that was given in the newspapers contained no swear words at all. The next day Gandhi called for me, slapped me on the back and said, 'Well done. This is how reporting should be. You did well to remove the vulgar words.'

"By slapping me on the back this way," Anand Swami told me, "Gandhi won me over."

I told him, "This is all backwards. Did you try another experiment to see if Gandhi didn't use vulgar words and you added them to his statement, whether or not he would slap your back even then? That would be something!

"It means that Gandhi spoke too eagerly. DON'T SPEAK TOO EAGERLY... It was spoken in eagerness, in excitement, with zeal. It was spoken in the flow of his speech. Then afterwards he must have regretted it. He must have thought retrospectively that the vulgar words I spoke, the swearing I used, should not have happened. They are not appropriate for a Mahatma. He must have regretted. Then you took out the vulgar words. You protected Gandhi's ego, so he slapped your back. In this way your ego was fed: 'He slapped my back. I am quite some journalist, a great journalist.' Still the statement that was published was false. And if Gandhi were a lover of truth, he should have said to you to publish the statement exactly as he had said it. When I have said it why make changes before publishing? Gandhi was not interested in truth.

Gandhi's talk about truth has become worthless. He patronized a lie. What was not said was published, what was said was not published. This is giving protection to a lie. You protected his ego; he seduced your ego. This is how you supported each other."

I told Anand Swami, "If there are swear words in my statements they should be published, because when I have said it, I have said it. And if later I find out that I didn't want to say it, then it means that at the time of speaking I was was not in my senses, I was unconscious."

Speaking has its own intoxication. Many times you will say something that you didn't want to say. But it is not a question of whether you wanted to or not. You said it. It was lying there somewhere in your unconscious.

"The statement that you published, Anand Swami," I said to him, "gave shelter to a lie. Now for centuries it will be said that Gandhi never swore. You will be responsible for it. You were to publish just what you had written down, just what was said -- just like it was. If you are to help Gandhi change then going back and correcting will not be needed. He should speak with discrimination. He should speak with awareness. Gandhi spoke thoughtlessly, understanding came only later. He must have thought, 'What have I said?' He must have looked back, he must have felt the consequences could be bad. It would be good if somehow these words could be taken back."

It happens every day. One day a political leader says something and the next day he refutes it -- "No, that's not what I said, or that's not what I meant, or the meaning has been distorted, or it was just an off the cuff remarks and he back's out.

It happens every day, you see it daily in the papers. It is a surprising thing. He remembers afterwards because when he is considering, measuring its effect he finds that it would have been better if it were never said, saying it can have such and such a result. He was speaking in such a hurry that there was no chance to weigh what the consequences might be. It was said hastily in his speech. Later sitting quietly, he considered and figured out the consequences. What meanings could be stretched, how many opinions would be influenced to agree, how many will be influenced against, what will be the consequence in the political race. The move has been made, what will it mean finally in the whole game of chess? When he stops and thinks all this the idea of changing it arises, so he changes it. But this change indicates only one thing -- he spoke thoughtlessly.

I have heard, in England a student was taking an oral examination in a medical college. He had passed all the other subjects, the oral exam was the last. If he passes this he will receive England's highest degree in medicine. Three doctors were examining him. They asked him, "If you have such and such a patient with such and such a disease and you are to give these medicines, what amount will you give?" He quickly said the amount. All three doctors laughed. They said, "Okay, you can go. The exam is over." He was just going out the door when it came to him, "That amount would take his life, it is poison." He returned and said, "Pardon me, I would give him half of what I had said."

But the doctors said, "The patient has died, who are you coming back to tell? What's said is said. This is not merely an exam. If there were a patient and you gave him this

dosage the patient would have died, who's pardon are you asking? Come next year, prepare yourself better. You cannot just come back and correct your statement like this. If we change it, it would be false, the patient has already died."

Don't speak thoughtlessly -- giving it this meaning does not mean to speak thoughtfully. In my vision its meaning is no-thought. Where there is thought there will be error. Where there is no thought, the mind is completely quiet, like a mirror, silent, empty, where meditation has awakened -- there is never any mistake. There is no need to turn and look back. There is never any repentance.

This is why I give it the meaning: speaking attentively, what Buddha called right remembering. Speaking wakefully. Speaking alertly. Not after thinking: is there an opportunity for thinking, is there time or not? Where is there time in life? Many times you want to say good things but can't say them, later you remember.

The great Western thinker Victor Hugo was coming out of a sitting room. Three or four other writers were coming with him, conversing. One writer expressed something. It was such a lovely statement that from Victor Hugo's mouth came out, "If only I had said that!"

A third writer said, "Hugo, don't worry. You will say it. Some day or other you will say it. If not today you'll say it tomorrow. It will come out of your mouth, don't worry. You will say it in other circumstances, but you will certainly say it. You cannot leave it alone."

But what is said is said. You may also have felt many times that you could have said that. It is as if someone has stolen the words which you were about to say, stolen the words

that had come to your lips. And sometimes you feel that if only you had held back just one word, how much trouble you would have avoided. Because sometimes a small word can change a whole life. A small curse you have given may change your whole life, and a sweet statement falling from your lips may make your whole life new, nothing can be said about it... just a small statement.

The famous American actress Greta Garbo was very poor in her childhood. And she used to work in a barber shop lathering soap on people's beards. She had never thought she would become such a great actress, a world famous actress. One day a movie director came to the barber shop to get a haircut and she lathered soap on his face. While she was lathering -- he was a movie director -- looking at her face in the mirror, just one word slipped out of his mouth, "Beautiful... what a beautiful face."

And this small statement became a revolution in Greta Garbo's life. A girl getting two cents for lathering beards died the owner of millions of dollars -- just this small statement. It was not said after thinking it over, it came out spontaneously. But Greta Garbo was reminded of her beauty. For the first time she looked at herself in the mirror with great deliberation. Daily she had stood in front of the mirror, but she just went on lathering people's beards. She had never noticed. She had never thought that she was beautiful, or that she could be beautiful. The poor girl didn't have the capacity even to think of it.

Greta Garbo asked, "Really, you think I am beautiful?"

The movie director said, "Not just beautiful, but one of the most beautiful women. And if you want I will prove it, because I am a movie director. I am making a movie. I can

put you in it. You have a photogenic face, that will look so beautiful in the picture. I have been working with pictures my whole life."

This is why it often happens that some person, film actor or actress when you meet them directly doesn't seem so beautiful: he has a photogenic face. In a photograph they appear beautiful whether face to face they look beautiful or not. These are two different things. Many times people are very beautiful when you meet them face to face, but don't look so beautiful in a picture.

Greta Garbo ascended the skies. A small incident, an accidental word changed her whole life. Otherwise perhaps she would have died still lathering soap on people's beards. A small word can give rise to such ripples: can make a friend, can make an enemy; can give life beauty, can make it ugly.

DON'T SPEAK TOO EAGERLY...

But the meaning I give it is not speak thoughtfully: in thought is calculating, cunning, cleverness, politics. I say, speak from no-thought, from a feeling of peace and silence. Let it arise in silence from deep within. And then what you say will be integral, because it arises out of peace. Right speech and you will settle down. Otherwise the ego takes you from one extreme to the next.

DON'T SPEAK TOO EAGERLY, DON'T WALK WITH A STRUT...

Don't walk stamping your feet. Don't make noise in your life. Pass by so that no one knows. Remain absent. This is god's way of being. God is present everywhere, but he is unknown. What is his art? DON'T WALK WITH A

STRUT... Don't stamp your feet. Don't go on pointing your finger at yourself saying look at me.
God is present as an absence. He is present. He is visible to those who also become absent, who themselves become completely silent. Only in their eyes is his face reflected.
DON'T WALK WITH A STRUT...
People move with such pride. They walk arrogantly, uselessly arrogant.
Have you noticed? When you are alone on the street you walk in one way. If the path is deserted, no one in sight, you're out for a morning walk, you move in a certain way. You won't strut. But then suddenly two people come on the road, and your step changes. You watch tomorrow, your step will change. When two people enter the road, your step will change. Now you move in a different way. And if two beautiful women step onto the road then your stride will change even more. You will quickly dust yourself off and start proudly twisting your mustache, straighten up your tie, put your hat at a slant. You will immediately start strutting along. Even without mustache people proudly twist. It is not necessary to have a mustache to stand proud. Pride is a separate matter. It can be shown in any manner, some with a mustache, some with a tie, but show pride.
People walk as if the whole world is watching them, as if everyone's eyes are on them.
Strutting means, everyone's eyes should be on me. Why? Because the ego demands attention from people. And the more attention ego gets from others the more it is nourished. The more people greet you on the street, the more people agree that yes, you are something, the more your ego is strengthened. Go out on the street one day, if no

one even looks, no one even says hello, if the whole village has decided to treat you this way, to pretend you don't even exist -- you will be very unhappy. You will come back tired and defeated. You will say, what happened? Your strutting has had no effect.

You watch small children, they play this game every day. There is no great difference in grown ups. From the youngest to the oldest there are nothing but children. If you want to watch grown up children, go to Delhi sometime -- children of sixty-five, seventy, seventy-five, eighty, eighty-three. Someone is prime minister [83 year old Morarji Desai]. Someone is home minister, someone is defense minister, and they go on chasing after each other, like small children. Like children fighting on a garbage heap playing king of the mountain. And if one stands on top then the others go on shoving and a great match of pushing and shoving ensues. Each one twists his mustache in pride. And each one says to himself, "I will overpower each and every one of them and stay up. Look how I threw this one down, or look how I put that one flat on his back."

From young age to old, people remain children. As long as you attract attention, as long as you say look at me, you are a child, you are childish.

You experience it in children every day. If there are children at your house, when a guest comes you tell the children a guest is coming, just be quiet. Then the children cannot remain silent. They would otherwise be sitting quietly in the corner playing with their dolls, but as soon as guests come the children come and get in the way. They start asking irrelevant questions... I want ice cream, I am hungry. You are surprised, until now the child was sitting

silently, what has happened to him? The child has become a politician. He is saying. "Will these guests go without looking at me? I will show them, I will tell them that I too am someone. This house runs according to me, I will demonstrate it."

If you tell a child something when you are alone with him he will accept it. If you say it in front of four people he is not willing to accept it, he stubbornly refuses. This is why if you take a child who is well behaved at home to the market he will cause an embarrassment right in the middle -- I want to buy this, I want to buy that. And what is your embarrassment? The embarrassment is that in front of four persons you cannot say that I cannot buy it, I don't have the money, my pocket is empty, don't torture me. He is waiting for this opportunity to show you...

Small children can easily push your buttons. Then when you are older you play on these buttons a little more subtly, a little more cleverly. But there is no difference. You have not grown up. The ego never grows up, the ego is always childish.

... DON'T WALK WITH A STRUT...

You have seen children, stamping their feet, making noise, throwing things on the floor. You have seen women who throw plates in the house at the smallest provocation, drop pots and pans, fill the whole house with noise. ... DON'T WALK WITH A STRUT... That woman is saying I will show you.

Mulla Nasruddin's wife was running after him -- carrying her rolling pin. Mulla got scared and slid under a bed. The wife was fat and couldn't get under the bed. Mulla sat proudly under the bed. Then somebody knocked on the

door, some guest came. The wife quickly hid her rolling pin and said to Mulla, "Come out from there, a guest has come, come out quickly."
Mulla said, "Let the guests come, today I will show you who runs this house. I will sit wherever I want."
The wife said, "Not so loud!"
But Mulla said, "Am I afraid of anyone? Who is master of this house? Today it will be decided -- you or me."
The wife said, "Shhh!!! Quiet. Come out from there."
But by this time Mulla's pride had mounted. He said, "Ask forgiveness, ask 'please'."
She had to ask please. The guest is at the door and Mulla is sitting under the bed, will it look good? And if he begins to say something sitting under the bed, he starts to speak... she had to say please.
DON'T WALK WITH A STRUT...
Gorakh is saying, speak meditatively, walk silently. Walk as if you are not. Walk so no one knows it. Don't walk like a street band playing. Don't beat your drum.
... PLACE YOUR FEET WITH CARE
Place your steps so slowly that there is no sound. Come and pass through this world like a gust of wind comes and passes through. No one will get even a whisper of when you came, when you left. Pass through like a silent, empty sound. And you will know god. And you will recognize god.
Those who are eager to show the world become actors. Out on the street you will find mostly actors. Before leaving their homes, people spend so much time getting ready. Women spend hours standing in front of the mirror. Even the mirror gets tired! The husband is sitting out on the

street honking the horn and the wife is still in front of the mirror thinking shall I wear this sari or that sari?
I was a guest at someone's house. The husband was taking me to a meeting, he was honking the horn, it was already late. And the wife angrily looked out the window and said, "I have told you a thousand times I am coming in a minute." If she is going to say it a thousand times, then it will take hours just to say it ... "But this constant horn honking is killing me. Can I put on a sari or not?"
In the evening when we came back, I asked her, "At any rate you were going to have to put on a sari. Why did it take so long?"
She said, "How could it not take long? Come, I will show you -- I have three hundred saris. One has to think it over, consider, which one to wear, this one or that. This has some good qualities, that has other qualities. So it is a problem. Sometimes I put on one then have to change it. So it takes a long time."
People are actors. This is why other peoples' wives seem more beautiful than our own wives, because we see our own wives in their natural condition but you see others' wives on stage -- in full costume, all made up...
Mulla Nasruddin says that for birth control no other method is needed, just wives shouldn't use make-up. It is sufficient. Nothing else is required. This is enough to make the mind disinterested. Remaining spontaneous and natural, enough...
DON'T SPEAK TOO EAGERLY, DON'T WALK WITH A STRUT, PLACE YOUR FEET WITH CARE.
Don't take the world as a stage and don't get lost in acting here. There is truth also inside -- beyond acting. You will

know that truth, you will be able to turn towards it, when in your mind you are no longer concerned that others give you attention, whether others pay attention to you or not. When you want others to pay attention to you, you have to pay attention to them. It is a mutual give and take. When will you give attention to yourself? You will have to pay attention to others if you want them to pay attention to you. If you want people to ask how much you paid for the sari you are wearing you will first have to ask about their sari: How much? What a beautiful weave? Where did you buy it? Then the other will ask you. Naturally, it is a world of give and take. If you give attention to others, others give attention to you in response, because they also want to receive attention, the same as you. We go on decorating each others egos -- when will you give attention to yourself? You will miss knowing that which is waiting within you -- and that is the highest wealth, it is the highest bliss. God is hidden in that consciousness. If you taste that consciousness, you will taste eternal life.

DON'T SPEAK TOO EAGERLY, DON'T WALK WITH A STRUT, PLACE YOUR FEET WITH CARE.

Somewhere else Gorakh has said:

THE FULL POT CARRIED SILENTLY, THE HALF FULL SOUNDING SPLASHES

WHEN THE SEEKER IS READY, O AVADHUT, THE MASTER SPEAKS FRUITFULLY.

THE FULL POT CARRIED SILENTLY...

A pot filled with water is still, it does not splash.

THE FULL POT CARRIED SILENTLY, THE HALF FULL SOUNDING SPLASHES

One which is half full splashes. A filled water pot doesn't make noise, a half filled pot makes noise. The more noise you make and stamp your feet, the clearer is the message that you are false. The more you walk like a street band playing, walk raising your flag... 'let our flag remain on high' ... the more you show that you are false, you are half...
THE HALF FULL SOUNDING SPLASHES. One who knows, who has had a little experience of life becomes reserved, becomes deep. There is no sound, there is silence around him, a quiet music...
THE FULL POT CARRIED SILENTLY, THE HALF FULL SOUNDING SPLASHES
WHEN THE SEEKER IS READY, O AVADHUT, THE MASTER SPEAKS FRUITFULLY.
You make meaningless noise. What else is your speech? There is nothing in your speech because you don't know anything, what do you have worth saying? But people talk so much, so much nonsense is said. Other people are dumping rubbish in your ears, you are dumping rubbish into others' ears, rubbish heaped upon rubbish. Pay close attention, ninety percent of what you say the whole day is completely worthless, if it weren't said it would be okay. ...
THE HALF SOUNDING SPLASHES if one which is half filled does not splash what will it do? It creates much noise. People go on talking. The whole world is full of talk: unneeded, meaningless talk.
Gorakh says: WHEN THE SEEKER IS READY... One who knows will speak only to those whose eagerness to know is clear. A master speaks only to one who is a potential master. He doesn't speak to each and everyone. It is no use speaking to everyone. A master sits only with

those who show a glimpse of being a potential master. A true master speaks to true disciples. He doesn't speak to each and everyone.
I am asked why aren't arrangements made for everyone to come and listen here? There is no need for everyone to come here. I speak to those who have potential. I speak to those who are eager, who are thirsty.
WHEN THE SEEKER IS READY, O AVADHUT, THE MASTER SPEAKS FRUITFULLY.
Then there is some gain in speaking. One who has become enlightened speaks to those who will become enlightened, then there is some gain, otherwise it is just meaningless nonsense.
GORAKH RAJA SAYS, DON'T BE STIFF, LIVE SPONTANEOUSLY.
Don't be an egoist, live naturally, such a small teaching but this is the greatest teaching. Gorakh says, only this much I say to you, if you can understand this, if you can accomplish this then everything will happen.
... DON'T BE STIFF, LIVE SPONTANEOUSLY.
Live spontaneously -- what does it mean to live spontaneously? Don't live through calculations, live out of innocence. Trees are spontaneous, birds and animals are spontaneous, only man is not spontaneous. Where does this unnaturalness come from? I display to people what I am not. I will prove I am what I am not -- this is where unnaturalness arises. I am poor but I will make an impression on people of being wealthy. I am ignorant but I will give people the idea that I know. I am nobody but I have a great desire to speak, to be somebody -- that ego may someday be fulfilled. So you go on telling people you

are what you are not. Inside one thing, outside another. With this deceit you have become unnatural.
You can be spontaneous when you drop this trip of the ego. When you say I am like I am -- bad then bad, good then good. I am just as god made me. I will not needlessly put on a veil and hide myself. Now your situation is like a wound that you have put a rose flower over and hidden. So you have become unnatural. The wound is within, a rose flower is placed over it. Pus is forming inside. And because of the rose flower the wound cannot heal, it doesn't receive the sun light, does not get fresh air.
Expose yourself exactly as you are within. Then you will be spontaneous. Drop your fear. What's the fear? That people think badly of you? What is the harm? If people won't pay attention to you, will not respect you, what is lost? What do you get from their respect?
NATH SAYS, KEEP YOUR DIGNITY, DON'T INSIST ON DEBATE.
Take care of your being. NATH SAYS, KEEP YOUR DIGNITY... Gorakh Nath says, take care or your soul. Don't get into useless arguments, I am this, I am that. DON'T INSIST ON DEBATE.
What you are you are. God made you this way. Look after this consciousness.
NATH SAYS, KEEP YOUR DIGNITY, DON'T INSIST ON DEBATE.
THIS WORLD IS A GARDEN OF THORNS, PLACE EACH STEP ALERTLY.
Here there are great gardens of thorns. Very attractive gardens. From afar they seem flowers. When they prick, you will know they are thorns. From afar they give the

illusion of sweet music, but when you come close, when you are trapped, there is trouble. Fish too are caught, seeing the bait. The hook inside the bait is not visible to them either. Others praise you, they are setting bait. There is a thorn in this bait, and now you are caught.

This is why flattery has so much power in the world. If you tell the dumbest jackass how intelligent he is, how learned he is, the donkey believes it. The donkey doesn't question: me, learned and intelligent? He believes it because he wants to. You have said what he was thinking. There is a saying that at the right moment you will call a donkey your father. And the donkey will believe it. And he knows within that he is a donkey and he cannot possibly be your father. But the believing mind says believe it, why are you passing up a chance like this? If you tell a crow he is a sweet singing cuckoo the crow will not deny it. If you flatter him too much and he gets excited then he will caw, caw and prove he is a crow. But he will think that he is sweetly calling out: 'kuhuu-kuhuu'.

This is why flattery has so much influence. If you flatter someone he will be ready to do anything, any job can be done. You also are taken in by flattery, move alertly.

PLACE EACH STEP ALERTLY...

THIS WORLD IS A GARDEN OF THORNS...

There are many thorns here. Flowers cover up, thorns are inside. You go to grasp a flower and are pricked by a thorn, then it is difficult to get free. This is how people fall into greed, anger, ego -- and they become unspontaneous.

GORAKH RAJA SAYS, DON'T BE STIFF, LIVE SPONTANEOUSLY.

And pride is a wide road. Don't think that it is only emperors that are filled with ego, a beggar too has ego. Beggars also have egos.

I have heard there was a beggar who came daily to Mulla Nasruddin's lane, for many days he didn't appear. When he saw him in the market Mulla asked, "You are not seen these days, you used to come daily to harass me. You have harassed for such a long time, for so many years that it has become a habit. Many times I have thought you haven't come, what has happened? You didn't come to the door and rap your staff."

He said, "I gave the lane to my son-in-law."

Mulla said, "Meaning?"

He said, "That lane was mine. There no other beggar can cause any mischief or I will break his limbs." He was a cripple, dragging himself along, saying, "I would break their limbs, no beggar can cause mischief there. That lane was mine. I gave it as a dowry -- my daughter got married!"

Mulla had thought the lane was his, today he found out who the lane belongs to. Don't think that only emperors have egos, beggars too have egos. They too have their kingdom, they too have their boundaries. If you enter into their territory, you will be in difficulty. If you beg there you will have to pay taxes to them. If a new beggar begs in the lane of an old beggar he will have to pay taxes.

Naturally, you might never have thought about it, you never knew which beggar you belong to. There is a beggar on the street who has bought you. He has rights. He has a license to beg from you. If any other beggar begs then he will have to pay taxes. You didn't know that you have been

sold, that the beggar on the street is your master and has rights over you.
Don't think that only the rich have egos. Don't think that only the worldly have egos. Yogis have big egos, renunciates have even bigger egos -- they have renounced so much! DON'T BE PROUD... Scholars have big egos. Gorakh has said:
MOVING WITHOUT PATH, BURNING WITHOUT FIRE,
WELL KNOWING GORAKH SAYS, FIGURE THIS OUT O LEARNED PUNDITS.
He says, listen you reciting pandits, you parroting pandits. What do you have? But you move arrogantly. Some rubbish, some borrowed stinking words!
WELL KNOWING GORAKH SAYS...
Gorakh says, I have known from experiencing myself and then I found out that you have only words and nothing else.
... FIGURE THIS OUT O LEARNED PUNDITS.
O well-read pundits, O so-called pundits! Figure out what I am saying, come to your senses. MOVING WITHOUT PATH... There is a movement that is without path, where there is no path and the goal arrives. Do you know anything about it? By reading and reciting you have become a pandit, do you know the path that doesn't exist but the goal comes?
MOVING WITHOUT PATH, BURNING WITHOUT FIRE...
Do you know the happening that occurs from a fireless burning? I know a fire like this, that doesn't exist yet it burns. I know a death, that doesn't occur, but it happens. I know a goal that has no path to reach it. I know that which

is sitting within you. What can be the path to reach there? A path is to take you far away. If god was distant there could be a path. God is you, so what path? You are god himself.

MOVING WITHOUT PATH...

This is why if you stop you will reach.

... BURNING WITHOUT FIRE...

And this ego is false. To burn it no real fire is needed. If you understand this then the fire of understanding is enough, and it burns.

Gorakh says, my teaching is very direct -- of spontaneity. As Kabir has said, based on Gorakh: "O Seeker, the natural samadhi is best."

SWAMI, GOING TO THE FOREST HUNGER ARISES, GOING TO THE CITY MAYA ARISES.

He is saying, O swamis, O escapist sannyasins! If you go to the jungle hunger will catch you. Then sitting in the jungle twenty-four hours a day you will think of food. Who knows if anyone will give it. Will anyone bring it or not? And if you go to the town you will be caught in maya, caught in illusion, caught in attachment, caught in desire. You will see a beautiful woman passing by and you will be fascinated. You will see a beautiful house and desire will arise -- if only it were mine! If you stay in the city maya will catch you. If you go to the jungle to be saved from maya, hunger catches you. What will you do? You are in great difficulty.

STUFFING YOURSELF, SEXUAL DESIRE ARISES...

If you over eat, really stuff yourself, sex desire will be created from this stuffing, from the extra food. If you eat more than is necessary, it creates desire inside of you. Why

does it create desire? Because you will not be able to contain the extra energy you have taken into yourself, it wants to go out, it is superfluous, it is not needed, it is burdensome.
What is desire? A way for energy to go out. What is sex? A way to throw out energy. When you have too much energy that you cannot contain, it will begin to flow out on its own. It has to flow out. A container can be filled with only as much water as it contains. If it is filled more, it will overflow. Desire is the energy that overflows your vessel, this is why if you eat too much you will be caught in sex desire. Now it is very difficult. If you eat too little you will remember all kinds of food day and night.
So what will you do? What is the way? Be spontaneous Gorakh says. Come to the middle. Eat as much as is necessary. Don't go to the jungle, because there you will be hungry. Don't play around so much in the city that besides city nothing remains of you, because desire will catch you there. But how to live? Live in the city like someone living in the jungle, this is the middle. Live at home like one lives in the forest. Live in the world but don't let the world inside of you. Live as a lotus leaf in the water.
... WHY WASTE THIS BODY BORN OF PASSION?
Then you will know how this body created from egg and sperm attains the state of enlightenment! Then you will know. If you have chosen to go to the jungle because you are afraid desire will catch you in the city, then hunger will catch you. If you are afraid hunger will catch you in the jungle, come to the city... and wherever you go, it will be city or jungle, there is no other possibility. If out of duality you choose one, then you will not be able to remain with it

very long, because the needs of the opposite will begin to pull you, will begin to attract you.

So eat the right amount of food -- what is sufficient for meditation, sufficient for worship and prayer. Eat rightly, give to the body what is needed for natural functions. Don't dump more, otherwise the extra amount will put you in trouble. Don't go to extremes.

There are some people who overeat, stuffing and forcing food. Their whole work is food, food, food... they don't do anything else. Then superfluous energy arises from the extra food. Then the release of energy is necessary, otherwise the energy will be a burden, will become a load. Then go into desire. Then the energy flows out in desire. Then people are so drowned in desire that whatever energy they had flows out in it. Then they become empty, emptied out. Then they fill up with food because now they are empty, now emptiness aggravates. This becomes a great disturbance. From one extreme to the other extreme, from the other back to the first, from the first back to the second, going on swinging like this, like the pendulum of a clock. The clock of life goes on. Your coming and going continues. Stop in the middle. Have you ever stopped the pendulum of a clock and seen what happens? As soon as the pendulum stops the clock stops. Coming and going has stopped. Time has stopped. Time has stopped means the world has stopped.

DON'T ATTACK YOUR FOOD, DON'T DIE OF HUNGER, CONTEMPLATE THE SECRET OF BRAHMAN DAY AND NIGHT

DON'T OVERWORK, DON'T LIE AROUND, THUS SAYS GORAKH DEVA

A plain and simple sutra, but such that if it finds its mark it will land in your heart like an arrow and your life will be transformed.

DON'T ATTACK YOUR FOOD...

Don't eat fuller and fuller, don't burst with food!

DON'T ATTACK YOUR FOOD...

Don't launch an attack.

... DON'T DIE OF HUNGER...

And don't die of hunger either. Don't starve. Don't fast.

... CONTEMPLATE THE SECRET OF BRAHMA DAY AND NIGHT

Live rightly and assimilate the secret of the ultimate day and night. This whole universe is filled with mystery, it is overflowing with the beauty of the highest. The blessings of that highest are present everywhere. In these rays of sunlight, in the specks of sunlight falling on the leaves, in green leaves, in flowers, in birds, in people, this vast life, drink his mystery, fill yourself with it.

O my heart, speak of Him!
In comparison to his face,
All colors and shapes pale;
I have become sated with him --
Drinking his water of compassion;
Float on him wave after wave, flow with him!
O my heart, speak of Him!
His fluid nimble way of moving,
Is unique in the whole world;
His sweet sweet voice --
How beautiful to me;
Become his shadow, live every moment with him!
O my heart, speak of Him!

The bliss of his spontaneous closeness,
Is a trust of life;
But if the hour comes --
of parting company with the beloved;
Then deep within will I bear the fire of distance from him!
O my heart, speak of Him!
Remember the divine. Don't become a glutton, and against gluttony don't always be starving and fasting. Remember again the story of Shrona -- when the strings of the veena of life are neither too tight nor too loose music arises. This music is a song of devotion. This music is kirtan. This music is remembrance.
O my heart, speak of Him!
Remember the divine. Assimilate his secret. And his secret is overflowing, it is whispered in every direction.
Your laughing call, O bird of songs!
Spread freedom's wings
Sound the conch of life,
And you join with eager speed
This painted sky!
Soar beyond the horizon
Send a piercing ray
Open the heavenly gates of your heart
And you rain a shower of nectar
This pattering melody!
Secret sky of subtle intelligence
Drink the soma nectar of eternity,
And you sing your drunken bliss,
This immortal, alone!
Watch the moon, watch the sun,
Let the trumpet of truth proclaim,

And distinctions of this world are kidnapped
O destroyer of illusions!
Slough the skin of darkness
Kiss the thousand petalled radiance of the crown,
And you awaken in the cave of the navel
O supine serpent!
It is he outside, it is he inside. Just sink a little into his mystery. It is he seen rising in the trees, he appears showering light in the moon and stars. He is moving in your every breath, he is hidden in every beat of your heart. It is he who pervades your consciousness -- drink up his mystery.
The more a person is filled with the beauty of the universe the closer he reaches to god. All this beauty is his.
DON'T OVERWORK, DON'T LIE AROUND, THUS SAYS GORAKH DEVA
And don't be stubborn. Don't try to force the body more than necessary.
DON'T OVERWORK...
Don't make too much effort otherwise you will become tired and broken.
But also don't do the reverse: ... DON'T LIE AROUND...
Don't become lazy. Don't just lie there thinking: "We shouldn't make effort, shouldn't exert ourselves So I'll just lie around."
Now what is to be done? Between the two... Act, as if inactive. Do, but don't become the doer. Let him be the doer, you are merely his vessel, only a medium... as Krishna said to Arjuna in the Geeta, just become a medium. The doer is god, become a bow string in his hands. If he

shoots arrows with you then arrows, and if he offers worship in the temple with you, then worship.
Don't be over active... like people who believe in the yoga of good acts, they become over active. And don't be too inactive. There is a yoga of inaction too. This too has become a belief. Such people also find support from the scriptures, from the songs of the sant mystics. They extract their own meanings. For instance Baba Maluk has said:
Boas never hold a job, birds have never worked;
Das Maluka says, no need, Rama provides for all.
Lazy people have extracted their meaning from this. They have made a very beautiful interpretation. They say, it is good, then we will lie around happily as big snakes lie around. So some sadhus and sants just lie around. They think, what is there to to? Baba Maluk has said that "existence provides for all." If it provides it provides... relax and believe in fate.
This whole country has died believing in fate. Laziness has spread through this whole country. This whole country has become indolent and idle. And it has given it's indolence and idleness a very spiritual color by saying it is fate, what happens is what is meant to happen. If one is poor one is poor. A beggar then a beggar, a slave then a slave. Everything happens by fate. When he wishes it then everything will be made well, but we have to drag along. The suffering of this country is that we have taken up this sutra -- of laziness. We are lying down. The misery of the West is that they have taken up action, taken it up so much that they can't sleep at night -- they have forgotten how. Now they cannot sleep without sleeping pills. They have become so active, so many waves have arisen, the mind is

moving so much that they lay down on the bed at night but the mind has forgotten sleep even exists. It goes right on thinking. It makes calculations, does accounting, makes plans: tomorrow's shop, tomorrow's market, tomorrow's world. It remains absorbed in its plans. This way the night is lost.

The West is going crazy because of too much activity. And the East has become poor because of too much inactivity. If what Gorakh says is understood then there is no need to go crazy and no need to be poor.

Gorakh says:

DON'T OVERWORK, DON'T LIE AROUND, THUS SAYS GORAKH DEVA.

I tell you to be in between. Work but from a state of no work. Enter into work, but peacefully, silently... so that work does not make you restless. Work but don't go insane in it.

OVER EATING STRENGTHENS THE SENSES, DESTROYS CONSCIOUSNESS, FILLS THE MIND WITH SEX.

If you eat too much food the senses will be strengthened and awareness will be destroyed.

... DESTROYS CONSCIOUSNESS, FILLS THE MIND WITH SEX.

And the more awareness is destroyed the more nothing but sex remains in the mind. Understand this. The more the amount of awareness increases the more the amount of sex decreases. The more the amount of awareness decreases the more the amount of sex increases. These two are always influencing each other.

Make an experiment and see. If you eat too much then unconsciousness overtakes you, immediately sleep starts coming. This is why sleep starts coming after eating. Remain some night without eating, then sleep will not come the whole night. You didn't eat so unconsciousness does not overtake you. This is why to one who fasts sleep doesn't come at night. Or sleep becomes less. In old age sleep becomes less because food becomes less. The body cannot digest so much food. Life is finishing so now there is no need for sleep either. Unconsciousness takes over in sleep. For sleep it is necessary that your body remain more powerful than your being, only then can sleep take over. When you eat the body grows, the being becomes weak. If you eat too much then the body becomes very burdensome, you start getting drowsy.

When consciousness increases, you will find simultaneously that sex desire has started becoming less, because the pressure of the body becomes less on the being. This is why Gorakh and I do not tell you to fight against sex desire, we tell you to awaken awareness. Become more alert. Whatever you do, do it with alertness. If you go into sex, go into it alertly, go into it consciously. And you will be surprised, as consciousness increases, sex desire will become weak by itself. One day you will suddenly find that without repressing, without fighting that you don't know where sex stopped -- when you go within to look for it, you don't find it. Everything within has become lit with awakening.

Sex and meditation have the same relationship as light and darkness. If a lamp is lit, darkness is ended. There is no need to throw out darkness. Who can throw it out? How

can it be thrown? Can anyone throw it out? Only a lamp is to be lit. This is why the people who fight with sex desire have gotten into very foolish activity. Fight with desire and it will increase. You will be more possessed by it. No one has ever fought darkness and won. Cutting it with a sword doesn't work. Beating it with a staff makes no sense. Give it a shove, collect all the strong men of the village, still you won't be able to push the darkness out of a small hut. But light one small lamp and you won't even know where the darkness has gone. Darkness is not a thing, darkness is negative. Darkness is only an absence, the absence of light. If light becomes present, it is done. There was no darkness, nor has it gone anywhere: only light was missing, light has come.

Sex is the absence of meditation. If the lamp of meditation is lit: enough, sex is gone.

Here people ask me, "You don't teach people brahmacharya -- to be celibate? Brahmacharya cannot be taught. Only meditation can be taught. Brahmacharya is the result. As meditation ripens, brahmacharya comes to fruit by itself. All effort is to be put into meditation. One who puts his effort directly into brahmacharya will sit suppressing sex in the name of brahmacharya. And brahmacharya is not happening -- it is only superficial -- within the being the worms of desire are crawling. Inside the snake of desire will raise its hood. His life will become very unnatural. His life will become very difficult. Peace will not arise in his life, nor will equanimity come. He will fall deep into duality. A continuous struggle will go on turning within him. And how can there be experience of god while

struggling? A non-dual mind is needed, only then is the experience of god possible.

OVER EATING STRENGTHENS THE SENSES, DESTROYS CONSCIOUSNESS, FILLS THE MIND WITH SEX.

SLEEP OVERTAKES, DEATH CLOSES IN...

Sleep catches you, death catches you.

... THE HEART ENTANGLED.

And then trouble always created within, a disturbance continues to be raised. An insanity goes on increasing. Just look inside yourself and see how mad you are. Madness goes on there. Living in this madness how will you know the truth? It is impossible! This madness must go. And there is only one way for this madness to go -- LAUGHING, PLAYING THE KNACK OF MEDITATION. Laugh, play, dance, be ecstatic and keep meditating. This is enough, it will go.

THE MILK DIETER MONK'S MIND ON OTHERS' COWS...

There are a few people who have decided to consume milk only. They think milk is the purest food.

I was a guest for some time in Raipur. There is a community there -- of the milk drinkers sect. Milk is the only diet of the people living there. They thought they would be healthier with milk. Have you gone mad? In the first place, the milk you are drinking has not been produced for you. You drink cow's milk, no? It is produced for calves. It is for growing bulls. Milk is not a pure food. From milk, sex desire will awaken. And sex desire like that of a bull -- not just a little, because god made it for a bull not for you.

And the nature of milk is to be a provision for the child, so the child can get milk until he can digest food. After a certain age no animal drinks milk, with the exception of man. Man makes unnatural arrangements. To drink a little in tea, a little in coffee is okay, but don't become a milk dieter.

When I was in Raipur a priest from the milk diet community came to meet me. He asked, "How to become victorious over sexual desire?"

I said, "First drop this milk diet, drop this practice. To be a man is bad enough, you will become a bull! ... and you take nothing but milk. People go on bringing milk because the saints drink nothing but milk... pure food. What is pure about milk?

Just a few days ago there was a report in the newspapers that meat has been produced from milk in Japan. Milk is a part of the blood, this is why meat can be made from it. Scientists have succeeded in creating meat from milk. Within two or three months white meat produced from milk will be available in Japanese markets. Milk contains the same substance that is in meat. This is why flesh increases from drinking milk, blood improves, a person becomes robust.

Where do you think the milk comes from when a child is born from the mother's womb? As blood passes through her breasts it begins to produce milk. In this way blood is available to the child. And the child cannot digest anything else. It is good for him at this age. There is not such purity in milk as you think there is. There is greater purity in fruits, greater purity in wheat, rice, beans.

Gorakh says, THE MILK DRINKER MONK'S MIND ON OTHERS' COWS...

Don't become a milk dieter. Otherwise the milk drinker has always to pay attention which house he will get milk from, which house he will not get it from. ... MIND ON OTHER'S COWS... His attention is continuously on others' houses. Whose cow is good, whose cow is bad...

Once I was travelling with a sadhu. He would drink only the milk of a white cow. I said, "You have gone mad. Use a little common sense. Milk from a black cow doesn't turn black, milk is always white. Are you afraid of a black cow because the milk might become black?"

"No," he said, "No, I am... my guru suggested milk of a white cow."

Whether the skin of the cow is white or black what difference is there in the milk? Then the milk of black women would be black, and the milk of white women would be white. Milk is white, but nothing becomes pure just by being white.

Have you seen herons? Herons of Indian politics fishing in pure white homespun khadi? Mulla Nasruddin went into the market one day wearing khadi shirt and vest, wearing khadi hat and fine cut pajamas. And someone said, "Mulla, what a clean white!"

Mulla said, "Don't be deceived, no matter how white the clothes are, the heart is mine, still black as ever."

The heart does not become white from clothes being white, nor does anyone's soul become pure from drinking white milk.

But people create problems. That sadhu travelling with me was in great difficulty. First he had to circle all around the

cow and check that there was no black spot or anything on the cow. If the cow was completely white, then before milking it someone had to bathe. They should milk it wearing wet clothing so they remained in a freshly bathed condition. His followers had to milk wearing wet clothes. They were shivering. It was winter, they went on shivering and milking... And he consumed only milk and thought he was doing something very virtuous.

I said, "You will fall into hell. They will all make complaints against you, these people freezing in the cold. Someone will get pneumonia, someone will catch a cold -- it is all being done for you. You will suffer the fruit of bad karma. Now you are shocked, but it is better you are careful."

THE MILK DIETER MONK'S MIND ON OTHER'S COWS, THE NAKED ALWAYS NEED FIREWOOD.

And those who have gone naked need wood to burn everyday. Is a blanket worse than this? Are clothes worse than this? You live naked so you burn wood. This is greater violence, because to burn wood you have to cut trees. And his mind is continually concerned with getting firewood each day. He needs his holy fire burning twenty-four hours a day because he lives naked. The fire goes on burning. And how many insects are dying in the fire? Trees are cut, insects die in the fire..what was wrong with wearing clothes? Why are you creating troubles?

Gorakh says let life be spontaneous. These are unnatural things. Now their minds are caught up in meaningless things: Will I get firewood today or not? Will I find a white cow or not? Will I get milk or not? Will I get enough milk or not? Make life simple, not complex. Be natural, be

ordinary. Don't buy into things that give your mind useless worries.

THE MONK IN SILENCE DESIRES A COMPANION...

And the one who vows silence, he wants someone to move with him, he always needs a companion.

A friend came to meet me, a silent Muni Maharaj. He brought someone with him to interpret his signs and tell me. I said, "Why don't you speak directly?"

His companion said, "No, he has taken a vow of silence, he doesn't speak directly."

I said, "This is an additional problem. Now you have to go wherever he goes."

He said, "Yes, I have to go. And Muni Maharaj never touches money either, I have to keep the money. If we take a rickshaw or taxi I have to give the money. He doesn't touch money."

"But whose money is it?" I asked.

"The money is his. People give it to him, but I hold it. People offer it at his feet, I quickly collect it."

I said, "Does Muni Maharaj keep track of it?"

He said, "How can I hide anything from you? He goes on watching, goes on counting how many notes have come. With hand signs he says a five keep it carefully." Why this useless nonsense? When you are going to count it anyway, count it yourself and keep it in your own pocket? You have to count it and keep it in someone else's pocket and then keep worrying whether he will run away, whether he will change his mind by the morning.

I said to him, "Come tomorrow to the meditation." It was in Bombay. Meditations were being held at Birla Matushri's. So I said, "Come tomorrow morning for the meditation."

He said -- he made gestures and had his friend say, "He cannot come, because I will not be available in the morning, I am going somewhere else. He cannot come without me. Who will take care of the taxi? Who will seat him? Who will help him out? He doesn't speak."
You have become lame by your own hand. God has given you feet, has given you a tongue. But you have refused them! And you are using a tongue, it too is god's tongue, in the other man's mouth. Your tongue is also god's. What sense is there in renouncing a closer tongue to use one further away? But people are caught up in such disturbances, in such entanglements.
THE MONK IN SILENCE DESIRES A COMPANION...
He always needs a companion.
... NO DEPTH WITHOUT THE MASTER'S SHELTER.
This is all useless nonsense because without finding a master these people will not find the real thread of life. They have gotten into this nonsense from reading books, reading scriptures.
Place your hopes in one who has found,
How can thirst be slaked from an empty river?

Rahim's expression is beautiful!
... in one who has found,
You can get something only from someone who has it.
How can thirst be slaked from an empty river?
Is there water in the scriptures? There are nothing but words. Thoughts about water, descriptions of water, but where is the water? Only with a master can you get the secret formula, the sutra, the key.
A couplet of Gorakh,

HIS FRAGRANCE AND SWEETNESS PERVADE THE WHOLE WORLD.
THE TRUTH IS, ONLY A MASTER WHO HAS SEEN, CAN HELP YOU SEE.
Gorakh says god is the fragrance filling the entire universe. From his fragrance the whole universe is made fragrant.
HIS FRAGRANCE AND SWEETNESS PERVADE THE WHOLE WORLD.
And his sweetness is in this whole world, but unless you meet someone to show you, how will you taste it? Unless you meet someone to tell you, how will his fragrance reach our nostrils? How will his music connect with our ears?
THE TRUTH IS, ONLY A MASTER WHO HAS SEEN, CAN HELP YOU SEE.
The truth is that until you meet a seer, one who has seen, you cannot be connected to god.
... NO DEPTH WITHOUT THE MASTER'S SHELTER.
Without a master faith will not come, trust will not come. Only a seer can provoke this self trust that yes, god is. Only a seer can be a witness -- an eye witness.
Without finding a master nothing can be attained. People have fallen into these useless troubles. And the master's message is small, a small sutra: be spontaneous.
DON'T SPEAK TOO EAGERLY, DON'T WALK WITH A STRUT, PLACE YOUR FEET WITH CARE.
GORAKH RAJA SAYS, DON'T BE STIFF, LIVE SPONTANEOUSLY.
A small sutra, drop the ego, live simply. Don't be extreme, come to the middle, a natural state...
LISTEN VIRTUOUS ONE, LISTEN INTELLIGENT ONE, TO THIS CALL OF NUMBERLESS SIDDHAS.

THE DISCIPLE BOWING, THE MASTER IS FOUND, AND THE WORLDLY NIGHT IS OVER.
Gorakh said, if you can listen, listen; if you can understand, understand.
LISTEN VIRTUOUS ONE...
If you have a little capacity, you have a little intelligence, listen.
... LISTEN INTELLIGENT ONE...
If you have a little awareness, then grasp this.
... THIS CALL OF NUMBERLESS SIDDHAS.
And not only I am saying it, numberless enlightened people have said it.
THE DISCIPLE BOWING, THE MASTER IS FOUND, AND THE WORLDLY NIGHT IS OVER.
Enough, if the disciple bows down, he meets the master. As soon as the disciple bows he meets the master. The master is always present, if you bow you meet the master.
There is an ancient Egyptian saying that whenever the disciple is ready the master appears. There is not a moment's waiting. The disciple bows, the master comes.
IN THE DISCIPLE'S BOWING, THE MASTER IS FOUND, AND THE WORLDLY NIGHT IS OVER.
Then this world of night is no more night, then it passes in wakefulness.

Understand these small sutras, comprehend them and practice them a little in your life, taste them. I finish today's talk with a couplet of Rahim,
RAHIM A STONE IN WATER, SUBMERGED BUT NEVER SOAKED

LIKE FOOLISH PEOPLE, WHO UNDERSTAND BUT DON'T SEEK LIVING INSIGHTS.
Like a stone lying in the river, but still doesn't get soaked. The same way foolish people sit in satsang but don't get soaked.
RAHIM A STONE IN WATER, SUBMERGED BUT NEVER SOAKED
It remains submerged, remains under water but doesn't get soaked, just remains untouched. Lying in the water it remains untouchable.
LIKE FOOLISH PEOPLE, WHO UNDERSTAND BUT DON'T SEEK LIVING INSIGHTS.
One who sits in satsang listening, listening to the words but doesn't experience. '... understand without living insight.' He listens, he understands but doesn't live it, doesn't experience it. Know he is a fool, he is a stone.
This is satsang. Get soaked, drown, live it...!
DON'T SPEAK TOO EAGERLY, DON'T WALK WITH A STRUT, PLACE YOUR FEET WITH CARE.
GORAKH RAJA SAYS, DON'T BE STIFF, LIVE SPONTANEOUSLY.
Enough for today?

Death is Divine

Chapter #4

Chapter title: See the unseeable
4 October 1978 am in Buddha Hall

[Note: This is a translation from the Hindi Maran Hey Jogi Maram, which is in the process of being edited. It is for research only.]

Q 1. SEE THE UNSEEABLE, SEEING MOVE INTO IT,
KEEP THIS UNSEEN ETERNAL IN HEART.
RAISE THE GANGES OF THE NETHER WORLD UP
TO THE SKY OF THE HEAD, DRINK ITS PURIFIED
WATER THERE.
HERE IT'S PRESENT, HERE IT'S HIDDEN, CREATE
YOUR THREE WORLDS HERE.
DISCOVER YOUR INNER VOID HERE, THIS WAY
COUNTLESS SEEKERS HAVE AWAKENED.
Q 3. O PUNDIT, YOU HAVE SOUGHT THE REAL
THROUGH READING, NOW LOOK FOR THE REAL
THROUGH LIVING.
YOUR OWN DOING WILL TAKE YOU ACROSS,
NO VEDAS, NO HOLY BOOKS, NO TEACHINGS
COULD DESCRIBE THE TRUTH, INSTEAD THEY
COVER IT UP.
WITHIN THE SKY OF THE HEAD THE WORD
ILLUMINES, THE TRUE SEEKER REALIZES IT HERE.
SAYING IS EASY, LIVING DIFFICULT, SAYING
WITHOUT LIVING AN EMPTY NONSENSE.
THE CAT ATE THE KNOWLEDGEABLE,
CONTEMPLATIVE PARROT, THICK TOME STILL IN
HIS HAND.
WHO ECHOES WORDS IS CALLED DISCIPLE, WHO
QUOTES THE DEAD IS GRANDSON,
WHO LIVES IT IS OUR MASTER, WE ARE
COMPANIONS OF THE LIVING.

ONE WHO LIVES IT, CALL HIM MY MASTER, WE ARE DISCIPLES OF THE LIVING.
UNDER NATURAL LIKING MOVE WITH THE MASTER, IF NOT, THEN MOVE ALONE.
Q 6. LAUGH, PLAY, MAKE MERRY, NEITHER LUST NOR ANGER REMAIN,
LAUGH PLAY, SINGING A SONG, KEEP CONSCIOUSNESS WELL CENTERED.
SOUND IS THE LOCK, SOUND IS THE KEY, ONLY SOUND AWAKENS SOUND,
SOUND INTIMATE WITH SOUND, SOUND DISSOLVES INTO SOUND.

Question 1
THE FIRST QUESTION:
HOW CAN THE ENERGY OF THINKING BE TRANSFORMED INTO BEING?

Chaitanya Keerti, the mind has two states. One is moving, flickering, unsteady; this is thought. The other is calm, free of flickering, silent, still; this is being-samadhi, realization. When like a lake full of waves it is thought. And if the lake becomes calm, no waves it is being. The mind can be in either state.
Ordinarily the mind is in the state of thinking, because the winds of desire are flowing. The lake ripples because of these winds. The beating of the wind makes the lake unsteady. In the same way the mind ripples because of the winds of desire -- I want this, I want that; I want to be like this, I want to be like that. This continuous intense inner flame of becoming something, of finding something, goes

on burning: this is what ripples. As soon as desire is gone and the winds have stopped, the lake becomes calm, the being is felt.

This is why all the enlightened ones have said, understand desire, and everything will be understood. One who has understood desire has understood the root cause of the arising of insanity within himself. And one who has understood the root cause will no longer give it support.

Who wants to go mad? Who wants to get into this unravelling and reweaving, this mad race of thoughts? Who wants to endure the disease of thought?

Thought is a disease. It is continuously upset, unquiet, tense. Thought is distress. It is only because of thought that the experience of bliss does not happen. The experience of bliss will happen the moment thinking departs. And thought will not depart as long as the winds of desire are flowing.

You ask, HOW CAN THE ENERGY OF THINKING BE TRANSFORMED INTO BEING?

Understand desire. Whatever you are accept it and desire is gone. Be content just as you are. No demand for more. What is, is the highest delight. As it is, there is no need for anything to be different. This very moment, watch, where have thoughts gone? Being is felt... Slowly slowly you will experience the joy of being. And while experiencing the joy of being who wants to go into thoughts? One who has made a connection to flowers doesn't go searching for thorns.

But this whole society, this crowd, these people stimulate your inner desire. From the very childhood desire is taught, ambition is taught. The father wants the son to become something -- to earn money, to get power, respect, fame...

make the family name shine brilliantly -- and desire has caught you. When we send young children to school, we are sending them to get initiated into desire. For twenty-five years, one third of life, we teach people ambition. How you can be first, how you can leave others behind. No matter what price you have to pay, even if life itself is lost in this race, but keep racing ahead... If you're going to die, get ahead, then die. Don't lag behind.

Consider Jesus' statement: Blessed are those who are last, as they will be first in my kingdom of god; and those who are first will be the last.

How can an ambitious man be connected to the kingdom of god? He has made his connection with hell. Then after a whole life in the rat race, after drinking the dirty water of who knows how many streams, after getting covered by the dust of who knows how many roads, when the sun of life starts to set and when it feels you have nothing in your hands, just as empty as ever. You have run much, but reached nowhere -- then repentance engulfs you. Now the mind thinks how to attain samadhi, how to attain god. And again the mind has deceived you. This same language of attaining... Now you will have new ambitions. The form of this ambition will be religious, its flavor will be religious, but its soul is the same as ever. Whether you want money or religion, power or god, as long as there is wanting the winds go on blowing and the mind goes on rippling.

Thoughts of money arise in the mind of one who wants money, thoughts of religion arise in one who wants religion. But thoughts continue. What difference does it make whether thoughts are of money or of religion?

Religious thought or unreligious thought, thoughts are thought. And where there is thought there is unrest.
This is why I don't teach you religious thought. I give you initiation into no-thoughts. Ordinarily what goes on in mosques and temples is how are we going to fill people full of worldly thoughts with spiritual thoughts, just this... But what difference does it make? You have called the disease religious, a fine lovely label. What difference does it make? As long as you want to become anything, as long as you keep some ambition to become something in the future, as long as you are restless about tomorrow, ambitious, expecting, you will remain without peace, the stream of thought flows on. And if the flow of thought flows on you remain cut off from god.
What I am saying is that religious thought is just as big a barrier between you and god as worldly thoughts. Thought is a barrier, no-thought is union.
Gorakh has said,
SEE THE UNSEEABLE, SEEING MOVE INTO IT,
KEEP THIS UNSEEN ETERNAL IN HEART.
RAISE THE GANGES OF THE NETHER WORLD UP TO THE INNER SKY, DRINK ITS PURIFIED WATER THERE.
To see that which is not visible the ordinary eyes cannot work. If you are to experience that which doesn't come into thought, the process of thought cannot come with you.
SEE THE UNSEEABLE...
To see that which is invisible one will have to close his eyes and see. It is not visible. What you see with open eyes is the world.
SEE THE UNSEEABLE, SEEING MOVE INTO IT...

Then, one can no longer remain only seeing it, once it is seen one must enter into his innermost center. It has to be understood, realized. So what is seen will not be sufficient for comprehending it. The glimpse we receive has to be united with our state of being. An insight that is not like a strike of lightning that comes and is gone -- but is like an eternal lamp that goes on burning inside us, whose light continues on and on.

... KEEP THIS UNSEEN ETERNAL IN HEART.

The mind is to be drowned in the unseen. And the invisible is to be kept centered in our minds.

RAISE THE GANGES OF THE NETHER WORLD UP TO THE INNER SKY

And that Ganges of energy that is flowing down in desires, in wants, in ambitions, that is flowing towards the world...

RAISE THE GANGES OF THE NETHER WORLD UP TO THE INNER SKY

What is flowing down -- towards the nether worlds, towards hell -- has to be turned upwards, has to be given an upward movement.

... DRINK THE PURIFIED WATER THERE.

And once you begin to flow upwards, you stat moving vertically, ascending, then drink your fill of pure nectar, of elixir. Let god sit in your heart, sit in god's heart, then drink your fill of eternal nectar.

God sits in your heart only when the mind does not flicker. Understand it like a lake on a full moon night, in the sky is a lovely moon, a very beautiful spectacle, but if the lake is rippling then no reflection of the moon can be formed on the lake, it gets broken up, scattered, gets scattered as soon as its made. Bits of the moon are spread all over the lake.

Moonlight spreads on the lake but the reflection of the moon cannot be formed. Then the lake becomes calm, winds are not blowing now, there is stillness, the lake has become absorbed in meditation, the lake has entered samadhi -- now the reflection of the moon is made. Now the moon is whole on the lake.

The experience happens this same way. God is present all around us. It is full moon, because god is not absent for a single moment. The full moon is out, only the lake of your mind is flickering. So the reflection of god cannot be made inside you, you are not able to hold it within you. He cannot enter into your womb. He gets broken up, scattered here and there. Broken up like droplets of mercury: the more you try to grasp it the more difficult it becomes.

A state of beingness means the mind is clear, calm, the waves of desire no longer flowing. Now there is nothing to get, nothing to become. Go on sitting quietly, silently... In this state of relaxation what is present immediately begins to be reflected within. Then the moon is not only outside, the moon has come inside also. And then drink your fill...

DRINK THE PURIFIED WATER THERE.

HERE EXPLORE YOUR EMPTINESS, THIS WAY COUNTLESS SEEKERS AWAKEN.

Gorakh says, innumerable seekers attained fulfillment this way. Seekers reached the highest union this way. Which way? HERE IT'S PRESENT, HERE IT'S HIDDEN... That which you are seeking is hidden here. Where are you going?

HERE IT'S PRESENT, HERE IT'S HIDDEN...

That which you are seeking, travelling so far away, Kashi and Kailash, Koran and Purana... and that which you

worship in stone idols and search for in words, it is absolutely present here, right now, in your very breath, right before your eyes. Wherever you turn your eyes it is this that is present. HERE IT'S PRESENT, HERE IT'S HIDDEN... It is present right here, it is hidden right here. And hidden does not mean it is trying to hide from you. It is hidden, vanished, because a veil of thoughts is covering your eyes. You are filled with your thoughts, where is the leisure to see it? You are flickering.

... CREATE YOUR THREE WORLDS HERE

What are you talking about that somewhere ahead are the three worlds? The three worlds are right here. Hell is right here, earth is right here, heaven is right here. It is all a matter of your vision. As soon as your vision changes, creation changes.

A man who lives in thoughts lives in hell. A man who lives in being lives in heaven. One who is stuck in between these lives on earth.

On this planet most people live in hell. Don't think that hell is in some nether world. Forget this ancient nonsense. If you go on digging the earth you will find America in the underworld, not hell. And American people think the same. That you are below, in the underworld -- this holy land of India. If America goes on digging, they will come out here, in Poona. Finding you they will be very surprised. "Where are the devils? Where is the fire burning? Where are the cauldrons?"

The earth is round. Beneath us is this same earth. Understand this language of above and below as symbolic. Below does not below the ground and above does not mean to start looking in the sky. Below means thought. Above

means being. Below means insanity. Above means liberation. And the earth is between the two.

Those people who live in hell are suffering misery, suffering much misery. Suffering right now, this very moment. Get angry and you have entered hell... the fires have started burning. What fire are you thinking about and which cauldron do you want? Anger boils you down and burns you so much, what will burn you more? You get scorched, begin drowning in poison, bitterness pervades your being.

Now be loving, compassionate and you start rising up. You start moving vertically, it is an open door to heaven. Heaven is not in the sky. Above is said because it is a state of aboveness, the name of the highest state of your consciousness. Being is your highest state -- your inner Mount Everest. But people think there is something on Mount Everest. This is why there is a pilgrimage to Mount Kailash. The pilgrimage is within you, Kailash is within you. When your consciousness becomes the most peaceful it becomes Everest. The highest Himalaya falls away below you. You start to fly into the sky, you become the sky. And when you fall down it becomes hell. Between the two is the earth.

Most people are living in hell, very few people are living on the earth, and very rare people are experiencing heaven. And all are right here, right now. Gorakh's statement is very amazing:

... CREATE YOUR THREE WORLDS HERE.

Create it right here, whatever you want to do, whatever you want to become, wherever you want to live. It depends on the our style of your life.

DISCOVER YOUR INNER VOID HERE...
It is all hidden right here inside of you, in your emptiness. All is hidden in your crown. Right here the brilliance of brilliance is hidden, the light of lights! God's presence graces this emptiness. One who dissolves in it becomes enlightened, becomes integrated.
DISCOVER YOUR INNER VOID HERE...
Be connected to your own inner silence.
... THIS WAY COUNTLESS SEEKERS HAVE AWAKENED.
And from just this cause, enough, just this: becoming connected to one's own emptiness, many many people attained the highest state of yoga, nirvikalp samadhi. The devotees, the bhaktas call this being-samadhi.

Question 2
THE SECOND QUESTION:
I WANT TO ASK GOD FOR SOMETHING, WHAT SHOULD I ASK?

Asking is not a dignified thing. Don't go to god's door as a beggar. "Without asking the pearl is received, ask and get not a grain." And it is not that no one receives, but one who doesn't ask receives. Those who ask are sent back. Who welcomes beggars? The guards posted at gods door say, move on! People are pestered by beggars.
A Jew died. He had spent his whole life praying. He went to the synagogue and shouted his prayers out loudly. When he went to bed at night he would again shout out his prayers. If his sleep was broken, again he would shout his prayers -- "Listen god!"

In front of him lived an atheist, who never prayed and never went to the temple. The Jew thought in his heart -- he was religious -- he thought, "Child, enjoy your two or four more days of fun and then you will fall into hell, then the score will be settled." And he was happy that, "I will be in heaven. I have done so many prayers, I have earned so much virtue. You will fall into hell. Now enjoy your four days pleasure and delights. Enjoy playing on your flute. But after these four days of moonlight come dark nights." Thus he thought to himself, doing his prayers more and more loudly. In his prayers he asked heaven for himself and in addition asked hell for his atheist neighbor. By coincidence they both died the same day. The angels came to take them. They took the religious man off towards hell. He screamed loudly, what are you doing? And they took the unreligious man towards heaven. The Jew said, "This is unfair. My whole life it was unfair and now injustice again. I was suffering then, but I kept patient in every way, assuring myself, 'It is nothing, endure it. Just four days of suffering, then heaven.' And you are taking this sensualist off to heaven? Certainly there has been some mistake. You must be carrying orders to deliver me to heaven, look at your letter. Take him instead, you have made a mistake." But they said, "There is no mistake. If you are too upset we will take you both to meet god."

He said, "Take us. Certainly. It can be decided there." Coming in front of god he shouted again, it was his old habit. God said, "I am in front of you, now why are you shouting? What do you want?"

He said, "Some mistake has happened, they were supposed to take me to heaven and took this knave. He is a sensualist,

and he spent his whole life doing wrong things. He has never prayed. I was always praying, why was I being taken off to hell?"
God said, "Because of your prayers. You have been eating my brains. Should I invite you to stay in heaven now and put my life in danger, in this harassment? This is the fruit of your prayers. This fellow I am inviting because he plays flute, he lives in music and melody. He will bring a little gaiety to heaven. Your staying would not add gaiety, what little gaiety there is here would disappear ."
You want to ask god for something, what will you ask? You will ask for something lower. It is better you don't ask. If you can manage not to ask that is the best. If you must ask then ask only for god, not for anything else. It is the second choice. If the mind won't listen, if it has become the mind's habit to ask, if it's not ready to go without asking, if the thorn goes on pricking, then ask only for god.
Rahim has said,
What will I do with heaven? Or the shade of the wishing tree?
Rahim, even this scrub tree pleases me, when my arm is around the beloved.
What will I do if you take me to your heaven? And what will I do with the shade of the wish fulfilling tree?
Rahim, even this scrub tree pleases me...
The ugly dhak tree is also very pleasing if just one thing should happen --
... when my arm around the beloved.
If my arm is around you and your arm is around me, then heaven has arrived beneath this dhak tree. Then what will I

do with your wishing tree and high heaven? Then this is paradise.
So if you have to ask, ask for him. Don't ask for anything else. If you have to ask then ask that one so undeserving be accepted. If you have to ask, ask that you be granted shelter, that your surrender be accepted, not refused. As a lover asks of his beloved, or the beloved asks of her lover. Go to god's door as a lover, not as a beggar.
Beloved of my heart, everything is an offering at thy feet --
it is the sacred moment of choosing thy lover!
Open thy own trumpet flower eye
ages and ages heart depth affection
my ache becomes the river Yamuna --
dissolving in a breath of remembrance;
Beloved muse, melody and rhythm an offering to thy song --
it is the sacred moment of resounding songs!
it is the sacred moment of choosing thy lover!
Today I become a bard
the song of the heartbeat's sigh
the music of the sky -- lost
such an abundant wave!
Beloved of my heart, mind and heart on the jingling of thy anklets
it is the sacred moment of the sun bursting forth!
it is the sacred moment of choosing thy lover!
Today dreamlike ancient
novel sweet new,
past future including all --
thy bracelet filled with dance;
Gay colorful one, sweet love surrendered to thy union --

it is the sacred moment of creating!
beloved of my heart, everything is an offering at thy feet -- it is the sacred moment of choosing thy lover!
Like a lover putting everything at the feet of his beloved, like a beloved putting everything at the feet of her lover -- make your relation with god like this! Not of give and take, not of strategy and tricks, not of desires and expectations. Don't ask, prayer is soiled by asking. Let prayer remain free, free from asking. Only then can prayer fly up into the sky. Otherwise the stone of asking is heavy, making prayer fall to the earth, unable to rise to the sky. What will you ask? You mind will ask, will it not? One has to become free of the mind. How will you become free if you satisfy its demands? What will you ask for? Asking too is a thought, is it not? One has to get out of thoughts and how will you get out if you ask for thought to be satisfied?
Don't ask, become silent. In front of him a silent submission is sufficient. Flow over his feet like the waters of the Ganges. Wash his feet with your life, this will be enough. And much will be received, without asking one receives. I am not saying one doesn't receive. But one who doesn't ask receives. One who asks does not receive. One who asks creates difficulties by his asking.
Nevertheless, if you cannot hold back, if you must ask for something then I say, ask for god. Or, if the desire to ask for god does not arise, because it is very difficult for the desire to ask for god to arise. Only one whose love has awakened within can ask for god. But inside most people there is no love. They can ask for money, ask for power, ask for prestige, things like this. They can ask for long life, ask for health. They can only ask for things like this.

If there is love in your heart then ask for god.
If there is meditation then don't ask for anything.
Meditation is the highest peak there is. Don't ask for anything. Remain quiet -- silent, speechless, facing him in awe, absorbed in mystery, dissolved, immersed... You will receive much, full godliness will rain upon you. Blessing upon blessing will fill you like flowers to the very brim.
But if you don't have the ability to remain silent right now and some wave or another must arise then ask for god. That is the wave of the lover. This is number two.
And if love has not arisen yet then the third suggestion:
Fill my heart so much with love today
that I become a laughing lamp!
Let my eyes remain lustrous jewels
let not the melody be lost somewhere in the throat
I am afraid in the deep shadow of darkness
my own flame may become more veiled
the border of death is pulling on life
I take each step shaking, staggering
one moment a man child's laugh
then holding back, each eye deceiving
O life! Fill me with such delight today!
that I disperse sweet silvery laughter.
Fill my heart so much with love today
that I become a laughing lamp!
O blossoming earth flowers
don't lift the dark veil from your buds yet,
I laugh with the smiling, wandering sun;
the flowering branch laughs now;
place a blanket of sunshine on the flowers
so the eye of the new buds may smile,

a few moments creating new melody
so lips can sing with a free heart.
Place a drop of honey on my tongue today
so that I can sing and sing and even drink venom!
Fill my heart so much with love today
that I become a laughing lamp!
The first: don't ask for anything. This is meditation, this is being, the state of no-thought. Second: if you ask then ask for god. That you can be accepted, ask for such a kindness. But if this much love has not arisen then just ask that my heart be filled with love:
Fill my heart so much with love today
that I become a laughing lamp!
Place a drop of honey on my tongue today
so that I can sing and sing and even drink venom!
Don't fall below this. If you go below this then prayer has become completely corrupted, it is no longer prayer.

The third question:
Question 3
WHY IS GORAKH NATH AGAINST PUNDITS?
What else can he do? A pundit means a parrot who reads and writes, a parrot who repeats the name of Rama. But Rama never enters his heart. The Geeta can also be repeated, the gayathri mantra can be recited, the verses of the Koran can be memorized, but his life will not become juicy. He sits like a stone in the river but he doesn't get wet. If a parrot repeats Rama-Rama do you think Rama has entered his heart?
This is exactly the state of the pundit. The pundit is deceiving himself, the pundit is deceiving others. No

experience has happened. No taste has descended in his being, no drop of honey has fallen, no flower has blossomed. But borrowed words have been memorized, he goes on repeating them. And going on and on repeating he stands proud.

Not only Gorakh has opposed them, all enlightened ones have opposed them, because scholarship is the enemy of knowing. Scholarship is pretension of knowing, it is counterfeit, a mockery. No one becomes enlightened through scholarship, ignorance merely gets covered up. Ignorance is not destroyed. Just as darkness is not destroyed by talking about lamps, likewise the inner lamp is not awakened by talking about Brahma. Nor is hunger destroyed by talking about food. It is destroyed by food. And a pundit is immersed only in talking. He has forgotten that food needs to be cooked. A pundit goes on carrying cookbooks. Even if you keep a thousand cookbooks they are not more valuable than a single piece of dry bread. They are less valuable. Dry bread will fill the stomach, will make flesh and bones. Even if the songs of the mystics are not very embellished... no, Gorakh's songs are not very embellished. They are plain, direct and decisive words, clear and simple, not loaded with metaphors. Perhaps the scholar's language is more refined, more cultured. The very word Sanskrit means refined.

You will be surprised to know that Buddha spoke in the local dialect, Mahavira spoke in the local dialect, Gorakh spoke in the local dialect, Kabir, Nanak, Dadu spoke in the local dialect. No one used Sanskrit. Why? The reason is clear. Sanskrit had become a language only of the pundits. It no longer had any connection with people's lives. Pundits

were already using Sanskrit out of cunning. What cunning? Using a language that people cannot understand. When you use a language that people don't understand, then people will never know whether you know or not. You blabber ridiculously, you go on talking meaningless nonsense, and people will listen with great faith. They don't understand. And when people don't understand they think, "Surely he is saying some profound and serious thing, that's why we don't understand."

Truth is simple and direct. Direct, extremely direct, it is immediately understood. To understand truth intricate strategies don't need to be used. Untruth is very subtle. You have seen how when a doctor writes down a prescription he doesn't write it in Hindi or Marathi or English. He writes the name of the medicine in Latin or Greek. There is a reason it is written in Latin or Greek, so you won't understand. And have you seen the handwriting of a doctor? His writing is so bad that if he has to read it again, he himself will get stuck.

Mulla Nasruddin is the only literate man in his village. One villager came to him to have a letter written. Mulla said I can't write it. Today I can't write it. For at least eight days I won't be able to write it. There is so much pain in my knuckles, pain in the knuckles of my toes."

The man said, "Mulla, talk sense. What need do you have of your toe knuckles? The letter is to be written by hand."

Mulla said, "If you don't understand then don't speak. I will write it, but who will read it? Only I can read my writing and sometimes I too get stuck. Once it even happened that a man came to have a letter written..."

Now this is a very strange business, first write the letter then you have to go to the next village to read it, because no one else can read it. One man was having a letter written. After having the whole letter written -- a letter to his beloved -- after having the long letter written down he said, "Nasruddin, now read it out once so my heart can be satisfied that I have said what I want to write."
Nasruddin said, "This is a difficult matter."
He said, "Why? What's the harm in reading it?"
Nasruddin said, "The first thing is that it is not addressed to me so how can I read it?"
The villager said, "It is a legal question. It looks correct. Yes you are right, if it is not addressed to you, so how can you read it?"
Mulla said, "Do you understand? First the letter is not addressed to me. And then why should I bother, it is the worry of the one it is addressed to, let him figure it out. If he can read it then read, if he can't read it then don't read."
Doctors write in Latin and Greek and that too written so it can't be read.
I have heard, a doctor sent an invitation to a patient of his, that my daughter is getting married, and your are invited for dinner tomorrow evening. The patient saw the letter and thought the doctor had sent a prescription. He went to the chemist shop and the chemist quickly prepared a mixture and gave it to him. He drank the mixture for two days. Then the doctor phoned to say, "Friend, you didn't come. My daughter got married. I sent a letter to you too." Then the whole mystery was revealed. Whether the chemist could read it or not, he quickly prepares a mixture. This is the reason it is written in Latin and Greek. Otherwise you

would not pay fifteen rupees at the chemists. For instance if you wrote AJWAN seed extract, then you cannot pay fifteen rupees. Common ajwan extract -- you will say, "You are asking fifteen rupees for a quarter rupee purchase!" But if a long unknown Latin name is written, if it is asked you will have to pay not just fifteen but fifty rupees. You will not know that it is ajwan extract.
Sanskrit is used by pundits, so that people can be fooled. It is not that it only happens in this country -- Popes and priests go on using Latin and Greek. Using ancient languages, that are long dead, that no longer have any life, that people don't know. Mystics speak simply and directly, they speak in the people's dialect. They speak the language you understand. To share one's experience with people one needs to speak the dialect people understand. But those that have no experience, that have nothing to share, it is more appropriate that they speak a language that no one understands. If they are understood they will be caught.
A pundit is phoney, second hand. He has not seen god for himself. Yes, he has read scriptures which discuss about god. He has debated, has thought, considered. He is not meditative. He has not experienced. This is why the opposition. There is no enmity towards scholars in this opposition, but compassion for scholars. They too have to be alerted, they too have to be awakened.
Gorakh's comment:
YOU HAVE SOUGHT THE REAL THROUGH READING PUNDIT, NOW LOOK FOR THE REAL THROUGH LIVING,
YOUR OWN DOING WILL TAKE YOU ACROSS.

He is saying to some pundit: YOU HAVE SOUGHT THE REAL THROUGH READING PUNDIT.. You have seen by reading and study, now see by doing something. ... NOW LOOK FOR THE REAL THROUGH LIVING... Now also see by living the real a little. I want to tell you one thing :

YOUR OWN DOING WILL TAKE YOU ACROSS.

Only if you act will you get across.

YOUR OWN DOING WILL TAKE YOU ACROSS.

These books will drown. They are paper boats. Don't take them out on the ocean. Don't say but we have made this boat from the Vedas. It will not work. It is a paper boat. It will sink. It will sink itself and drown you too. And the danger is you go on explaining to others, they too will all be drowned. You are blind yourself and think you are indicating the path to other blind people. "The blind leading the blind, both fall in a well." They will both fall into a well.

YOU HAVE SOUGHT THE REAL THROUGH READING PUNDIT...

He says, you have seen all you can by reading and reading, what have you got? What reality did you find? ... now LOOK FOR THE REAL THROUGH LIVING. Now listen to me. Get into life a little. Get connected to life a little. Don't go on just thinking and thinking about samadhi. What connection does samadhi have with thought? Now be without thought. Let samadhi descend ... NOW LOOK FOR THE REAL THROUGH LIVING...

YOUR OWN DOING WILL TAKE YOU ACROSS,

And the one who acts gets across. The one who knows, gets across. Only he will make a boat that will take him across.

And the boats of others will not work for you. In this world no borrowed knowledge will work. Borrowed knowledge only covers ignorance.

NO VEDAS, NO HOLY BOOKS, NO TEACHINGS COULD DESCRIBE THE TRUTH, INSTEAD THEY COVER IT UP.

WITHIN THE SKY OF THE HEAD THE WORD ILLUMINES, THE TRUE SEEKER REALIZES IT HERE.

Gorakh says: the truth, the ultimate, has not been given an accurate explanation by the Vedas nor by any books of the 'religions of the book' -- not the Koran, not the Bible, nor any other. No teaching has been able to explain. Instead these all put it under covers. They have hidden it. Truth has been drowned, has been lost in these books. They have become a covering over it. Truth has not been discovered by them. The discovery of truth has been prevented and hindered by them. It can only be known in silent samadhi. Realize it right here. ... THE TRUE SEEKER REALIZES IT HERE.

The real seeker of knowledge, the real scientist finds it here -- in silence, in samadhi.

Gorakh says:

SAYING IS EASY, LIVING DIFFICULT, SAYING WITHOUT LIVING AN EMPTY NONSENSE.

THE CAT ATE THE KNOWLEDGEABLE, CONTEMPLATIVE PARROT, THICK TOME STILL IN HIS HAND.

SAYING IS EASY... It is very easy to say. ... LIVING DIFFICULT... It is very difficult to live.

... SAYING WITHOUT LIVING AN EMPTY NONSENSE.

And what you say without living, without experiencing, is completely false nonsense.

THE CAT ATE THE KNOWLEDGEABLE, CONTEMPLATIVE PARROT...

Do you think that the cat will leave a well-read parrot alone, because the parrot is repeating Rama-Rama? Thinking, "Leave him alone he is a devotee, look how he repeats Rama-Rama, how he is sitting wrapped in his sheet with Rama-Rama printed on it. Let him be, leave the devotee." But the cat will not leave him. The cat knows, "Go on repeating Rama-Rama, wear your sheet, what difference does it make? It is all false." The cat will not leave him alone.

THE CAT ATE THE KNOWLEDGEABLE, CONTEMPLATIVE PARROT...

A cat will eat up even a well-read parrot, the same way death will eat you up. Death will come like a cat and you are a well read parrot, not more than that. You will be eaten up, death will not leave you alone.

... THICK TOME STILL HIS HAND.

And when the cat attacks, when death grabs your neck you will have only a thick book in your hand. Completely false ... THICK TOME STILL IN HIS HAND. Nothing else will remain, all will be forgotten. All study and contemplation will become useless. When death attacks only what you know will work. One who knows will look at death and laugh.

Mansoor laughed loudly. People asked, "We are killing you, why are you laughing?"

Mansoor said, "I am laughing because the one you are killing is not me. And what I am you cannot even touch -- killing is out of the question."
Krishna has said, weapons cannot pierce it, fire cannot burn it.
Mansoor said, "I am laughing because it is very strange. You had said, 'We will kill you Mansoor.' Now you are killing someone else, who is not me. You are cutting my hand, I am not my hand. You have cut off my feet, the feet are not me. Now you will cut my neck also. I say unto you that I am not the neck, I am the witness sitting within. How will you cut him? No weapon can pierce it and no fire can burn it.
These are words of experience. The well-read scholar cannot say this. The well-studied parrot will start beseeching the cat. He will forget all about his mantra, he will begin to sing the praises of the cat, "Sister leave me, my errant ways are over, from today I will worship and pray to you, so what if I had fallen into those mantras."
WHO ECHOES WORDS IS CALLED DISCIPLE, WHO QUOTES THE DEAD IS GRANDSON,
WHO LIVES IT IS OUR MASTER, WE ARE COMPANIONS OF THE LIVING.
Gorakh says: WHO ECHOES WORDS IS CALLED DISCIPLE...
One who says only things he has overheard is a student, not one who knows. At the most a student. It is good. He is reading, he is writing.
WHO ECHOES WORDS IS CALLED DISCIPLE, WHO QUOTES THE DEAD IS GRANDSON,

And if he has heard these utterances from some master and is speaking, only then is he a disciple, he is classed is a student. And if it is from some dead masters, dug up from ancient graves and brought out from the Vedas, then he is not even a disciple, he is even worse off. He is placed even lower. ... WHO QUOTES THE DEAD IS GRANDSON...
The disciple is a son. Disciple means one who sits listening near a master and repeats. It is accepted that he doesn't know himself yet, but he is near the source of knowing. The source is not far away. Just like someone sitting near Gorakh listens and repeats. Gorakh says, "This is a student, he is my son. One day or another he will dissolve into me. He is near the source. He will not leave, will not run away. Okay, so now he is repeating, let him repeat. Slowly slowly he will grasp it. He has already taken the wrist, soon he will grasp the hand too. His intelligence has already grasped, soon his feeling will also grasp, the hand will reach to the heart too.
But one who recites the Vedas, reads from the books, who is not with a master, not with a living master, he is worse off. He is not even a son, consider him a grandson.
... WHO QUOTES THE DEAD IS GRANDSON.
He is further away. His relationship is distant.
ONE WHO LIVES IT, CALL HIM MY MASTER...
And Gorakh says: One who is living it within himself is a guru. He is the one we feel to worship as guru.
WHO LIVES IT IS OUR MASTER, WE ARE COMPANIONS OF THE LIVING.
And we are his companions, his friends -- of one who lives the truth. Who lives it just like it is. Who lives the naked truth. Then no matter what difficulties there are, how

many hindrances come, crucified or enthroned, there is no difference to him -- he is living the truth. Insults come, epithets or praise come, success or failure, it doesn't make any difference to one who is living the truth.

... WE ARE COMPANIONS OF THE LIVING.

WHO LIVES IT IS OUR MASTER, WE ARE COMPANIONS OF THE LIVING.

UNDER NATURAL LIKING MOVE WITH THE MASTER, IF NOT, THEN MOVE ALONE.

Gorakh is in favor of independence. He says, do whatever happens from spontaneous feeling. If living near the master bliss comes spontaneously, then live near. If bliss comes while wandering alone, then wander alone, because god is present everywhere. But don't lose spontaneous bliss, take is as the criterion. Where you can be spontaneous is where there is meaning in being.

ONE WHO LIVES IT, CALL HIM MY MASTER, WE ARE DISCIPLES OF THE LIVING.

This feeling remains inside you, that the one who lives the truth is our master. Not a pundit, an enlightened one. Not one with great degrees, one with deep samadhi.

ONE WHO LIVES IT, CALL HIM MY MASTER, WE ARE DISCIPLES OF THE LIVING.

This feeling remains, that we will drown near him, at his feet -- the one who lives the truth.

UNDER NATURAL LIKING MOVE WITH THE MASTER

And if juice comes living near, then live near. The taste found near the master is not to be left.

UNDER NATURAL LIKING MOVE WITH THE MASTER, IF NOT, THEN MOVE ALONE.

There is no worry, then wander alone in the world, wander in aloneness, it doesn't make any difference. But first taste it once from some authentic source. Let a few drops of truth fall in your throat, let a small hint of samadhi come. Allow the call of that flute to be heard a little, then everything is good. Then be alone or be in satsang, be near the master or far away. It is all the same. But it is necessary to come near a burning lamp once so that your lamp which has gone out is lit. Then one does not need to always live near.
UNDER NATURAL LIKING MOVE WITH THE MASTER, IF NOT, THEN MOVE ALONE.
Knowing is freedom. Knowing is independence. Knowing is living experience. Scholarship is false.
Gorakh or others who know are not opposed to scholars through any enmity, rather because they themselves are deceived and they deceive others also. It is out of compassion, so that those others can awaken and the scholars too can awaken.

The fourth question:
Question 4
ON THE ONE HAND YOU SAY, 'WHATEVER YOU DO, DO IT TOTALLY -- WITH SAMAGRATA.' AND ON THE OTHER HAND YOU SAY, 'DON'T GO TO EXTREMES IN ANYTHING, REMAIN IN THE MIDDLE.' CAN YOU PLEASE REMOVE THIS APPARENT CONTRADICTION.

Anand Maitreya! It is not a contradiction. Think about the word samagrata -- totality. Consider some other words of this line: santulan -- balance, samadhi, samanvay --

harmony, samyaktva -- rightness, samta -- equanimity, sambodhi -- enlightenment, samvet -- collective, samagrata -- totality. These have all arisen out of one small root: 'sam.' Sam means peaceful, tranquil. Samta -- equanimity comes from it, samanvay -- harmony comes from it, also sambodhi and samadhi. This same sam is present in samagrata -- totality.

Samagrata is not at the extreme, samagrata is never extreme. Because the state of sam is only in the middle. So when I say do it totally, I am not saying go to extremes. Such an idea can come to you. It seems to you that if you do it totally, it will become extreme. If it becomes extreme, then totality is missed. There are two ways to miss totality: go to the left or go to the right. In both situations totality is missed.

If I say to eat totally and without extremes, there is no contradiction between these two. One who eats totally will stop at the right time, when the body says enough. And the body always says enough in the middle. When there is hunger the body will not say enough, nor if you overfill yourself will the body remain quiet, not saying enough. If you are hungry the body will say, a little more. If you start to eat too much food, the body will say, enough, not now. Now no more.

The body never goes to extremes, the mind goes to extremes. Try to understand this. This is why no animal goes to extremes, otherwise what would be the condition of animals! There is no one giving them guidance. They haven't got any Mahatma Gandhi or other mahatmas etc saying, "Listen, don't eat too much grass. Fast today, today

is the eleventh day of the moon's phase." But have you ever seen an animal eating too much? Go to the jungle and look carefully, do you see any animal that you can say has over eaten? Do you see any animal that is fasting?

There is no mind, so there is no extreme. An animal takes only as much as the body needs. He takes what is needed. Let your cow loose on a flourishing pasture, he will select the grass that is favorable to his body leaving the rest of the grass. If you let a goat loose in the jungle, he will choose what is right for him, he will choose leaves that are right for him, leaving alone all the rest. Who is telling him not to eat this leaf? It also looks green. It may also be tasty. It has some taste or other. But no, he chooses what is appropriate to his body, what is in tune with his nature, what maintains his nature in the state of sam, tranquillity. This is happening spontaneously. There is no mind here.

The mind disturbs. Only the mind feeds you too much. The mind says, "Go ahead, take another delicacy, it is tasty." If you listen to the body, the stomach is saying, "It is enough, please, now it will be too much." But the mind does not let the body be heard. And you are usually told that the body is your enemy. The body is not your enemy, the mind is your enemy. And those who have explained that the body is your enemy, have told you something very wrong. Because of them you believe the mind is your friend, you believe the body is your enemy. The body is spontaneous and natural. All faults and all disturbances are in the mind. The mind does not listen. The mind says, "Taste a little more. Have a little more. What difference does it make? If the stomach has a little difficulty, then let it." The stomach is saying

enough, but you are not listening to the stomach. And your so called sadhus curse the stomach.
Understand the mind. The mind causes extremes. The body always answers at the right time. It will not go an inch higher, or an inch lower. But man's mind is very deceitful. I have just heard that the Ganges was in spate. The chief minister of the province went to some village. He said to the engineer, "What is the matter? What is the situation?" "The water is reaching the danger mark."
So the chief minister said, "Brother, why don't you put the danger sign a little higher? At least it won't touch the danger mark." As if moving the danger mark a little higher you would deceive the Ganges -- or who are you deceiving? But this is what is happening. The mind is doing just this. The mind does foolish things exactly like this. And the mind will make you go to extremes. It says, move the danger sign a little higher. Don't listen to the body. What's the body? The body is blind. What intelligence does the body have? One day the mind feeds you too much, then the next day there is discomfort. So the mind says now fast -- one should fast one day per month. Or one day per week is very good for health. Now fast. Then the body says, brother, I am hungry bring food. But the mind says fast. Slowly slowly the absurd activities of the mind destroy the subtle sensitivity of the body. Then the body doesn't say anything. When it is not being heard it slowly slowly becomes mute. With this mute body you go to extremes. Scientists have done experiments and a very amazing result has come to hand. Scientists have experimented with young children to see what they will do if they are left near food. You will think they would over eat. You are wrong, they

don't over eat. Their mother and father over feed them saying, "Eat more. Eat, get a little more robust. Show a little radiance, look at you? Eat a little more." The mother is sitting on your chest saying eat more, just a little more. The child is crying and and somehow managing to eat. You often see children crying. His body is saying no. His body is saying go outside, jump and leap a little, go climb trees. And you go on feeding him. The doctor says that every three hours the child needs to be given milk. The child is not drinking, and he turns his face this way and that. But the mother goes on feeding him milk because three hours have passed. This following the average time does not work. When the child is hungry he will cry, he himself lets you know. There is no need to look at the clock. The child has his inner body clock. But you go on ruining his clock. And each child will feel hunger differently. One will feel it in four hours, another in three, another in two hours. Now it is a great problem, a rule has been established -- the rule of the average.

Beware of the rule of averages. Averages work like this: five hundred people are sitting here. We measure everyone's height and count everyone. All the heights are added up then divided by five hundred. Suppose the height comes to four feet three and a half inches -- the average height. Now there might not be anyone here who is four feet three and a half inches, it is unlikely. There are many small children who are only two feet and some gentleman who is six feet. But adding them both together the average height becomes four feet each. No one is four feet. Neither the six foot man nor the two foot child is four feet. But adding a man of six feet and a child of two feet, gives eight

feet, divided by two gives an average of four feet. Now there is trouble, now stretch the child, make him four feet then he becomes average. Now cut the six foot man. Or tell him,"Draw in your feet, pull your head inside a little, pull your limbs in like a turtle, you are a little too big."
In Greece there is the story of Procrustes. He was an emperor. He was a very terrible emperor. He had his own custom. Procrustes was a great mathematician. He lived by mathematics. Everyone was afraid to be a guest at his house. No one wanted to be his guest. He had a bed of gold -- valuable -- studded with diamonds and stones. He would put his guests to bed on it. And the danger was that if the guest was too long he would cut his limbs, because the bed was precious. The bed could not be made longer, could not be made shorter, it couldn't be done so quickly. But the guest could be made smaller or bigger. And if someone was too short for the bed then Procrustes' two strongmen came and stretched him, trying to make him longer. No one stayed at his house.

This story is meaningful. But this is the story of all mathematicians. All children have been combined: one gets hungry in four hours, one in three hours, on in two hours, one in two-and-a-half hours, one in two-and-three-quarter hours. All are combined, the calculation is made: in three hours all are hungry! Now it is fixed at three hours. Procrustes is set! Now he watches the clock, if three hours have passed, then feed milk. If the child takes two hours, at two hours he will cry. But three hours have not yet passed on the clock, let the child cry. You will slowly slowly destroy the natural sensitivity of his body. Slowly slowly he

also begins to watch the clock to see when he is hungry, because hunger should come from the clock.
This has become your condition. If you receive food every day at twelve o'clock, you are watching and when the clock strikes twelve you are hungry. Whether you are really hungry or not. It is possible that the clock stopped in the night. It was striking twelve all night. Now it is only eleven but seeing the clock strike twelve all at once you are hungry. This hunger is false. The food you eat listening to this false hunger is a transgression of the body. It will be hungry, there is no need to look at the clock. The body has its own inner clock.
Scientists have discovered that the body operates according to a clock. Following it women's menstruation begins in exactly twenty eight days. The body has its own clock inside. Following it you will feel hunger at the right time. Following it you will go to sleep at the right time. Following it you receive signals that the stomach is full, enough, now stop. If you live according to the body then there will never be extremes. You will not over eat, you will not eat too little. And there will be totality. There will be bliss. However much you eat will be in complete bliss. You can completely dissolve into that taste, because taste is also god. ANNAM BRAHMA -- food is god. The same respect, the same worshipfulness, the same worship as in the temple should also be with food, should also be with taking meals, should be with all processes of life.
When I say to you live totally I am not saying go to extremes. I am saying that if you are to live totally, with samagrata, you will have to remember 'sam' -- tranquility. And sam is non-extreme, the middle. So live totally and

don't go to extremes. There is no contradiction in this. They are two sides of the same coin.

The fifth question:
Question 5
SAY SOMETHING ABOUT VIRAH, THIS UNKNOWN LONGING IN MY HEART.

Nothing whatsoever can be said about VIRAH. Virah can be experienced because virah does not come in words, it comes in tears. And longing does not speak, it is silent, it is mute. Virah cries. Virah awakens. Virah does not speak. Nothing can be said about virah, but whoever becomes acquainted with love will have to start passing through the experience of longing. If you experience love, longing will come along with it. The deeper the love, the deeper the state of virah will become.
The meaning of virah is that we are missing our real nature, we are not joined with it. We are displaced from our center and we are wandering around the edge like an ox in a grist mill. We do not experience our being. We see the material but god is not visible to us. And he is the master. The master is missing, the servants are visible. Only the walls of the temple reach our understanding, we are not acquainted with the idol of the temple. But when love awakens then this experience begins to happen. The first experience of love is virah and the last experience of love is union. Love begins as agony and is completed as ecstasy. If virah happens the search begins. If virah happens the thirst for union awakens. Virah means we are not as we should be. Something is lacking, something feels empty.

Observe this, each person is empty. Who is fulfilled here? Sometimes a Gorakh, a Kabir, a Nanak is fulfilled. The rest of the people are completely empty -- empty pots. This is why they are making so much noise. It is as if empty pots have remembered fullness. It is as if empty pots have seen a full pot and been filled with thirst, saying, "When will I be filled! And without being filled, how will I be peaceful? How will I be blissful?" The birth of virah is from this desire for fulfillment.

Pain rose to my lips, but could not speak.
Its wings are cut, the bird has fallen from sky to earth,
The wound festers inside, still I have brought nothing to soothe it.
You tell me, does the pain of death become a blessing?
Or is it just unfulfilled longing for true love?
Divine song laughed into the winds, but could not say a thing
Pain rose to my lips, but could not speak.
Sounds of resonate, quivering melodies laughing with wonderment
Concealed feelings expressed by an innocent eye
Pushing aside the veil of modesty, seeing this lovely dream
What was hidden in the coffin of forgetfulness is dispersed by crying
The cuckoo of my life shivered, thrilled, but could not say a thing
Pain rose to my lips, but could not speak.
In the intoxicating skies of the eye, clouds of tears gather.
Sadness and happiness smile night and day, on the life of devotion.
Imaginings destroyed, still a sigh fills me sometimes, no

All is plundered, but still the breath can say it sometimes, no!
The delicate blossom of dawn has opened, but could not say a thing!
Pain rose to my lips, but could not speak.
The pain of virah is a very silent pain. And it is silent when it has reached deep. Through speaking it becomes shallow. Don't say it, it is very valuable. Say it, it is worth two cents. It is said, is it not: "The hand closed holds a million, but opened only dust." Virah cries quietly, cries silently hiding. Prayer cannot be said. It cannot be exhibited. A drum cannot be beaten for it. This is why when you sound bells in the temple, make noise and start your prayer, there is no virah. It is only a convenience, only making a conventional display. And have you noticed? If watchers are present in the temple then those praying pray for a long time, pray with full force. They clash cymbals, they beat drums. If no one is there, one is praying alone, he does it quickly, recites it and somehow manages to finish it and get away.
Are you praying to god or to the people watching? Or for show? Are you dancing before him or before the people? If your mind receives enjoyment from letting people know what a great prayer you are doing, what a deep devotion you are in, then you are not praying before god you are putting on a spectacle. You are standing in the market. And you are only feeding your ego.
Virah cries quietly, cries silently. And the more silently it cries the deeper it is and the further is its reach.
The moon has come home; O where could you be?
One lamp has lit tens of lamps,
Birds have returned home from a distant land;

I am a festival unto myself
Delicate dreams sway in the eye;
The heart panics, O where could you be?
The moon has come home; O where could you be?
The queen of the night is piping notes of fragrance,
Impatience is cooing in the heart like a cuckoo;
What can I say, I have got a strange heart,
Life fails just like that every time;
Spring has bathed me, O where could you be?
The moon has come home; where are you going?
Music sits in the throat effervescent,
It hardly come to my lips, when it retreats back;
In the ankles a shaky dance of annihilation
On the worship tray the lamp goes on flickering;
Beautiful nectar has rained down, O where could you be?
The moon has come home; O where could you be?
The search for god arises when in the heart it is like a beloved calling for her lover that the monsoon rains of Saavan have come, that clouds have gathered all around, that the cuckoos have started calling, that the peacocks are dancing -- where are you going? -- that flowers are abloom in every direction and celebration is arising -- where are you going? The moon has come home; where are you going? When one begins to feel such an absence of god within virah sprouts.
Virah is an experience. It cannot be described. Know it and you will know. Live it and you will know. Virah is not a theory. There is no way to understand or explain it. And the difficulty is that the tears have dried up in our eyes and our hearts have become completely empty of love. We have been taught to be unloving. We have received instruction in

being hard. We have been told that life is struggle. In it the harder you are, the more stonelike you are, the more you will succeed. From everywhere it has been explained to us that here people's heads are to be made into stepping stones, only then can you reach to the pinnacles of ambition. Make the heart hard and you will move ahead. And if you have to destroy others then destroy them. If you have to scatter corpses of others then scatter them.
This whole society has been living through violence for centuries. All talk of non-violence is just nonsense, mere talk. Here not even the non-violent are non-violent. Here the non-violent are hidden murderers. Here behind non-violence is planning for all kinds of violence. Here non-violence is also a means of fighting. Look at the ridiculousness of it -- non-violence another means of fighting! Mahatma Gandhi has been praised because he made non-violence into a weapon, made it into a means of fighting. This should not be praised, he should be condemned for it. He made even non-violence into a weapon! Please leave something that is not a weapon! You have cast even love as a sword. You have made of peace a dagger. The weapon of non-violence! Non-violence has been made into a way of fighting. But the fight continues. There is violence in fighting, so how can non-violence be made a means of fighting? It is non-violence only in name. Within it is violence and only violence. This is not AHIMSA, not non-violence. People think that Mahatma Gandhi has gone beyond Buddha and Mahavira. It is untrue. The great revolution of Buddha and Mahavira has had water thrown on it. Non-violence has also become a means of fighting. As if only means of fighting have any

value in this world. Everything is a means of fighting -- love too is a way of fighting. Love so that you can be victorious. Be non-violent so that you can push others down.

If a man sits down in front of your house and goes on a fast, saying he will die if you do not do as he says, do you think it is non-violence? If you don't listen to me I will kill myself. This is violence, it is a direct threat. It is blackmail. This man is giving a clear threat that he will kill himself. He is trying to put your humanity to shame. He is saying, remember, you will repent your whole life. You have killed me.

Right here in Poona such an event happened. Mahatma Gandhi went on a fast against Dr. Ambedkar. Dr. Ambedkar wanted the low caste shudras, the harijans to have a separate vote. If only Dr. Ambedkar had been victorious the barbarisms that are going on all over the country today would not be happening. Ambedkar was correct saying, "Why do you want to remain with these Hindus who have given such inhuman treatment to you? What is the use? What is the meaning of our being with those whose temples we cannot enter, with those whose wells we cannot drink water from, with those who we cannot socialize with, with those on whom even our shadow falling is sacrilegious? They have renounced us, why are we still holding onto them?"

It is such a clear and simple matter, there cannot be two opinions about it. But Mahatma Gandhi went on a fast. He was non-violent, he initiated a non-violent war. He went on a fast saying, "I will kill myself, I will starve myself. This would be tremendously harmful to the Hindus. Harijans are

Hindus and will always remain Hindus." He fasted long, his health was failing, finally Ambedkar had to yield. Ambedkar agreed, don't give a separate vote. And the Gandhian historians write: a victory for non-violence! This is very strange: who is the non-violent one in this? Ambedkar is non-violent. Seeing that Gandhi would die, he dropped his insistence. Gandhi is the violent one in this. He forced Ambedkar with this threat of killing himself. Understand it. If you threaten to kill someone else it is violence and if you threaten to kill yourself it is non-violence: but what is the difference? One man holds a dagger to your chest and says take out whatever is in your wallet -- this is violence. And another man holds a dagger to his own chest and says take out whatever is in your wallet or else I will stab myself. You start to think this man dying because of the two rupees in your wallet? He is a healthy looking fellow, a life lost... you take out the two rupees, give it to him saying, "Just take it brother, and go. Don't give up your life for two rupees." Who is violent in this? I tell you Dr. Ambedkar is non-violent, not Gandhi. But who has seen this, how can it be explained?? It seems as if it was a victory for violence. Non-violence has been defeated and violence has been victorious. Gandhi is behaving violently. One who cannot give any argument indulges in this kind of behavior.

Women have always been doing this in the house, have you noticed? A woman does not beat the husband, she beats herself. But is this non-violence? She cannot beat the husband because the husband is god. The husbands themselves have made it up that they are god. The husband cannot be beaten. So what to do? And the feeling to hit is

arising. The desire to beat something is there. And the the husband cannot be beaten so beat oneself. Beat ones children. Now the child does not understand anything, the poor thing was just sitting doing his math. He does not understand at all why he is being beaten. It is non-violent beating. He is a substitute for the husband. She is beating the husband -- symbolically. This is his child, at least half is from the father, beat him. If a child is not available the woman will beat herself.

If a man gets angry he will murder; if a woman gets angry she will overdose on pills, take sleeping pills and go to sleep. And a man getting angry is violent, murders; if a woman is enraged she commits suicide. But both are violences: one a feminine violence, the other masculine. There is no reason to call Gandhi's feminine violence non-violence. It is only feminine violence. It is only the violence of the weak. There is a violence of the strong, there is a violence of the weak. But there is no non-violence in this. The secret of Buddha and Mahavira's non-violence is something different. But we have made even non-violence into a weapon. This society is full of violence. It teaches everyone to be hard -- to be like stone. Let the heart dry up. If the heart remains wet, remains soft then you will not be able to conquer the world. Dry up your tears because tears are not manly. Does a man cry? -- don't be womanly.

Your tears have dried up, your love has dried up. Now you are living only in the head, your heart is no longer beating. This is why you have no experience of virah. For virah you must first experience love. For longing descend into your heart a little. Let your heart vibrate again. Look again at the

flowers, at the leaves, at the moon and stars, at people. Let your feelings flow again like a small child's, let them move. Throw away the stones of hardness, of ambition, of violence and let the eyes again become wet. Learn to cry again.

Seeing a rose flower blooming have you ever cried? Not to cry is not right. A rose flower has bloomed and you didn't even cry? You couldn't even let two tears of joy dribble down? Or hearing a cuckoo calling have you ever cried? Or hearing a papiha sing, crying out to its beloved, did not a cry arise within you? You go on moving as if deaf. Have you cried hearing someone playing music?

Last night a small sannyasini, just a little girl came for shaktipat, energy darshan. She had written many times, "Please put your hand on my head too, awaken my energy too." She saw that other sannyasis came, I put my hand on their heads, and energy was flowing within them. A small child, she has not yet meditated. Now her mother and father took sannyas, so she also took sannyas. But there were waves of feeling within her, so I said, okay, you come. And I too was amazed when her energy began flowing. Maneesha was sitting nearby. Maneesha was so overwhelmed with bliss seeing the energy of this small child flowing that she began to cry. She could not stop her tears. They were tears of joy. A lotus was blossoming in this small child. Seeing this lotus blossoming won't you cry for joy? Won't your eyes become wet?

Doesn't seeing birds fly in the sky awaken your inner desire to be free? Seeing a bird kept in a cage are you not reminded of your own condition? Seeing a dried up tree are you not aware that you too have become like that? Do you

ever cry for yourself, cry for others? Have you ever let love stream, let love flow?... then you will be able to understand virah.

Awaken love. And I know that you cannot immediately fall in love with god. You don't yet know earthly love, how can you know divine love? This is why I always say my message is love. Know the earthly love and this same love will take you towards divine love. You have not yet known love. You have not known the earthly love, you have not known the love of a woman, you have not known the love of a man, you have not known the love of a friend. You have been deprived of love, how will you know divine love? And ordinarily the mistaken idea is prevalent that if you love in this world you will miss god. Who knows what idiots have explained this to you! If you have not loved in this world then you will never fall in love with god. How will one who has never swam in the shallowest water swim in the ocean? How will one who has never been submerged in the small connections of human relationships ever merge into that highest relationship? It is a very deep ocean! If you want to swim then you have to learn near the shore, where the water is shallow, so that if you go under you will not drown -- where you cannot go under. Yes, once you know swimming then go, then swim the far reaching ocean. Then it doesn't make any difference. No matter how deep the water is below it doesn't make any difference to the swimmer. If it is a whole mile deep or ten miles deep it doesn't make any difference. The swimmer knows how to swim, the matter is finished. But for a non-swimmer there is a difference whether the water is shallow or deep. Deep it will drown him.

He can learn in the shallows. As I see it, as I know it -- the world is the shallow form of god. This is his shore. The world is god's shore. Swim a little near this shore, love a little. You will get soaked with this love, get moist, get wet. This love will give you the taste, although this love will not give you full satisfaction. This is the special characteristic of this love, it gives you the taste but does not satisfy. It gives you a glimpse, but does not satisfy your hunger, does not fill your stomach. Really it is because of this glimpse that hunger arises for the first time. You experience that such a thing is possible.

The union of a woman and a man in very deep love is only momentary. But in that moment a window opens. Through that window time is destroyed, death is destroyed, distances are destroyed. The feeling of I and you is destroyed. For a moment! But in that moment there is a rain of incomparable eternal bliss! After that moment there is a very dark night. Then there is separation and great suffering. More suffering than before. Before you didn't know this bliss, this window had not opened. You had lived in a closed room, you knew only closed rooms. There was no way to compare it. Now you have seen the open sky, you have seen the stars in the sky. Now you have seen the distant expansive blueness of the sky. You have seen birds flying in the sky. The window has closed, but now its memory tortures you. Now you cannot be kept imprisoned in this house for long. Today or tomorrow you will spread your wings. You will fly through that window.

Human love, earthly love opens the window of god. And a double experience happens in ordinary love: from one direction moments of bliss come, from another intervals of

sadness, of melancholy come. The bliss says let it always be like this, let this moment be eternal. But no human relationship can be eternal, it is only for a moment. Then afterwards melancholy comes. Then man start out on the search of samadhi. In search of that higher beloved. The one whose embrace once happened has happened, whose union once met is met, it happens for ever.
But why should one who has never taken a sip of wine go searching for a tavern? Understand the wine of this world as a mere sip of wine, so that you become eager to go to god's tavern, become mad after it. You will understand love, you will understand virah and one day in a moment of blessing you will also understand union. But there is no way to understand through words.

The sixth question:
Question 6
WHAT IS GORAKH NATH'S FUNDAMENTAL TEACHING?

It is short, very brief:
LAUGH, PLAY, MAKE MERRY, NEITHER LUST NOR ANGER REMAIN,
LAUGH PLAY, SINGING A SONG, KEEP CONSCIOUSNESS WELL CENTERED.
This is my teaching also. LAUGH, PLAY, MAKE MERRY... Be merry! In ecstasy, in joy, in bliss. God has given so much: dance, hum a tune, sing! A song of thanksgiving wants to rise from your heart. This is prayer. LAUGH, PLAY, MAKE MERRY...

Laugh. If you cannot laugh then know that you can never become religious.
Your so-called religious people have completely forgotten laughter. They cannot laugh, laughing is a fault, a sin. This is why you cannot remain very long with your priests. Just go, quickly touch their feet, salute them and leave. You will find difficulty in staying twenty-four hours. Your own laughter will be taken away. People become serious going to the priests. People go to the sadhus and become stiff -- become dried out, serious, extremely serious! Laughing seems to be a sin.
But listen, what the greatest sadhu Gorakh says: LAUGH, PLAY...! Laugh and play! Don't take life as more than acting, take it as play, take it as theater.
LAUGH, PLAY, MAKE MERRY...
And just be like this, be merry. Let delight be your life. Let delight be your way.
... NEITHER LUST NOR ANGER REMAIN.
And then you will find that lust and anger have started leaving on their own. They have parted company with you, they don't need to be dropped. All your energy goes into laughing, playing, singing songs, prayers, ecstasy, dancing. That same energy had gone into lust and anger -- who has the time now? The wealth of one who has begun to purchase diamonds and jewels will no longer purchase rubbish! The dimensions of your energy have changed now.
LAUGH, PLAY, MAKE MERRY, NEITHER LUST NOR ANGER REMAIN,
LAUGH PLAY, SINGING A SONG...

Let songs arise! Songs need to be in your every breath, then only can you be religious.
Religion is poetry, great poetry. Religion is not prose, it is verse. Religion is the art of singing life. Religion is music, religion is dance.
... KEEP CONSCIOUSNESS WELL CENTERED.
Sing your song and in song let your consciousness become steady, let it come together, let it come to rest -- and everything will happen. Everything else will happen by itself. You do this much, existence will do the rest.
SOUND IS THE LOCK, SOUND IS THE KEY, ONLY SOUND AWAKENS SOUND,
SOUND INTIMATE WITH SOUND, SOUND DISSOLVES INTO SOUND.
Everything has been born from this higher music. God is the great sound -- omkar. 'Ek omkar satnam' -- the sound of om is truth. SOUND IS THE LOCK, SOUND IS THE KEY... In this highest sound is the lock, in this highest sound is the key also. The lock is of music, the key is of music. The lock is of rhythm, the key is of rhythm. Within you the silent music will arise, the silent song will awaken -- wordless, void of words -- pure music will awaken. Enough, you have the key!
... ONLY SOUND AWAKENS SOUND.
And this is what happens near a master. The master strums on the strings of his veena, plucks his own sound, and the sound sleeping within you starts ringing. In your inner sound an echo begins to arise.
... ONLY SOUND AWAKENS SOUND.
SOUND INTIMATE WITH SOUND...

And drowning into the master's music, drowning into the master's vibe, drowning into the master's fundamental sound, one becomes acquainted with himself.
SOUND INTIMATE WITH SOUND, SOUND DISSOLVES INTO SOUND.
And then music, the whole music of life becomes absorbed into that great music.
The world is sound. The meaning of sound is music manifested.
God is silence. The meaning of silence is sound dissolved back into its fundamental source.
Then dance, sing:
LAUGH, PLAY, MAKE MERRY, NEITHER LUST NOR ANGER REMAIN,
LAUGH PLAY, SINGING A SONG, KEEP CONSCIOUSNESS WELL CENTERED.

The last question:
Question 7
WHAT PROOF IS THERE OF THE EXISTENCE OF GOD?

There is no proof. Or everything that exists is a proof. From the standpoint of logic there is no proof, because god is beyond logic. No one can prove or disprove him through argument. And take note, what can be proven by logic can also be disproven.
God is not proven or disproven. God simply is. Perhaps it is not correct even to say god is. To say 'god is' seems like a tautology. 'Is' means only god. Whatever is is god. So when we say a tree is, it is correct, because one day the tree will

no longer be. One day it was not, and one day it will not be. It's being was only in between. Hence a tree is, a man is, a house is. But to say god is is not correct, because god never was 'not' and will never be 'not'. Hence the meaning we use for 'is' cannot be used for god. God is another name for what is. A tree is means the tree is in god. Man is means man is breathing in god. When god takes back his breath, man will no longer be. When god takes back his greenery, the tree will no longer be.

So in one sense there is no proof -- from the standpoint of logic. From the standpoint of existence his proof is all around us. These standing trees. This falling sunshine. The sounds of these birds. This: my speaking to you. This: your listening here quietly, silently, absorbed in bliss. In all of this is proof. Do you hear the sound of these birds? It is ample proof! But perhaps you want proof from the standpoint of logic? There is no such proof.

Oh! Who has picked these thorns for my heart? Who has spread these blossoms?
What bamboo's music is this
every tone so rhythmic,
that life suddenly comes alive?
This song comes from what lips,
exploding in carefree melodies,
filled with the joy of uncounted streams?
What untouched blossom is this
that lines of black bees come zooming in
to collect its wine-like pollen?
Heart! Who has picked these thorns for my heart? Who has spread these blossoms?

What kind of mad thirst is this,
that has not learned to ask,
the joy of desiring nothing?
This strange, unknown hope,
loses itself, losing reason,
is its faith nourished in hopelessness?
What kind of lost bloom is this,
which comes seeking the early spring
becoming the heart's rejoicing?
Ah! Who has picked these thorns for my heart? Who has spread these blossoms?
What live darkness is this,
which comes seeking me,
spontaneously igniting the flame of love?
Whose deaf dreams are these,
that listen to nothing else
that come floating always in my eyes?
What flame is this
that arose today to light,
the hundred lamps of love?
Tell me! Who has picked these thorns for my heart? Who has spread these blossoms?
You ask for proof?
Oh! Who has picked these thorns for my heart? Who has spread these blossoms?
Who is coloring these colors? Which painter? Who fills rainbows with color? Who paints the color on the wings of butterflies? Who fills the throats of the cuckoos with song? Who is breathing inside of you? Who is beating in your heart? Who is your life? And you ask proof of god? This is

all god. God is. There is nothing else besides god. What is, is another name of god.
I do not break god and existence apart. The old religions have made this error. This error has had very bad consequences. The old religions have broken the world off from god. Then the question where is his proof arises? It is a natural question. If the world is not god, then where is god? Then problems begin, then hands have to be raised towards the sky. These hands are false.
I say unto you: God is existence. He is not beyond this. He is hidden in this. He is sown into this. Seek here, seek right now. You will find his signature in each leaf. You will find him hidden in each stone. Jesus has said, Lift a stone and you will find me hidden. Break a stick and you have broken me.
Oh! Who has picked these thorns for my heart? Who has spread these blossoms?
And you are asking for proof? And there have been people giving proof. And all their proofs are useless. No proof works. All proofs yet given for god are valueless. For example, someone says that everything needs a creator. There must me a creator of such a vast universe. But his proof will be suicidal, coming in front of an atheist its limbs will be crippled. Because an atheist says, if every thing in creation needs a creator, if to create the world god is needed, then who created god? Enough he has blocked your trap. Who has made god? Whether you like it or not, no one has made god. So the atheist says when god can be without being created, why can't the world? The argument is broken, it proved worthless.

You say that just as a potter makes a pot, that great potter has made this world. But someone created the potter, no? Or is the potter without a maker? Now your snare is in difficulty. Who made your great potter?
These proofs are not of any use. These are things to tell children. There is no life transformation in them. This is why I give no proof, instead I give experience. I say to come near me, sit quietly. Sing. Dance. And one day you will suddenly find lightning has struck. When it will strike cannot be said. It is not possible to predict it. That guest comes unexpectedly, suddenly he is standing at the door. The moment you are ready, the moment you are clean and spotless, you become quiet: that very moment it happens. Then you won't need any proof. Then you yourself become the proof. Only your experience can be a proof, nothing else can be.
Oh! Who has picked these thorns for my heart? Who has spread these blossoms?

Enough for today?

Death is Divine

Chapter #5

Chapter title: Living in the heart
5 October 1978 am in Buddha Hall

[Note: This is a translation from the Hindi Maran Hey Jogi Maram, which is in the process of being edited. It is for research only.]

LIVE IN THE HEART, DON'T TALK OF THE SECRET,
SPEAK NECTAR-SOAKED WORDS.
WHEN OTHERS BECOME FIRE, O AVADHU, YOU
BECOME WATER.
GORAKH SAYS LISTEN AVADHU, LIVE IN THE
WORLD LIKE THIS:
EYES SEE, EARS LISTEN, MOUTH SAYS NOTHING.
NATH SAYS, KEEP YOUR SOUL, DON'T INSIST ON
DEBATE.
THIS WORLD IS A GARDEN OF THORNS, PLACE
EACH STEP ALERTLY.
BALANCED ASANA, BALANCED FOOD,
BALANCED SLEEP
GORAKH SAYS LISTEN SONS, SUCH A MAN
NEITHER DIES NOR GROWS OLD.
ONE WHO EATS DIES, ONE WHO DOESN'T EAT
DIES
GORAKH SAYS O SONS, ONLY SANYAMI, THE
BALANCED ONE TRANSCENDS.
ALWAYS RESIDE IN THE MIDDLE
MIND DOESN'T MOVE, BREATH BECOMES STILL.

As long as truth is concealed, these tales of awakening
won't be stopped
As long as religions persist and prosper, these tales of
awakening won't be stopped.
O people of the mind, you are free to construct your
systems
but the very walls will dance, the mad ones won't be
stopped.

This tulip and rose, moon and stars -- see them and be silent priest!
this tavern is not closed, this tavern won't be stopped.
Moths will go on becoming candles, burning themselves up laughing, smiling
in the cruel houses of superstition the moths won't be stopped.
This mocking and blaming is nothing, nothing but promises of love
'Ravish', this world is and the it's story won't be stopped.

[Note: the above last couplet follows the ghazal tradition of not all couplets having to share the same content.]

As long as god is hidden, people who uncover him will go on arising.
As long as truth is concealed, these tales of awakening won't be stopped
As long as there is a veil on the face of the beloved, there will be talk of religion, songs of prayer will arise.
As long as truth is concealed, these tales of awakening won't be stopped
as long as religions persist and prosper, these tales of awakening won't be stopped.
This story of the search for god will continue as long as god has not been found. But the search for god is individual. An individual can find. Then the search of the one who finds is complete. But the search continues for the multitude of others that are straying in the dark.

Religion will remain on the earth as long as a single man is still sleeping, as long as all have not awakened, as long as the lamps of all have not been lit.

O people of the mind, you are free to construct your systems

O intellectuals, O pandits! O people of wisdom! Those who place trust in intellect, in logic...

O people of the mind, you are free to construct your systems

... go on building walls of scripture, go on erecting prisons of words, go on casting chains of theoretical systems.

O people of the mind, you are free to construct your systems

but the very walls will dance, the mad ones won't be stopped.

But those who have heard the call of the whole will start dancing even within the walls. With them the walls of the prison will start dancing too. And no matter how many theoretical systems you make, you won't be able to eradicate the mad ones from this world. No theory satisfies. Theoretical systems remain superficial, life is not given juice by them. A system remains echoing in the head, being remains untouched by it.

O people of the mind, you are free to construct your systems

but the very walls will dance, the mad ones won't be stopped.

No matter how many jail systems you erect -- Hindu, Muslim, Christian, Parsi, Jaina, Buddhist, Sikh. They are all prisons. In the name of temples factories are made for casting chains. In mosques your slavery is being cast. But

still the beloveds of god raise a dance in the middle of all these chains. For them even chains make the jingling of ankle bells. If you know dancing even chains become ankle bells, if you don't know dancing even ankle bells are chains. If you know dancing even a prison is a dance hall, if you don't know dancing what will you do sitting in a dance hall? If you know how to drink then whatever you drink is wine. And if you don't know drinking then even if a stream of nectar is raining down what will you do with it?

This tulip and rose, moon and stars -- see them and be silent priest!

These flowers, tulip and rose, these suns, this moon, these stars... O so called intelligentsia, can't you be quiet? O pandits, won't you fall flat in the dust? Because whatsoever you are doing is against beauty. Whatever you are doing is against this festival of moon and stars.

Religious scholars have given man very dismal beliefs. Flowers will not bloom in these dismal beliefs. The stench of graves comes from these sad beliefs. In these dreary beliefs the moon and stars do not shine, there is deep darkness in these gloomy beliefs.

This is why the whole humanity seems religious, but still where is religion? If there were religion there would be celebration. Then flowers would be blooming on peoples faces, or there would be moons and stars in their eyes, or veenas would be playing in their hearts, or dance would arise in their life. Where is dance? Where are sparkling eyes? Where are dancing people? Where are joy filled souls? And it is said that god is enjoyment, raso vaisah. God is enjoyment, but your mahatmas are not enjoying. Those who have broken you off from god are your saints.

Those who have erected a wall between you and existence, erected a China wall, are your so called pandits and priests. And as long as a person is not free of pandits and priests he cannot be free of intellect. And unfortunate is the man who lives only in his intellect and dies only in his intellect. He will never know the secret of life. He will never have any awareness of the mysteries of life.

This tulip and rose, moon and stars -- see them and be silent priest!

the tavern is not closed, the tavern won't be stopped.

Although you continue your appeals, you continue calling out, nevertheless somewhere or other a tavern is born. Where a Gorakh is born a tavern is born. Where a Kabir arises a tavern arises. Where a Jesus walks a wine hall opens. Where Buddha sits there is a great celebration.

the tavern is not closed, the tavern won't be stopped.

Still wherever taverns form, very quickly the wine halls are finished and temples and mosques are erected there. Near Buddha a sweet nectar was raining, but then come Buddhist scholars and their ilk. Very quickly the wine hall is made into a dismal temple. Dance quickly turns into rites and rituals. Soon a deep sigh arising in the heart turns into formal prayer. Wherever the emergence of living truth had happened, now there is only talk about truth.

It has happened like this with Jesus. It has happened like this with Krishna. The same has happened with every master. Where is the sound of the flute in a Krishna temple now? Where is the beat of the drum in a Krishna temple now? It is a strange trap man weaves, man uses even emancipators in his search for unfreedom. But it is fortunate that in spite of all of our planning, in spite of all

of our organizations and regulations, someone or other blossoms, somewhere a lotus blooms, somewhere a fragrance begins to fly towards the heavens, somewhere the notes of prayer are heard, somewhere life returns to its ecstasy.
... the tavern is not closed, the tavern won't be stopped. Moths will go on becoming candles, burning themselves up laughing, smiling
in the cruel houses of superstition the moths won't be stopped.
It is good that the moths will not be bound in the darkness of blind beliefs. They are eager to be burnt. And if they don't find candles they become candles themselves. Moths themselves become candles if there are no candles burning. But moths will not be bound by blind belief.
This earth is filled with the darkness of blind belief. And blind belief is so ancient that it seems that blind belief is life itself. Do you believe in god? Then you are a blind believer. God is to be known, nothing will happen through believing. Belief is very cheap. Belief is not worth two cents. One who believes is irreligious. He has to be known. Anything less than knowing will not do. But for knowing one must gather courage. For knowing the moth must become a burning candle. And for knowing one must give ones life as an offering. For knowing life has to be put at stake.
Religion is not for the curious, religion is not merely an itch on the skin -- religion is gambling with life. This is why only a few courageous people have become religious. Religion is not for the fearful, it is not for cowards. Cowards become escapists. Religion is for those who in the

war of life, accept the challenges of life in their totality. Who live life, live life completely. Who don't escape, who don't become afraid, who are not shaking. Those who brace their feet and take on the struggles of life. From this very struggle the soul is born. In these very challenges the soul ripens, the being is strengthened.

The sutras of Gorakh can make your life into a wine hall. The sutras of Gorakh can make you a moth -- and a moth such that if he doesn't find a flame he will become a flame himself. These sutras are marvelous. Get immersed in each sutra, drink it. Let each sutra fill the cup of your heart.

LIVE IN THE HEART, DON'T TALK OF THE SECRET, SPEAK NECTAR-SOAKED WORDS.

WHEN OTHERS BECOME FIRE, O AVADHU, YOU BECOME WATER.

LIVE IN THE HEART...

Right now you are living outside. You don't yet know the art of living within. This is why you are unhappy. One who is outside is unhappy, one who is inside is happy. One who is outside is in hell, one who is inside is in heaven. Living outside means living in desires: getting money, getting power, getting fame, getting prestige, getting respect. Living outside means if you get something you will be happy. Living inside means you already have that from which happiness comes.

Remember this distinction very subtly. Living outside means if you get something you will be happy. Happiness is conditional. There is a condition. Someone says that if I have a million rupees then I will be happy. He has put a condition on happiness. Now until he has got a million he will be unhappy. And he will get another great shock the

day he gets a million. As long as he hadn't got a million he was sad because he had put a condition on happiness. Whoever puts a condition misses, because happiness happens unconditionally. Happiness is our nature. We come bringing happiness. Happiness resides within us. And you have gone outside to seek it. And you have put conditions on happiness. If you search outside you will have to put conditions otherwise what will you look for? Search means a method to fulfill a condition. Someone has said that until I become prime minister I will not be happy. He has made a condition. Now in a country of six hundred million to become prime minister is a long journey. It is unlikely you will make it while you are still living. So your whole life will be spent in unhappiness. Until the conditions are fulfilled, how can you be happy? And a man who has lived his whole life in misery will be more surprised when he becomes prime minister, because by living his whole life in unhappiness, unhappiness has become a habit. Being prime minister the habit of being miserable will not drop so quickly.

You know that habits are dropped only with great difficulty. Now if the man who has sixty years practice in the habit of misery -- continuously, day and night, morning and evening, awake and asleep he is seeing only this one dream, how to become prime minister -- if after sixty years he becomes prime minister -- if he becomes, the possibility is very slight, most people will die and won't be able to become prime minister -- but someday it will be the good fortune of some cat that the hanging pot breaks, as Indira's pot breaking was Morarji's luck. If it breaks, still the person will not be able to be happy. Now where to get

rid of sixty years of continuous practice? Those habits of being unhappy, the mind that is used to living in misery, how will it be dropped? It is not that you can just put it down. Now unhappiness has become your very flesh and bones. It is not like clothes you can just take off, then put on other clothes. Now misery has become your skin. Now it will be very difficult to take misery off. So the mind will arrange new misery.

You haven't got a million so you are unhappy until you get a million. As soon as you get a million you will find the mind saying, "What's so great about a million? At least ten million is needed." This is why no desire can be fulfilled, because by the time fulfillment comes one is addicted to unhappiness. You make a new projection. You make a new condition to be miserable. You push the condition ahead. You say if you get ten million then you will be happy. And you all know -- there is no need to become prime minister for this -- you all know, you all have thought if I get this car, if I get this house, if I get this shop -- you got it: Are you happy? You had thought if you get this woman: you got her. If I get this man: you got him. Are you happy? Where is happiness?

Perhaps you do not remember the day you got your desire that very day it became worthless. That very day you began making new plans. The mind starts seeing new dreams -- how to reach further ahead. You have put a new condition. You have pushed the condition ahead. You will go on pushing conditions ahead your whole life and you will remain miserable.

Happiness happens unconditionally. It has no conditions. And one who has understood that happiness is

unconditional immediately turns inward. We are going out in order to fulfill conditions. Conditions can only be fulfilled outside, how can conditions be fulfilled inside? Inside neither money can be produced nor power can be produced. Going on sitting with eyes kept closed you will not become prime minister. Nor sitting with eyes kept closed will a heap of Kohinoor diamonds gather. Nor sitting with eyes closed will your reputation in the world grow. No, inside no condition can be fulfilled. One goes within who has seen the foolishness of conditions. One who has seen that even if all conditions are fulfilled, nothing is fulfilled. One who has seen this truth goes within.

And one who goes within, finds happiness -- because happiness is present within. Happiness is your nature.

LIVE IN THE HEART...

The meaning of live in the heart is living within. To live where you are. Don't budge from there. If you move from there you have gone astray. What pushes you away? Desire pushes you. Wanting pushes you. Ambition pushes you. Ambition says, "What are you doing sitting inside here? Get up, move, there is much to be done in the world. There are great journeys to make. Complete them. Like this you will waste your life."

We all move. The whole rest of the world is moving. Hence it seems that only movement is right. Movement is right because everyone is moving. Man is a follower. The father is moving, brothers are moving, friends are moving, neighbors are moving, all are moving outwards -- you should also run. You too should be diffused from your center. You have also begun the business of the mind. You

say, "If this happens, if that happens. When I have all this I will be happy."

And I want to say to you, and enlightened persons have always said this, that if you want to be happy, then there is no need to go anywhere. Lao Tzu has said there is no need to even leave your room. Happiness is your treasure. This is the fundamental truth of religion: that happiness does not have to be earned, you already have happiness, happiness is grace, prasad. Existence itself has given it. But when will you look at this grace? You have turned your back on prasad. You go on fleeing outwards. You don't stop even for a moment. Your running continues day and night. You think all day: you are running in thinking. You dream all night: you are running in dreams. You keep on running. When will you stop? When will you pause? The day you pause, the day you stop, is the day you will be suddenly shocked, you will not be able to believe it, you will remain speechless, dumbfounded -- why did I go on running meaninglessly? -- that which I was seeking is present within me.

LIVE IN THE HEART, DON'T TALK OF THE SECRET...

And don't tell anyone about the experience you have within the heart. Why? Why not tell this secret? Because this secret is such that whoever you tell it to will laugh. And it is possible that you are not yet capable of enduring the laughter of others. Whoever you tell this secret to will think you are mad. And it is possible that you are yet unripe, you are very new on the inner journey, so don't let the laughing of others put you in disarray. Don't let it people start calling you mad and you too begin to doubt -- who knows?

Man lives according to the opinions of others. You believe what people say. Where else will you find recognition? Right now you don't have the capacity, you don't have the awareness that you can find recognition within yourself. You find respect outside. This is why you are so eager that someone praise you, and you are so afraid that someone might insult you. There are so many people in the world who appear moral. It is not because they are moral. The whole reason is they are afraid of what people will say. They are fearful people. There is fear in their morality. If they are convinced that they will not be caught, that there is no way that they can be caught, then all these people will fall into immorality.

This is why it ordinarily happens that when people get into power they become immoral. Lord Acton's famous statement is: 'Power corrupts and corrupts absolutely.' Not just partially but totally corrupts. Why? I both agree and disagree with Lord Acton's statement. Agree because the fact can be seen that power corrupts people. Good people are corrupted as soon as they get into power. Simple direct people who you had never thought would be corrupted if they got in power. Moving into power immediately the hood springs up within them and poison glands emerge. What happens to people who get in power? So it seems that Acton's statement is factual that power corrupts people, because it is seen every day.

Look at the disciples of Gandhi Baba. What have they been doing in this country for thirty years? They were good people. It cannot be said that they were bad people. As long as they were not in power no one could think that they would prove themselves bad. They neither drank nor ate

meat. They wore homespun khadi, they wove with their hands, they spun the spinning wheel. No cigarettes, no betel, no tobacco. They followed vows and fasted. They served the country. They were good people -- they were servants. Then what happened? How did their faces change when they got in power?

So Acton's statement seems correct, still I say there is an error in it. And the error is that power does not pervert people, power merely uncovers peoples real face. Power does not pervert them, power only makes them naked. Before being in power the man was hidden in clothes, because before being in power he was afraid you would catch him. How much strength have you got? How much capacity? Arriving in power, strength comes into your hand. Then you can do what you want. Who is going to catch you? You are the one who catches people, who will catch you? The whole power is in your hand. And, 'the buffalo belongs to the one who holds the staff.' The staff of power convinces you that now you can do with open heart what you always wanted to do and could not do because you didn't have the power to do it. You would be caught. Power does not corrupt anyone. In my estimation only people who are corrupted are eager to get into power. But they haven't had a chance to openly play their corruption. Their hands are weak. The heart is filled completely with fire, but they are afraid that if they reveal it now the little respect they have will also be taken. When you reach power who is going to take away your respect? When you are in power whatever you do is right. Whatever the powerful do is right. No law is enforced on the powerful, the powerful are above the law. The law is in force for

everyone else. This is why it appears that power corrupts. Power does not corrupt. Power merely uncovers you. Power makes evident your naked picture: how you are, who you are, what you are.

We want people's praises so we are moral. We are afraid of peoples insults so we move with thought and care to insure we are not insulted. We take every step with caution. This is why Gorakh says when you begin to feel the inner experience and you start to feel unconditional happiness and a waterfall of nectar bursts inside of you, don't tell anyone. Gorakh is saying something worth noting: don't reveal the secret. This is a new shoot emerging, people will jump on it and break it. And people are eager to break it because this shoot has not emerged in them; and "How are you so bold? We are all miserable and you have become happy." Jealousy will be provoked, terrible jealousy will be provoked. Perhaps you will not be able to endure their jealousy, if you are new on this inner journey.

... DON'T TALK OF THE SECRET...

So when nectar begins surging up inside, flowers start blooming, don't tell it to anyone, quietly hold and protect it. Tell it to your master, tell it to your fellow disciples, tell it to those who can understand. But don't declare it to people. Don't start dancing on the streets when dance comes inside of you, otherwise the police will catch you and take you away. Your very family will take you to a psychotherapist, asking for injections, saying something has gone wrong with him. They will request electric shock treatment saying something is wrong with him. Does anyone dance in the street?

Bertrand Russell went for the first time to an aboriginal society. A full moon night... and when the aboriginals started dancing and sounding the drums and playing cymbals, it arose in Russell's mind: how much civilized man has lost! What do we have in the name of civilization? We don't play drums, we don't play cymbals, nor is there any capacity for dancing left. The feet have forgotten how to dance. Russell wrote: that night under the full moon, seeing naked tribal people dancing beneath the trees a question arose in my heart, what have we gained in the name of progress? And he also wrote that if I return to London and start dancing in Trafalgar Square, I will be immediately apprehended. People will think I have gone mad.

People think unhappiness is health and think bliss is insanity. Conditions have become so disturbed that only mad people laugh in this world, when do the rest, the sane and sensible people have time to laugh? The hearts of the sane have dried up. The sane are entangled in counting money. The sane are climbing ladders of ambition. The sane say lets go to Delhi. Where is the leisure to laugh, to sing a couple of songs, to play an ektara, to dance beneath the stars in the shade of a tree, to look at the sun, to talk to the flowers, to hug the trees -- where is the time? These are the last things when everything is complete -- when there is money, power, prestige then we will sit under the trees. But this day never comes, it never has come, it never will come. You pass through this life crying and grumbling. As you come, so you go -- come empty-handed, go empty-handed.

So if ever the inner nectar takes birth in you and the inner taste starts coming to you... and it doesn't take time to come, just turn in and everything is present. You have turned your back on the river, this is why you are thirsty. Change your direction, turn your back on the world and face yourself. And you will be surprised: why were you thirsty for so long? You will cry because so much was wasted and you will laugh because it is so amazing that you were searching for what you have! You went in search of what you already have and you agonized and were troubled because you didn't find it. And you couldn't find it, because what is inside, you cannot find outside. It can be found where it is.

But never say it -- because the feeling to immediately declare arises in that moment, the feeling naturally arises -- go and tell others, who are straying in the dark. But the straying ones will not agree with you so easily. Their egos have become part of their straying. If you go and tell them, "Don't stray off, you are wandering meaninglessly. Look I have attained. Look at me, look into my eyes." They will laugh. They will say, "One more man has been wasted. You have gone mad."

The great Western psychologist R. D. Laing has come across a new discovery. Laing tried to demonstrate that in Western insane asylums there are many people who if they had been born sometime in the past in the countries of the East they would have been thought of as 'paramahansas'. The ones people called 'mast fakirs' -- ecstatic saints, the ones people worshipped. And when a thoughtful psychologist like R. D. Laing says something there is meaning in it. After a lifetime of studying the insane he

gave the statement that there are many people locked up who would be Ramakrishnas if they were in the East. And you can be sure that if Ramakrishna was in the West he would have been put into some hospital and considered a hysteria patient. It was just a coincidence that he was born in India and a coincidence that the time was good when he was born. Now if he were born in Calcutta, he would not be in Dakshineswar Temple, he would be in Bade Bazaar hospital. No matter how much he screamed, who would listen? If he screamed that I have become enlightened people would say, "Relax, it happens to all mad people." If he went on saying I am seeing visions of Mother Kali people would say, "Relax, you are hallucinating."

Even now psychologists say that Ramakrishna had epilepsy, it was hysteria. This going unconscious and falling down is no samadhi or anything. Psychologists say that Jesus too was insane. Only an insane man talks to the sky. Does a sensible person talk to the sky? Jesus bowed down, went to his knees and spoke to the sky. And spoke as if there was someone in the sky. He called to his father : Abba -- daddy! Has he gone mad? What daddy is in the sky? Psychologists will say it is hallucination. This man has become ill, give him an injection of insulin, or electric shock treatment. Bring him back to his senses, put him back on the path.

It is good that Buddha, Mahavira, Krishna and Christ have already come and gone. There are problems now. The problems have increased. Gorakh is right, his suggestion is totally correct for a seeker.

LIVE IN THE HEART, DON'T TALK OF THE SECRET...

Don't tell anyone what is going on inside. Enjoy it quietly, inwardly. Drown in it. Yes if sometime you meet someone, a pilgrim of the inner, converse with him. This is the meaning of satsang: where four divine madmen are sitting. Telling each other, hearing each other. Tell it where people can understand, keep it hidden from the rest. This secret is not to be told to everyone.

DON'T TALK OF THE SECRET, SPEAK NECTAR-SOAKED WORDS.

Never give any message about what has happened inside of you, but in your statements its nectar will bubble up. Don't say anything about it, that, "I have found the source of nectar inside of me, I have met god, I have found my soul." Don't say it. Don't be in a hurry. It should be declared in the last moment, when even if the whole world goes against you it won't make any difference to you. Even if you remain alone no doubts will arise in you. Being alone doubts will start to arise; this happens to a new seeker. This is because we think that where the most people are going is where the truth is. If not then why are so many people going? This is why throughout the world religions try to increase their crowd. The bigger the crowd the more our faith becomes certain that the truth is with us.

If the Christians say that they have the truth, what is the reason? The reason is that about one third of the world is Christian with them. If the Jainas put forth a claim, what claim can they make? At the most there are three million Jainas. Christians are one billion. Three million Jainas! Twenty five hundred years have passed since Mahavira. If he had convinced only thirty couples then by now they would have three million children. Children increase this

fast -- and in India! Thirty couples are sufficient, because if twelve each are born to each couple, then again to each of these twelve, twelve are born then in twenty five hundred years the number will be much more than three million: you can figure it out. Three million people? It is clear that they cannot have the truth. Otherwise why were so few people convinced?

This world lives following the crowd. A man was telling Bernard Shaw, a Christian was telling Bernard Shaw, that so many people believe so it must be true. Bernard Shaw said, excuse me, this many people believe it, so it cannot be true. Truth happens only infrequently. It manifests only in the life of the few, everyone else lives in lies, because living in lies there are great consolations, in lies there is great comfort. Lies are the way to pull over the blankets and go to sleep. Untruth is sleep. Most people are asleep. Truth is found by the awake.

Keep quiet until such a state arises within you, until such firmness happens that even if the entire world says you are mad, that even then doubt does not arise within. Until then go on ripening. Until then let maturity arise. Until then let firmness arise. Until then let roots grasp -- deeper and deeper into your consciousness. Let the tree of this knowledge spread. Yes, one day when the tree has become so strong that it no longer needs support ropes, then the declaration will happen by itself, then there is no need to do anything.

But now you are worried about every small thing. Think, if you told someone that meditation is happening to you and he said, "Are you in your senses? Meditation does not exist. These are all illusions of the mind." And you will start

doubting. At night you will become worried, does meditation exist or not? When you sit down to meditate this doubt will hang around you, does it even exist or not? Are you just wasting your time? And if you meet many people who say it, it will become very difficult.

Your mind is still swayed very much from the outside, so keep quiet. But in your voice nectar will start flowing. Don't talk about nectar, but a sweetness will come into your voice. In your voice the taste will begin to flow. Don't say directly what you have found, but in your living, in your every movement the difference will start to show, transformation will begin. You will speak and your speech there will have a sweetness that was never there before. In your speech there will be a song, a rhythm that was never there. This rhythm will bring those people near you who are in search of rhythm. This rhythm will start to attract people. They will start to ask you, what has happened to you? When someone comes very close to you and enquires about liberation then you can tell him, otherwise keep the secret hidden.

LIVE IN THE HEART, DON'T TALK OF THE SECRET, SPEAK NECTAR-SOAKED WORDS.

WHEN OTHERS BECOMES FIRE, O AVADHU...

And if the person facing you gets fired up, flies into a rage, goes wild in anger, goes crazy YOU BECOME WATER. Then completely melt. When someone in front of you is ignited with anger then melt, then rain on him like water. Let this be your style of life. Let this be your individuality. Let this be your expression. Through it those who are searching will slowly slowly begin to know. They will get a clue. It does not need to be declared, does not need to be

proclaimed from the house tops. In this way slowly slowly your fragrance will reach to the nostrils of the eager, of the seekers. The veena that is playing within you will slowly slowly transform your individuality. And from the sound of your strings the veena inside those who search, those who are thirsty, will also start echoing. People will come, they will start coming from far away. Who here does not want to search for the eternal? Who here is not seeking bliss? People are searching in wrong directions, but people are seeking bliss. And whenever they meet an individual who is blissful, their influence is unavoidable.

Rahim has said:

Both appear as one, as long as neither speaks
only in the spring, are crow and cuckoo unveiled.

The crow and the cuckoo look similar as long as they don't speak. But when spring comes the difference is made clear. When spring comes the difference is heard. Both crow and cuckoo are black. On the surface no difference is apparent. When you speak, when you act, when you take someone's hand in your hand, when you embrace someone, then the difference will be known.

only in the spring, are crow and cuckoo unveiled.

Your love, your sweetness, your grace will open in the spring, at that time the difference will be known.

WHEN OTHERS BECOME FIRE, O AVADHU, YOU BECOME WATER

And understand this, it is a very surprising thing, but it must be understood.

A lady came to meet me. A lady from a very rich family, well educated. She told me, "I have come to learn meditation. But before I learn meditation, I have to ask

something. If I learn meditation will it create any difficulty in my marriage relationship, in my family life?"
Before I could say anything she herself said, "I know... why should difficulty arise? Meditation is a good thing. Why should problems come from meditation? But I am asking because my husband told me to ask this before learning meditation."
I told that woman, "Then it is better that you don't learn meditation, problems will come."
And the amazing thing is that if you learn something bad then no great problem arises. For example if the wife or husband starts to drink alcohol, then only a little difficulty arises. If he starts to gamble only a little difficulty arises. And the truth is, perhaps no problem at all will arise. And it can also happen that where there had previously been a problem, that problem also goes away, becomes easier. You will be a little shocked, because you are not aware of the deeper secrets of the mind. Wives enjoy greatly correcting their husbands. If the husband is completely right and proper, the wife has nothing left to enjoy. If the husband drinks wine, if he smokes cigarettes, then the wife becomes dominant over him. The wife becomes holy. So far Indian women haven't managed the courage to drink wine and smoke cigarettes. So she cannot do these things herself, she doesn't have the courage. The weight of centuries has broken her courage. Even in imagination she doesn't think that she too can drink wine and smoke cigarettes, it is not possible. But she gets one consolation, she gets the consolation of insulting her husband. And it makes it easier for her to take possession of the husband. When the husband comes home he comes home afraid:

because he smokes cigarettes. If the husband should completely stop smoking cigarettes and drinking wine then the mastery of the wife who has been the master for twenty years will fall. The enjoyment she had will be lost. People are not so disturbed by evil, because the man who does evil becomes humbled and becomes a reason for others to feed their egos.

We all want that other people are more humbled than we are, are inferior to us. This is our inner desire. There are two methods: one is that we become superior, then they become inferior. And the other is that they become humbled and we remain just as we are, but we become superior. Ordinarily your so-called religious people renounce and do ascetics, take vows and fast only because there is no more convenient way to feed the ego than this. By renouncing the small things they ascend the lion's thrown -- they don't smoke cigarettes, they don't chew betel, they don't chew tobacco, they don't drink water at night, they drink filtered water, they don't eat this or don't eat that. On the basis of all these small things their ego gets great status. Who will give up ego and worship that are received so cheaply? What is man not willing to do for ego? This is a very cheap renunciation, what's in it? If someone in the family in the family is doing something degrading then the others find it easy to dominate him.

I said to that woman, "I cannot say that no problem will come from doing meditation. Great difficulty will come from doing meditation. All the politics at home will change. There will be a great shuffling of politics at home. If you meditate then difficulties will start. You will become peaceful, the husband will fly into a rage and you will

remain calm. Can you imagine what a blow that will be to your husband's ego? So come deliberately. You go, then come deliberately. There will be differences." And every day I experience that there are differences.

One woman has meditated some three years, difficulties have begun, because now she has no interest in sex. And her husband is becoming absolutely insane. He is going completely mad.

I told that woman, "At least you can fake it, what is the use in having a fight every day? Fulfill the husband's demands -- do it just as acting." She said okay. A meditative person can do acting very easily. Only a meditator can act! The inside is far away, play-act on the outside. But when the wife was playing on the outside, still the husband had difficulty. The husband came to me. He said, "You have given her a new instruction. Now I feel even more like an idiot. She is just playing. And when someone else is just acting with me I can see clearly that she is not interested. She is only showing interest, so I feel more repentant. You have ruined my whole life."

So I told that woman, "You go and ask again before coming. Differences will come. Meditation will increase your heights, it will increase your depths. The whole arrangement of your house will certainly change. What yesterday was higher than you will start to fall below you. What yesterday was deeper than you will start to feel shallow. All their egos will feel hurt. They will take revenge."

It has been five years, that woman never returned.

Take note, as soon as a little inner flame awakens in your life, differences will come. If you don't say, still differences

will arise. If you hide the distinctions, still differences will come. You cannot go on behaving like you were until yesterday. Spring has come, now the difference between the crow and the cuckoo has become clear. The crow will be angry. The crow will be very angry with the cuckoo. Naturally, the cuckoo is cooing and everyone one is in ecstasy. The poor crow also tries very hard to get someone to clap their hands. And people do clap their hands -- to shoo him off, go, get away, and don't come back here again.

A crow was flying. A cuckoo asked him, "Uncle, where are you going?"

He said, "I am going to the East. Now I'm not going to live here. The people here are bad. No one here welcomes my song, my singing. I am going to the East. I have heard that people in the East are very good."

The cuckoo said, "I have to tell you one thing, whether you go to the East or to the West, wherever you go as long as your throat remains as it is, you will experience difficulty everywhere. Transform your throat. Nothing will happen by going East and West. The people in the East are the same."

A Sufi story. A man was sitting at the gate of a town, an old man. A rider stopped, a horse rider and asked him, "what are the people of this town like?"

The old man asked, "Why do you ask this?"

The rider said, "The people of the town I have come from are very indecent. I was upset and disturbed by them. I had to leave that town. Now I want to become a resident of some new town. So I am asking you how the people of this town are."

The old man said, "Brother, you had better move on. The people of this town are even more vile, more wicked, more indecent. Here you will get into trouble, go look somewhere else."
The rider moved on. Just behind him a bullock cart came to a halt and a man looked around and said, "Grandfather, how are the people of this village? I am searching for a new residence."
The old man asked again, "How were the people of the village you have left?"
Tears came to the eyes of that man. He said, "I didn't want to leave, helplessly I had to leave. The people of that village were very loving. Now wherever I live the memory of those people will torment me. I was helpless, I was in economic difficulty. I had to leave it so that I can earn something, I need to try my luck somewhere else. But I have just one ambition that whenever my luck improves, I will return there. I will reside in that village, in the end I want to die in that village. If I cannot live there then at least I want to die there."
That old man said, "You are welcome. You will find the people of this village even more loving than the people of that village."
A man was sitting there listening to all this. First he heard what the horse rider said and the old man's answer. Then he heard what this man on the bullock cart said and the old man's answer. The man said, "You have really surprised me. You said to one man that this village is very vile and wicked, just move on. And to the other you said this village has very loving people, you have no need to go further, you are welcome! The old man explained, "People are just the

way you are. Everywhere men are the same. The real thing is your question."

Remember,

WHEN OTHER BECOME FIRE, O AVADHU, YOU BECOME WATER.

If the other becomes fire then you become water. The fire will be put out. And a person that enters into meditation, goes on the inner journey, will be meeting people every day who get fired up.

You will be surprised to know that Frederick Nietzsche, the great German thinker said many things against Jesus, one thing he wrote perhaps you might never have imagined, perhaps no one has thought of.

Jesus has said, "When someone slaps your cheek, offer him the other cheek. When someone takes your coat, offer him your shirt too. And if someone asks you to carry his load for one mile, then go with him for two miles." It is a lovely statement. Jesus is saying in his own language, WHEN OTHERS BECOME FIRE AVADHU, YOU BECOME WATER, You become water if the other becomes fire, if he slaps one cheek, give him the other.

Jesus may have never imagined that someone would ever refute this. Nietzsche refuted this and he refuted many other things too. Nietzsche said, this is offensive behavior. If I slap someone's face and he offers the other cheek, then he takes me for an insect. He has not even given me human respect.

Think of it. Nietzsche says, when I slap someone's cheek and if he really respects me, then he should also slap me. Then we are equal. And Jesus is teaching something very egotistical. What is he saying? "A worthless man... okay, if

he has hit, let him hit." Like this it is said: 'dogs may bark but an elephant keeps on walking.' But the elephant's keeping on walking and the dogs barking only means the elephant is saying, "Keep on barking. What worth is your barking? What radish are you the root of? Keep on barking, keep making useless noise. What does it matter to me? I am an elephant." But this is very egotistical according to Nietzsche. Nietzsche said it is very egotistical to say, "I am a very pure soul. You slapped me, here, have the other cheek too."

Don't think that when someone else gets on fire and you become water that he will calm down from this. Not necessarily. It is possible he may be more on fire. Then you will have to melt more. No one knows how he will behave. Don't hold onto this illusion. Many people suffer from the illusion that when we become water, the other will also become water. If this is your illusion then you didn't understand the sutra. The other will not necessarily melt. The anger of the other can become more inflamed, "Okay, so you think you are some kind of saint, that I slapped your cheek and you are giving me the other cheek."

And if you offer the other cheek so that the other person will be humbled, then you have done it for a wrong reason. You have not understood the secret. Then it has become a device to defeat the other. This to is a slap in the face. It is a very subtle slap. It is an indirect slap. But you have slapped the others face saying, look you are a dog and I am an elephant. Bark, what does it matter to me? Here is the other cheek, slap it too and fall even lower.

I have heard, a man slapped a Christian monk. The monk was just as a monk should be, he gave him the other cheek:

according to the rule. The man slapped the other cheek too -- and hit him even harder. He thought this is a great opportunity, if the idiot offers the other cheek then why leave it? He hit him harder. But as soon as he had hit hard he was very surprised. More surprised than when the other cheek was offered because then the monk immediately pounced on him, sat on his chest and began beating. The man said, "Brother, you are a monk, a Christian monk, what are you doing?"

The monk said, "There is no third cheek, now I"ll give you a taste of fun. Jesus' rule is fulfilled now. Now it is me against you."

The monk was very zestful. He have him a good thrashing. He said, "Jesus said the other cheek, the other cheek is finished, now I am on my own."

If you are offering the other cheek to defeat someone then you are in the situation of this monk. Soon you will have to spring...

The day Jesus said to forgive one who abuses you, one who insults you, a disciple asked, how many times? Think about it, the intention of this disciple is clear. How many times? He is saying, give a limit after which we will be on our own authority. Jesus said seven times. The man said, right. But the way he said right, his meaning was that on the eighth time, we will see! And it happens like the saying, 'one stroke of the blacksmith worth a hundred of the goldsmith.' Just one hit will finish him off, don't be worried. Seven times he touches you like a goldsmith, tap, tap, tap... Just one hit with the hammer of the blacksmith, and he will be remembering his mother's milk.

So Jesus said, no, not seven times. Seventy-seven times. But what will happen, what will happen even with seventy-seven times? If this is the inclination then on the seventy eighth time? No, nothing will happen even from seven hundred and seven times. Although the whole world has so many good rules, there is no result: because each rule has its limit. Every rule has its restriction. This is why a rule is called a restriction. Restriction means it has a limit. No rule can be unlimited, only being can be unlimited. Hence this is not a rule. You have to understand it with your whole being.

LIVE IN THE HEART, DON'T TALK OF THE SECRET, SPEAK NECTAR-SOAKED WORDS.

WHEN OTHERS BECOME FIRE, O AVADHU, YOU BECOME WATER,

This should become your inner mood, not following any rule. This feeling has to be awakened from your love, not from your intellect, not from mathematics. It should be your natural state. This will happen when you become completely absorbed in your own beingness.

And remember, an incomparable revolution happens when you become completely absorbed into your own soul. Then you will find out it is not soul, it is god. God seems separate because you are so far away from your own soul. The day the distance from your being disappears, the distance from god will also disappear. Then being is god. Then you become one color. Then you are non-dual. Rahim the beloved be praised, both colors die into red when turmeric renounces yellow, lime renounces white. Become one...

Rahim the beloved be praised then you can praise the beloved. Then two colors can become one.
... both colors die into red
They were two until now, their color become one.
when turmeric renounces yellow...
As you have seen when turmeric and lime are mixed, both of them lose their own color.
when turmeric renounces yellow...
Turmeric gives up its yellowness.
... lime renounces white.
And lime gives up its whiteness. A new color arises, redness arises. The mixture of both becomes red. The same when you and god become one then love occurs. And this event can happen anytime once you start facing inward. God is hiding there waiting for you
GORAKH SAYS LISTEN AVADHU, LIVE IN THE WORLD LIKE THIS:
EYES SEE, EARS LISTEN, MOUTH SAYS NOTHING.
Live in the world in this way -- like a mirror. A mirror reflects. It makes a beautiful reflection of a beautiful man, it makes an ugly reflection of an ugly man. But the mirror doesn't say anything, the mirror doesn't comment. The mirror doesn't even say: Aha, how beautiful! Nor does the mirror say: go, be gone, move on; what a terrible ugly man is making a reflection in me; he is making me ugly too. The mirror remains a witness. This is a sutra of witnessing.
GORAKH SAYS LISTEN AVADHU, LIVE IN THE WORLD LIKE THIS
The art of living in the world is witnessing.
EYES SEE, EARS LISTEN, MOUTH SAYS NOTHING.

Look, listen, pass on. It is only a drama. It is a film moving on a screen. There is only the play of sun and shadow here. Don't get entangled in it.

Mulla Nasruddin went to see a film. It was the first time he had ever seen a film. The first show had ended but he didn't get up. The manager of the theater came and said, "You can go Mulla, the show has ended.'

He said, "Here take the money for the next show, I must see the next one too."

He saw the next one, but still he didn't leave. When the manager said, "Mulla, what are you doing?" he said, "Here take the money, I'll see the third too."

The manager asked, "But what is it? Seeing this same film again and again."

He said, "If you want to understand the reason, understand it: one scene comes in which some women are taking off their clothes and entering a lake. Just when they are getting all their clothes off, only the last cloth remains, then a train passes by. Train rails run along the shore of the lake, so a train comes. The women are hidden by the screen of the train. By the time the train has gone they are already in the water. So I am looking to see if sometime the train is late. I am not going to go. After all its an Indian train, it will be late sometime. I will go only after seeing the whole scene."

Don't laugh. When you see a film you also are affected like this. When films were shown for the first time in small villages people started throwing money, as is the custom in villages. If there is a drama company or something, someone dancing, they throw money. They started throwing money at films in small villages. I have seen people in small villages throwing money -- at the screen -

- a dancing girl dances, they start throwing money. When a dancing girl dances and her petticoat begins to rise up in the dance, they bend down and start looking from below. There is nothing there, just a play of light and shadow. But people, people just like other people. This is how their whole life is.

And this is not just little people. There is an incident in Ishvarchandra Vidyasagar's life. He went to see a drama... he was Bengal's famous scholar, a well-known person, strongly moralistic... so he was invited to sit in the front row. The drama started. In the drama there was an evil character that was doing all kinds of evil acts. The moralist Ishvarchandra Vidyasagar started getting very angry. Moralists get angry very easily. He got so angry at this mischief that when the character played his last trick Ishvarchandra could not tolerate it. The last antic was to catch hold of a woman passing through the jungle, he started pulling, taking off her sari. Now it was beyond Ishvarchandra's control...

As in the story of Draupadi's sari starting to be pulled off, Krishna immediately came and increased the length of her sari and the length kept on increasing... How could Ishvarchandra ignore this? He forgot it was a drama. He took off his shoe, climbed up on the stage and started beating that man. The man showed greater intelligence. He took the shoe in his hand, put it on his head and said, "You have given me more respect than anyone else ever has. I had never thought that my acting was so skillful that an intelligent man like you would be fooled! This is only acting. And another thing, this is not a woman, this is our manager sahab. I can't pull his dhoti off! Your effort is

wasted, look a little closer, don't you recognize our manager sahab? And I am not going to return your shoe, because this is my prize."
That shoe is still kept in his family, to keep it well they put it in a glass case -- for remembrance that in this house there was such an artist that even Ishvarchandra Vidyasagar was befooled while watching his acting.
So forget about small people, even your greatest scholars are not very different. And it is your life-long habit. You hurriedly become the doer and can no longer remain the witness. And the essence is in being a witness.
GORAKH SAYS LISTEN AVADHU, LIVE IN THE WORLD LIKE THIS
EYES SEE, EARS LISTEN, MOUTH SAYS NOTHING.
Your ego is only in the doer. The day you become a witness, the ego is gone. Then what ego remains? There is only the one who sees, the seer. What ego does a mirror have? And one who's ego is gone, his burden is gone. One who is unburdened can fly to god.

Tossing his load in the flood, Rahim swims across
holding a load on your head, you drown midstream.
Rahim said,
I have thrown my load into the flood.
Tossing his load in the flood...
The load I had was thrown into the flood.
... Rahim swims across
but those with loads on their heads drown midstream.
But those helpless ones drown in midstream,
holding a load on your head...

What is the load? the ego, the doer. As soon as you become the witness, you are unburdened. Become the witness and you become silent. A mirror is always silent. Reflections are made and effaced, what of the mirror is made or effaced! A mirror just watches.

EYES SEE, EARS LISTEN, MOUTH SAYS NOTHING.

Rahim this path of love, an exceedingly slippery lane
people bring loaded bullocks where even an ant's foot slips.

He says, this path of love that goes towards the divine...
Rahim this path of love...

The path of love is,

... an exceedingly slippery lane

This path is very slick.

... where even an ants foot slips.

Here even the feet of ants are slipping. Even this much of a load is a hindrance.

people bring loaded bullocks where even an ant's foot slips.

And there are people who load their bullocks and try to walk on it -- where even ants are slipping and falling, where even the slightest subtle ego is enough to make you fall -- an ego like an ant -- there people are trying to move with loaded bullocks.

NATH SAYS, KEEP YOUR SOUL, DON'T INSIST ON DEBATE.

THIS WORLD IS A GARDEN OF THORNS, PLACE EACH STEP ALERTLY.

Gorakh says, keep your soul. Let your ego go, let your being remain. Being and ego are two different things. Ego is your illusion. It is a process you have created. And being is the grace of god. Being is what you have brought with you, ego is what you have acquired. Being is like a mirror,

only a witness. Ego has become a doer, it suffers and enjoys.

NATH SAYS, KEEP YOUR SOUL...

If your being remains, it is enough. Let the ego go. And if the ego goes the being will come to know who he is. Right now who knows what all you have considered yourself! Someone thinks, I am a doctor. Someone thinks, I am an engineer. Someone thinks I am this, someone thinks I am that. The being is neither doctor nor engineer, being is simply an empty mirror. If the imprint of an engineer falls on it, you become an engineer. You study in an engineering college, you become an engineer. You become a doctor, a lawyer, a magistrate, a shopkeeper; you become this or that. Whatever is imprinted on your mind your become. And sometimes imprinting happens accidently.

Yesterday I was reading someone's life story. When he first arrived to study at Oxford University, he was very shy and bashful. The clerk asked him, what do you want to study? So he said theology. But the clerk understood geology. He was a shy man. The clerk wrote geology. He saw that it was geology, but he was so shy that he didn't say anything. He said okay. He studied geology. After studying geology six years he graduated with a gold medal, then he revealed to people that it was a complete mishap. I had come to study theology and unfortunately became a geologist. And no trivial geologist -- a gold-medalist. Now he was trapped for his whole life, now there was no remedy for it.

And then he said, "No one knows the troubles I passed through in those six years. In complete bashfulness and hesitation one year passed. Then I thought that telling it now would be even more idiotic. Why did you waste a

year? Then two years passed, now if would be even more idiotic. And then I got one degree, and it was more difficult yet. Then I thought, what was to happen has happened. It was god's wish that I become a geologist, so I will die as a geologist. He became one of the world's renowned geologists. 'He went for devotional singing, but ended up ginning cotton!'

What are you?

When I read this I remembered an accident in my life. When I went to be admitted to college I forgot to bring a pen. So I waited to get a pen from someone. A young man was standing there with his pen, filling out his form, but he was thinking long and hard. I asked, "Brother, while you are thinking, lend me your pen." I filled out my form. He looked at my form, said okay and filled his out exactly the same way. I asked, "You copied my form?"

He said, "I was thinking hard what to fill in? What subject should I study? You have been very kind by coming here. I found out which subject I should fill out." As I had filled in philosophy, he also filled in philosophy.

Now he has become a philosophy professor. And the whole cause was that he had a pen and I didn't: this is why. Now if you ask him, who are you? He will say I am a professor, a professor of philosophy.

This is accidental. You are not this, you are that which you were in your mother's womb, or even before that. You are that which you are in your deepest sleep -- not a doctor, not an engineer, not a professor. You are that which you will be even after death. You are being. This is your nature, your inner nature.

NATH SAYS, KEEP YOUR SOUL, DON'T INSIT ON DEBATE.

Stay with your being and don't fall into meaningless argument about whether there is a soul or not. If it is, then how is it: is it red or black or yellow or green? Don't get into meaningless arguments, otherwise life will be wasted in debate. Turn your eyes within, look at what is. Who will you ask? Who can give you an answer? You have to find the answer inside yourself. Don't go into books, don't go into theories and don't get into meaningless discussion. People remain involved in discussions for hours, life passes by in discussions. Some say that there is no soul, or that the soul is mortal. They have not died yet, but they say the soul will die. Some say no, the soul is immortal, it will die but it will still exist. The soul is eternal. They too have not yet died, the debate goes on. What dispute are you getting into? -- the soul IS within you. Whether it dies or not is in the future. At least become acquainted with what is right now. Seek a little, search a little. If it is not you will not find it. If you don't find it then say that it is not. But among those who have gone within not even one has returned and said it is not. Without exception those who have moved into the psyche have said it is. And those who say it is not have not gone inside.

Marx never meditated, he says there is not soul. This is very idiotic. If he had meditated! This is like some man saying that thirst is not quenched by drinking water, yet he has never drunk water. Will you believe him. And Marx says he is scientific socialist. Not scientific at all. He didn't fulfill even the first requirement of science. The first condition of science is, say only that which is proven

through experiment. What else could be the requirement of science? Marx says religion is unscientific. But fulfill the requirement of experimentation. Buddha meditated. Mahavira meditated. Jesus meditated. Lao Tzu meditated. Gorakh meditated. Whosoever has meditated has said the soul is. If you go within how can it be denied? When it is, how can it be denied? How can one who opens his eyes deny the sun? Yes, one who sits with his eyes closed can deny. An owl can deny, they sit with their eyes closed. When your morning comes, it is the owl's evening.

Just near here on the almond tree I heard an owl talking one day. It was becoming dawn, the sun was coming out. An owl came and sat. Nearby a squirrel was sitting in the freshness of morning, getting ready to start the day's journey. Another great day is born. He was just waking up... The owl asked the squirrel, "O Squirrel, it is almost night, will this tree be good to rest on?"

The squirrel said, "Pardon me, it is not becoming night but day."

The owl said, "Quiet! Stop talking nonsense. I know it is becoming night, it is getting dark."

Now why should the squirrel bother with an owl? And if he bothers the owl, the owl will attack. An owl is an owl after all. So the squirrel said, "You must be right." When the owl had moved to a distant branch the squirrel said, "Now I can say that you are not right, you are only an owl, your eyes are shut. Do you think that night comes from closing your eyes? Open your eyes, the sun is coming out."

But how can an owl accept it? To the owl at night it is day, in the day it is night.

One who lives outside cannot accept the being that is within. Only one who turns his eye inward, who opens his inner eye, can say it. So don't get into useless debates, don't waste time meaninglessly. Use the time you spend debating for meditation.

THIS WORLD IS A GARDEN OF THORNS...

There are many problems here, there are many thorns here. And arguing is the biggest thorn. People waste their lives in disputation. Then they become insistent, then stubbornness arises.

... DON'T INSIST ON DEBATE.

Stubbornness arises that what I have said must be right because the ego is at stake. People are not arguing for the sake of truth, who has anything to do with truth? Argument happens because of egos. The real question is am I right or are you right? Who has anything to do with right? But what I said must be correct, because I said it. Remember the statement of the debater is this: what I say is right because I say it. This is not the statement of a seeker of truth. A seeker of truth says: What should I say? Wherever the truth is I am prepared to stand with it.

There are two kinds of people in the world. One who says that the truth should stand behind me. Where I stand is where the truth should stand. Let truth be my shadow. He is the argumentive type. And one who says let me become the shadow of truth. Let me stand where truth is. I will obey truth. I want to become the shadow of truth. This is the indication of a seeker.

Very watchfully place your feet, there are many thorn plants here. And the biggest thorn plants are of religious beliefs. People get disturbed in beliefs and forget

meditation. It often happens that one who is debating in favor of god finds no opportunity to pray. It has become meaningless. If arguments about food go on, when will you cook food? If you argue about water, when will you find the river?

Practicing one, all is gained; practicing all, all is lost;
Rahim water only the roots -- flowers and fruits in abundance.

Rahim says, by practicing the one all will be accomplished. That one is present inside of you -- that one is you.

Practicing one, all is accomplished; practicing all, all is lost;

Don't get entangled in useless debate, in proving the greatest theories, in the Vedas, the Koran, the Bible, otherwise all will be wasted. Practice the one.

When Shvetketu returned from his guru's house to his father, Uddalak asked him, "Son, what all have you studied?"

He said, "I studied the Vedas, the Upanishads, the scriptures of the Brahmins, I studied the Aranyas, the Puranas, grammar, language" -- whatever was known at that time -- "I studied everything. I have come bringing whatever the guru was able to give."

The story says the father became sad. Shvetketu asked, "But you are not happy. I have come with the highest degrees. I have come with great respected. Look at my certificates."

But the father said, "I have one thing to ask of you: have you learned that one, the one that when it is known all is known?"

Shvetketu said, "Who is that one? I have learned everything. Whatever was available at the guru's house, at the guru's school. I come after have learning everything."
The father said, "This is of no use. Go back, know the one then come. You have come having learned the many. What can happens from the many? Learn the one then come. Who are you? Know this and come. Until you have known the being you have not known anything. And remember, I have become old. Perhaps I will be able to see you return knowing the one, perhaps not. But one thing I want to say to you, in our house there have not been Brahmins in name only. We call ourselves Brahmins only when we have known Brahma, the ultimate. Remember this. Don't consider yourself a Brahmin until you have known Brahma. In our family no one is born as a Brahmin. In our family we are Brahmins only when we know Brahma. This is what my father had told me, this is what I tell you. Know the one then come, then only will you be a Brahmin. No one becomes a Brahmin just by being born in a Brahmin home."
Rahim water only the roots -- fruits and flowers in abundance.
Don't wander around watering the leaves, water the roots. The root is your being. The door to the divine is through it. From watering that one root you will be well filled with leaves, there will be many branches and limbs. Birds will come and reside on you, making their nests there, sitting in your shade. Fruits will also grow on you, the hunger and thirst of the hungry will be fulfilled. Flowers will also grow on you. Peoples appetite for beauty will be satisfied. You will be overflowing. But water the one.

BALANCED ASANA, BALANCED FOOD,
BALANCED SLEEP
GORAKH SAYS LISTEN SONS, SUCH A MAN
NEITHER DIES NOR GROWS OLD.
How to practice that one? How to know that one? How to know that one?
BALANCED ASANA...
Learn sitting. Remember, yoga asana does not mean only bodily posture. Sit within so that there is no tossing about. The outer asana is only a preparation for the inner asana. Sit still so that the outer body does not move or toss about. This is only the beginning, then don't let the mind oscillate, there should be no shaking. Asana is when neither mind nor body move, when within and without you have halted, stopped. Stopped means now there is no desire. Stopped means now there is no ambition. Stopped means now there are no flickering waves arising in the mind. Now the mind has become a lake.
BALANCED ASANA, BALANCED FOOD...
And consume just the right amount of food. Don't wander about eating useless things. Don't go on filling your body with useless things. Fulfill what is needed, what is required. And become firm in this.
There are some people whose whole life's work consists only of putting food in from one direction and taking it out from the other. This is their only work. There are people like Emperor Nero who kept four physicians with him. He enjoyed eating very much. But no matter how much you enjoy, how many times can you eat? Once, twice, three times, four times, five times... how many times can you eat? But he enjoyed it so much that his mind never became

satisfied. So the doctors would force him to vomit. When he ate the doctors that lived with him quickly gave him medicine to make him vomit, so that he could eat again. This seems rather extremist, but I know people who vomit like this.

One girl came from America. For fifteen years she has regularly been doing this: eat food and vomit it up so that she can eat again. Then I came in contact with three or four other people -- all kinds of ill people come to me -- who do just this. And those that don't do this go on stuffing themselves, as if life were only food -- bhojan. Life is something more. Life is also devotional music -- bhajan. And one who thinks bhojan is all, lives on a very minimal level, until bhajan is awakened. Eat only as much bhojan as is needed for bhajan.

But if you look at your religious people you will be shocked. Look at Hindu sannyasins, you will be shocked. If they don't have a big belly they are no swami! Their whole work... they go on talking about bhajan, but they have only bhojan. You can go and look: the bigger the belly the bigger the swami. Their whole work is: talk about bhajan and eat bhojan. They have to eat, they want to eat, so they go on talking about devotional music. What kind of sannyasins, what kind of sadhus are these?

BALANCED ASANA, BALANCED FOOD, BALANCED SLEEP

So first take care of posture, then take care of food, then take care of sleep -- just these three very important things, if you can take care of these, there will remain no problem in knowing the being. These three are hindrances. What does firm sleep mean? One whose posture has become

centered, who has become skillful at sitting completely tranquilly, one in whom the waves of thought have gone, one whose food is balanced, one who gives to the body what is needed: not less, not more. Don't give too little either.

On the one hand is the Hindu monk whose belly is proof of his religiousness, and on the other is the Jaina monk whose becoming skin and bones is proof of his religiousness. These are two sides of the same coin. There is no difference between them. One eats too much, one eats too little. Both have gone to the extremes. And being is in the middle, being is wholeness. So take care of food. If these two things are taken care then taking care of the third thing begins to happen: then sleep is taken care of.

What does take care of sleep mean? This sutra is very profound. To take care of sleep means, just as in wakefulness thoughts have become tranquil, in sleep dreams also become tranquil. They do become. Dreams arise because of thoughts. Dreams are the fulfillment of thoughts, they are the echoing and re-echoing of thoughts. If you have thought hard all day, then you will dream hard all night. You will see dreams of what you have been thinking. One who is a glutton will go on eating at night in dreams, he will receive invitations to dine in palaces. Tasty food will continue. One who is crazy for sex will go on seeing sexual dreams. One who is greedy for money will see dreams of avarice. One who is greedy for power will become emperor in his dreams.

Your dreams are the fulfillment of the perversions of your mind. In sleep their echo goes on being heard. When you learn to sit peacefully, and eating becomes controlled... and

remember in controlling food, whatever you take inside, is included in food. Don't read useless books, because that too is food you take inside. Don't listen to useless talk, because that too is food you take inside. No one says it to anyone... If someone comes to throw rubbish into your house you will immediately stop it. But if someone comes and throws useless rumors into your head you don't stop, you cup your ear and listen, saying, "Brother, tell more, what happened then?" Think what rubbish you are filling your mind with! It is all food. It comes through the ears, through the eyes, through the mouth, through the nose. It is all food. All these senses take in food.

So the meaning of becoming firm with food is, don't let the useless enter. Be on guard of the useless. Look at what is necessary to look at. Listen to what is necessary to listen to. Say what it is necessary to say. And religiousness will start entering your life on its own. And then your sleep will become centered. Then you will remain tranquil in sleep too. Dreams will depart. And an incomparable happening will occur. The day you sleep without dreaming will be the day you sleep and remain awake at the same time.

This is why Krishna has said that everyone is sleeping but still the yogi is awake. It does not mean the yogi is sitting or standing in his room and staying awake. It means that the body is sleeping but a flame goes on burning inside. A consciousness always remains.

GORAKH SAYS LISTEN SONS...

He says to his disciples, O sons listen:

... SUCH A MAN NEITHER DIES NOR GROWS OLD.

And if this happens then you will know neither when you became old nor when death came. This does not mean you

will not become old. The body will become old, but you will not become old. The body will die, you have become immortal.

There are two names that are commonly used for for Gorakh. One name is Gorakh Gopalam -- the cowherd boy: he always remains fresh, remains young. The second name is Budhe Balam -- the old child, the aged child: he has become old but still remains like a boy, just as fresh. He remains just as fresh as the freshest early morning dew, as a flower that has bloomed in the early morning. His freshness has never left him.

GORAKH SAYS LISTEN SONS, SUCH A MAN NEITHER DIES NOR GROWS OLD.

ONE WHO EATS DIES, ONE WHO DOESN'T EAT DIES

GORAKH SAYS O SONS, ONLY THE SANYAMI, THE BALANCED ONE TRANSCENDS.

If you eat you will die, if you don't eat you will also die. Death is going to happen. Only one will not die, the one who has attained centering, has attained crystallization, has attained sanyam. These are the three sutras of sanyam:

BALANCED ASANA, BALANCED FOOD, BALANCED SLEEP

Then there is no death. Then the experience of the eternal.

ALWAYS RESIDE IN THE MIDDLE

Search for the middle in everything, don't eat too much, don't sleep too much. Don't eat too little, don't sleep too little. Find the middle in everything. Don't speak too much, don't speak too little, go on finding the middle.

Sometime you have seen a tight rope walker, he goes on balancing himself on the rope. In the middle: not leaning

too far to the right, not leaning too far to the left. If he leans he will fall. He goes on balancing in the middle. Find the center in everything and you will attain a balance, a completeness in life.
MIND DOESN'T MOVE, BREATH BECOMES STILL.
And when the precise center is hit then the mind becomes unwavering. It becomes so unwavering that the breath too stops moving. Then samadhi flowers. There neither mind is flickering nor breath is moving.
Remember, don't be frightened when samadhi flowers. It happens here everyday. When some sannyasin experiences samadhi for the first time he becomes frightened. The fear is this, that the breath stops. He feels as if he is dying. But this is not death, this is the beginning of a new life.
DIE, O YOGI, DIE! DIE, SWEET IS DYING.
DIE THAT DEATH GORAKH DIED AND SAW.
This is the beginning of that death, after which is the highest life.
Die! Die a death like Gorakh died. And when he died he saw. And what he saw is everlasting, it is immortal.

Enough for today?

Death is Divine
Chapter #6
Chapter title: Sadhana: the fruit of understanding
6 October 1978 am in Buddha Hall

[Note: This is a translation from the Hindi Maran Hey Jogi Maram, which is in the process of being edited. It is for research only.]

The first question:

Question 1

YOU HAVE PLACED GORAKH NATH JI AMONG THE FOUR SUPREME MOST ENLIGHTENED MEN OF INDIA. BUT IT IS SURPRISING THAT EVEN THE PLACE OF BIRTH AND PERIOD IN TIME OF SUCH A GREAT AND EXALTED MAN ARE UNKNOWN. WHY IS THIS?

Anand Maitreya, in these matters the visions of West and East are different. The West thinks in the language of history, the East thinks in the language of myth. History is of facts, myths and parables are of truths. A fact happens in a particular place and at a particular time. A fact has limits. A fact is temporal, an event in time. The truth is eternal. Its expression is also in time, nevertheless it is not bound by time.

This is why in the East we have not been concerned at all -- neither an accurate history of Rama is known, nor of Krishna. What we have in our hands are stories. If you look with the vision of the West they are mere stories, imaginary fantasies. Until there is solid proof the West is not ready to accept anything as history. The twenty-four thirtankaras of the Jainas appear to be imaginary fantasy. There is no proof.

It is difficult to ascertain even the exact date of the Buddha's birth. We have not worried about this. What

difference does it make? What is the difference if Buddha was born in village A or village B? And if Buddha was born in this year or that, what difference does it make? We have tried to understand Buddhahood. What does it have to do with Buddha's personal life? His body was momentary, here today and gone tomorrow. His message is eternal. And it is not the message of only one buddha, it the message of all buddhas.

Hence note this too, when we made the statue of Buddha we weren't concerned much whether it looked like Buddha or not. We didn't create the image of the Buddha by looking at Gautama the Buddha. We created the image of the Buddha by extracting the essence of all buddhas. How buddhas live each and every moment -- the accumulation of the essence of all buddhas is what we have cast in Buddha's statue. The statue of Buddha is the symbol of all buddhas.

If you go to a Jaina temple you will be surprised seeing the twenty-four statues of the Jaina tirthankaras, they all appear exactly the same. These twenty-four individuals cannot be alike. In the whole world no two individuals can be exactly alike, so how can these twenty four individuals be exactly the same? Even identical twins are not exactly the same. So these twenty-four individuals spread out over a long time, very remote, with thousands of years between them, how can they be all alike?

They were not all alike. But there was something inside of them that was the same: the same meditation, the same samadhi, the same flow of energy... It is because of this inner sameness that we did not pay attention to the outer. We preserved the memory of the inner experience. The

outer image is simply an indication towards that inner experience. The statues of the Jaina thirtankaras are not based on fact, they are based on truth.
A fact is outer. For instance when you see a rose flower it is fact, if you see two rose flowers it is fact. But it you extract the perfume from thousands of rose flowers it is truth. It has no relationship to any one flower. It is the essence.
This is why the concern of this country is very different. It never bothered with where Gorakh was born. There are various claims. Someone says Punjab, someone says Bengal, and the biggest claim is Nepal's, because the Nepalis say the name of the village that Gorakh was born in is Gorkhali, and this is why there is an ethnic group of Nepalis called Gurkhas. It is from Gorakh's name. But the endings on Gorakh's words indicate that he may have been born in Bengal: HANSIBA, KHELIBA, KARIBA DHYANAM -- LAUGHING, PLAYING, DOING MEDITATION. His personality was multi-dimensional. As I see it he must have been a wandering monk moving all the way from Bengal to Kashmir, from Nepal to Kanya Kumari. He must have stayed many places, must have mixed with many people, his lovers must have emerged in many places. Many places people must have felt that he is ours. Who wouldn't like to make such a lovable man their own? Those who took him as theirs must have made up stories themselves.
Stories are affectionate. Stories don't say anything about the facts, but they say something about the feeling that must have come up between Gorakh and other people. If Gorakh went to Bengal he would have become a Bengali. He must

have merged so much into the Bengali flow of life that people felt that he is a Bengali.

People come to me here. If I speak on Jesus then Christians come and ask me, are you a Christian? If I speak on Buddha then Buddhists come and ask me, are you a follower of Buddha? When I spoke on Nanak then Sikhs came and said to me, you have revealed meanings that we had never thought of: you are the true Sikh! Whoever I speak upon I get deeply involved in. I let him speak through me. So Sikhs can feel that I am a Sikh and Buddhists that I am a Buddha and Christians that I am a Christian.

They must have felt like that with Gorakh. Wherever he went, wherever he stayed, wherever his feet touched, people there must have felt he is ours. They must have felt it because of his love. And the matter of when and where he was born becomes even more difficult to decide. Such a person neither talks about his birth, nor about his house and home. What house and what home does such a person have? The whole sky is his home! The whole earth is his.

Just yesterday I was looking at a letter published in CURRENT magazine that some Hindu sannyasin has written against me. He requested the government to initiate a court case against me because I am a traitor. He is right. The government should pay attention to his statement. I can be called a traitor because I don't believe in countries at all. I have no country or region. I know this whole earth as my own.

The sannyasi who said this -- a Hindu fanatic -- must be troubled: why am I not declaring myself a Hindu? I am not. I am not bound by any limits. Mosques are mine and

temples are mine and churches are mine and gurudvaras also... And I do not believe in nations. I believe that humanity is suffering because of nations. Nations should be destroyed. Too many national anthems have been sung, too many flags have been flown, too many idiocies have happened on this earth. Accept the unity of mankind now. Now, one world and and one mankind... These national governments must go. And until they go man's problems cannot be solved, because man's problems are bigger than nations.

For instance India is now poor. India cannot come out of this poverty by its own efforts alone. There is no way. India can come out poverty only if it receives the cooperation of all humanity, because now mankind has the technology, the science is available that the poverty of this country can be destroyed. But if you remain arrogant that we will destroy our poverty ourselves... but you yourself are the creator of this poverty: how will you destroy it? Your understanding is the basis of it, how will YOU destroy it? You will have to open your doors. You will have to expand your heart a little. You will have to take help from the rest of mankind. And it is not that you have nothing to give. You have something to give to the world. You can give meditation to the world. If America wants to seek meditation it won't be able to do it through its own strength. It will have to lift its eyes towards India. But they are sensible people. They are coming to the East to learn meditation. They don't have any difficulty. There is no hindrance.

The sign of the intelligent is to take something where it is available. The whole earth is ours. By dividing it into sections we have created disturbances. Today man has

means available that if nations are destroyed then all the problems can be destroyed. If there were a way for all mankind to gather together then there is no reason at all for any problem to remain on this earth.

But there old habits. Our country -- 'Hindustan is better than the whole world'... And this kind of idiocy exists in other countries too. They have the same idea. Conflict is because of these egos. Then because of conflicts and national boundaries all of man's energy goes into war.

You will be surprised to know that now we have collected enough war material in the whole world -- especially in Russia and America -- that each and every man can be killed a thousand times over. We have available the means to destroy one thousand earths. There is however only one earth. Armaments go on piling up. And any day the mania of a single mad politician and this whole earth will be a heap of dust, it will become a pile of ashes.

And from politicians, madness can be expected. Who else will you expect it from? From a single politician going mad this whole earth will move into such terrible chaos that you won't even have a chance to think of understanding it. It will take from five to seven minutes for the whole world to be reduced to ash. The news will not be able to reach before death comes. When such terrible preparations have been made for violence the old ideas of nations cannot work. Now it is dangerous. It is because of these same nations that armaments have accumulated. For their security... So the other doesn't somehow get ahead, we have to keep ahead of them.

Eighty percent of humanity's ability goes into war. If this eighty percent ability went into farming, went into gardens,

went into factories, this earth would become a paradise. The dream that your seers and prophets used to see of heaven in the sky can now be created. There is no obstacle. But old habits... This is our country, that is their country. We have to fight, they have to fight. The poorest of the poor nations are also engaged in an effort to make atom bombs. They are dying of starvation but they want to make atom bombs. Underneath, this same idea chases even after a country like India. We may starve but our glory must be preserved.

I don't believe in countries. If I am listened to then I will say that India should be the first country to renounce nationalism. It would be good if the country of Krishna, Buddha, Patanjali and Gorakh renounces nationalism and says we are an international area. India should become an area of the United Nations Assembly. It should be said that we are the first nation that entrusts itself to the United Nations -- you take custody. Someone must start it... And if it is started there is no need for wars. These wars will continue as long as there are borders. These borders must go.

He is right it can be said that I am a traitor -- in the sense that I am not a traitor to humanity. But all your lovers of nations are traitors to humanity. The very meaning of patriotism is treason towards humanity. Love of nation means dividing into parts. You have seen haven't you that a person who is patriotic towards his region becomes an enemy of the nation. And one who is patriotic towards his district becomes an enemy of the region. I am not an enemy of the nation, my idea is international. This whole earth is one. I want to abandon the small for the vast.

And these small-small enclosures, these dikes have troubled man too much. In three thousand years five thousand wars have been fought. And previously it was okay if wars fought with bows and arrows went on happening, there was no harm. If a few people died there was no problem. Now, war is total war. Now it is the suicide of all mankind. Now every place can become a Hiroshima -- any day, at any moment... Consider the horror of this war and think of how much energy is going into it. This same energy can fill the entire earth with greenery, can fill it with prosperity. For the first time man can dance absorbed in bliss, can sing songs of ecstasy, can follow the quest of meditation.

But this will not happen. Your so called patriots, these nationalists...

Nationalism is a great sin. It is due to this nationalism that all these problems exist in the world. I am not a nationalist. I want to break all boundaries. Whoever on this earth who has received a small glimpse of the truth has no boundaries. They do not belong to any country, any community, any class, any sect, any caste. They belong to all, all belong to them.

And this kind of person, a person like Gorakh, doesn't bother to talk about when he was born, or talk about which house he was born in, or talk about which town he was born in. These are useless things because Gorakh knows: I was never born and I will never die. These statements are of the body-minded. These statements are of those who are attracted and identified with the body. A person like Gorakh has known that which is never born, that which never dies. That which cannot die, cannot be born. After

knowing the unborn, the unbegun, the unending who will talk about birth? Who will he be talking about?
This is why people like this don't talk about it. Naturally many stories will be left behind them but definite facts will not be left. And such people have such a vast heart that they cannot agree to any kind of distinction. Because distinctions are an indication of ignorance. One who says I am a Hindu, I am a Muslim, I am a Christian -- these are the signs of the ignorant. Where the light is burning distinctions have gone. Distinctions live only in darkness. There is the emergence of the one free of distinctions, the indescribable. Because of this nothing can be known with certainty where he was born, when he was born.
But some people are involved in this inquiry. Some people have put their lives into it. This type of person does research in universities, becomes a great researcher. He receives degrees -- Ph.D. and D. Lit. and D. Phil. They are very respected. And what is their job? Their job is to decide when Gorakh Nath was born. Someone says at the end of the tenth century, someone says at the beginning of the eleventh century. A great debate goes on about this. The wise of great universities go on prattling and researching in scriptures, proofs of this, of that. Their whole lives go into it. What can be more unwise than this?
If you know when Gorakh was born what will you do? If you know it what will you gain? If it is proven that Gorakh was never born, what will be gained? Whether he was or he wasn't is meaningless -- have a taste of what it was that Gorakh lived.
Your universities are occupied with such meaningless projects that it is surprising: should they be called

universities or not? Their work, the research done in your universities is all rubbish.
I was speaking somewhere. A very famous researcher, a great scholar stood up. And he asked me, "If you could answer just one question of mine: who was the elder, Buddha or Mahavira? They were contemporaries. ... because I have been researching this for thirty years."
I looked at him with a feeling of pity. I said, "Your thirty years are spent. What truth would there be if Buddha was older or younger?"
"No," he said, "it should become historical knowledge."
I said, "If you had ascertained that Buddha was older or that Mahavira was older what would you attain? And those that read history what will they attain? And thirty years? You have wasted your life. And other people think that you are involved in a very important project."
Sometimes in the name of so called knowledge such stupidities go on that if you reflect on it you cannot even imagine. If you enter into the innermost of Buddha, into the innermost of Mahavira, you will find there are not two persons there. There is only one. A single cloudless sky, a single silent music, a single festival of bliss.
Zen monks are right when they say, did Buddha ever exist? They are people who revere Buddha saying, did Buddha ever exist? Buddha never existed, it's all useless nonsense. They worship Buddha everyday and say, Buddha never existed, it's all lies. What is the motive of these Zen monks? They are saying if we said he is then some people will go enquiring about when he existed, on what date he existed. They will waste their time on it. This is why we say, he never existed, drop this mischief. But what happened to

Buddha certainly happened. Who it happened to is not important. If his name was Gautama or something else, if his father was this one or that one -- it is all of no use. Something happened to Buddha. Sitting at the base of a tree one morning he didn't get up the same way he had sat down in the evening: some new man got up. This is the real birth. Call only this birth. And it has no connection with date, day of the week, month or year. A moment came when thoughts became calm, became silent. Consciousness became a pure mirror. Let your consciousness become the same, put your time into this process. It is better if you become a Buddha yourself. It is better that the sound of Gorakh echoes inside of you. Instead of your going into the life history of Gorakh, it is better if you go inside Gorakh.

This is why this country did well not to consider useless things, they didn't get pulled into these meaningless things. They said only what was real and essential. Man is so mischievous, so ignorant, that if a tiny scrap of the unessential is put into his hand he will tend to it and forget about the essential. This is why we have not talked about the inessential, we have only talked about the essential. If you want to catch hold of something then catch hold of the essential. You have already attained the inessential, so we have erased all the inessential, we have rubbed it out.

It is not that the beautiful stories we have fashioned necessarily happened. There is no reason for them to. They are symbols. And symbols are poetic. They are not connected with history, they are connected with the inner being. For instance we have said that when Buddha became enlightened flowers bloomed out of season. This is not history, flowers never bloom out of season. We have

written that when Buddha went into a forest if he sat under a withered tree that green leaves would come. This has never happened. It is not history that seeing Buddha's meditation, seeing Buddha's samadhi, leaves came to the tree. But it is an indication that wherever Buddha's feet stepped greenery spread. Life became green there. A new upsurge of inner life came, a new grace rained down. Buddha is a shower of nectar. This is a poetic way of saying it. It is not more than this.

Jesus was crucified and after crucifixion he came back to life. This coming back to life is not a historical event. This being resurrected is a profound symbol, it is poetry. It is just saying that death cannot happen to a person like Jesus. Death happens to the unenlightened. Those who believe that they are the body, they die. How can those who have known that they are bodiless inside the body die? For them the cross too is the inception of a new life. For them the cross too is a throne. They do not die. They live in eternal nectar, they die in eternal nectar. Their nectar continues, the stream of nectar goes on flowing... if in a body then in the body, or if not in a body then outside of the body.

But people are engaged in trying to prove that it is a historical fact. And then there is trouble. I told you recently that when a snake bit Mahavira milk came out. There are Jainas that try to prove this milk coming out is a historical fact. They are foolish themselves and they are inviting others to be foolish. This much is obvious: milk is a symbol of love. When a child comes into the mother's womb, then in manifestation of her love, the mother's breasts fill with milk for nourishing the child. The mother begins to flow for the child in a stream of milk. The child starts to receive

life from the mother's milk. Love gives life! It is merely a symbol in this story that if a snake bit Mahavira even then there was only compassion and love in Mahavira's heart. How to say it in poetry? In poetry it is said: when Mahavira was bit, blood did not come out, milk came. Blood should have come, but milk came. This is poetry. It is lovely poetry, if you take it as poetry. But if you stubbornly insist that it is a scientific statement then you are being idiotic. We have fashioned stories around all unique persons. All these stories are very loving. Consider these stories as indications. They are not concerned with true and false. There are a few hints in them. And if you grasp the hints the stories will fall behind. You will be getting started on a pilgrimage.

Drop your concern with where Gorakh was born, when he was born. Leave this work to the scholars. In the end those poor people need some work too don't they? Leave this to the researchers, otherwise who will give them Ph.D.s? Gorakh has been very compassionate that he didn't write it down. If he had written it down who knows how many people's doctorates have would been missed! It is also his kindness that he didn't give any message as to where he was born. Who knows how many people are engaged, engaged in this very job. Idiots need something to be engaged in! Sensible people don't get entangled in such things. Get acquainted with Gorakh's message. Let Gorakh's sutras descend into your heart. If you become a Gorakh it is good, if you don't become it's okay. The sutras are important. Whether Gorakh existed or not makes no difference in the significance of these sutras.

Do you think that if Krishna existed the Geeta would be more valuable, and if Krishna did not exist the Geeta will lose value? What madness are you suggesting? Will the theory of relativity be more valuable if Einstein existed? Does the theory of relativity receive strength from the existence of Einstein? It receives no strength. Whether Einstein existed or not the theory of relativity is powerful in its own right. Its support is within itself. It is irrelevant who gave birth to it.

Do you know who first kindled fire? Scientists say that fire is the world's greatest discovery. Who first kindled it is unknown to us. At least some fifty thousand years or more must have passed since some man first kindled fire. No one even knows his name. But will you not bake your bread on the fire because you don't know his name? Will you sit near a fire and not take heat when it is cold? What's the difference whether it was A or B or C? -- whether he was black or white? -- whether it happened in India or in Africa? What difference does it make where fire was first lit, who lit it? We know that fire is valuable in its own right.

The methods of sadhana are just like this -- they are fire, flaming fire. If you are courageous, take the jump.

DIE, O YOGI, DIE! DIE, SWEET IS DYING.
DIE THAT DEATH GORAKH DIED AND SAW.

Leap into that fire that Gorakh lept into. You also be burnt to ash in that fire of no-thought. And from your ashes a new form will arise, a new light, a new life that is eternal.

The second question:

Question 2

IN A WORLDLY SENSE I AM COMPLETELY HAPPY. BUT STILL, I AM NOT HAPPY. I DO NOT UNDERSTAND THE REASON FOR MY UNHAPPINESS. COULD YOU INDICATE THE WAY?

Only one who becomes completely happy in a worldly sense discovers that happiness is unreal. The unhappy never find out. The unhappy live in the hope that if they can find worldly happiness then everything will be alright. The hope of an unhappy person is very alive. In the eyes of a discontented man there is a flame of hope. Only in the eyes of the contented does the flame of hope vanish. This is why I continuously say that only the contented person, contented in the so-called worldly sense, can start off on the religious quest.

When you have all the so called contentment and still you are not happy, then it becomes clear that there can be no contentment in 'this world.' Whatever you could collect on the outside, you have collected. Now you are in a situation where all illusions have broken, where all the mirages of dream have been uprooted, you have lifted the veil and seen there is nothing inside, there is no one inside, there is emptiness within. You will certainly be troubled.

When someone becomes contented in every way in a worldly sense his problem is: then, what is it? Now there is nothing I want. I have everything -- money, power, respect, family, I should be completely happy. This is what I wanted. Until now I have been unhappy because they were missing, now why am I unhappy? Now I should not be discontented.

Your illusion broke. What you thought were reasons you were unhappy were not the real reasons. You thought that if you had all these things then you would be happy. Now you find that you have all these things and happiness has not come. So your whole analysis of happiness was wrong. Something else was needed to attain happiness. Something must awaken inside to attain happiness.

Contentment does not come from the fulfillment of any outer conditions. Contentment is the shadow of the awakening of being. Contentment is attained only from meeting god. And god is sitting hidden inside of you, but you go on running outside. You have turned your back towards him. Even if you go in search of god you go outside -- to Kashi, to Kaaba, to Kailash. If you seek god then temples, mosques, gurudvaras... When will you close your eyes? When will you look inside yourself? When will you seek within the seeker? Make a little contact with the consciousness that is within you. Spread roots in it a little. Be introduced to it a little. In this very introduction contentment is born.

In the world there is no contentment, nor can there be. There never was and there never will be. Contentment only happens when we are united with our hidden inner master.

When you yourself remain unknown to me,
What shall I do with worldly recognition?
When I have not received two drops of your affection,
Nor two moments to express my anguish to you;
When you have continuously neglected me,
What shall I do with worldly respect?
When you yourself remain unknown to me,
What shall I do with worldly recognition?

There was but one hope, only one aspiration,
My heart was filled only with pride for you
But since you have not made me yours,
What shall I do with this meaningless pride?
When you yourself remain unknown to me,
What shall I do with worldly recognition?
How can I show you my longing?
How can I show you my devotion?
Which take voice but can say nothing
What will I do with these songs?
When you yourself remain unknown to me,
What shall I do with worldly recognition?
This the moth asked of the lamp:
It is what Cupid said to Life;
Not being separate from you, but still slowly dying;
What shall I do with this life?
When you yourself remain unknown to me,
What shall I do with worldly recognition?
How long must I pray to the lifeless?
How long will I yearn for your blessing?
This paradox continues for age upon age,
What shall I do with this god in silence?
When you yourself remain unknown to me,
What shall I do with worldly recognition?
Become acquainted with god, make some relationship with him, make a love relationship, be joined with him by the thread of love. Even a rough string of his love and an infinite shower of happiness comes. What you didn't attain from gaining the whole world, is attained in a moment of samadhi.

Wealth is inside. You have come with wealth. Contentment is your nature. Happiness does not have to be acquired. And for contentment no condition has to be fulfilled. Contentment is unconditional, because contentment is inner nature. To be discontented is unnatural, to be contented is a natural happening.

Just as the nature of fire is to be hot, it is the nature of man to be blissful. Seeing a blissful person don't think that something special has happened. The blissful man is the ordinary man, the easy man. Seeing an unhappy person understand that something is disturbed, something is special. The unhappy man is an extra-ordinary man because what should not happen he has managed to demonstrate. The contented man is existing as he should. Just as a cuckoo cooing, singing its song, you do not call special. Yes, if one day a cuckoo starts going caw-caw like a crow there will be a problem.

Man's happiness is a completely natural thing. Just as the trees are green and there is scent in the flowers and birds spread their wings and fly into the sky, in the same way happiness is man's nature. We have called this nature sat-chit-anand, truth-consciousness-bliss. It has three characteristics: truth, consciousness and bliss. Truth means what is and will never be destroyed, what is eternal. Consciousness means awareness, wakefulness, meditation, samadhi. And bliss is the culmination. One who is and who is absorbed in meditation, in him the fragrance of bliss arises.

Exist so that you can become conscious. And the day you become conscious is the day the fragrance of bliss arises.

The tree of truth bears flowers of consciousness and the perfume of bliss is diffused.
Contentment is not connected with what you have and what you don't have. Contentment is related to what you are. However many things you collect, perhaps they may increase your worries, increase your troubles, but contentment will not increase. Certainly discontentment can increase with them, but they are not related to increasing contentment.
And I am not saying that you should give up things, that you should flee your home that you should renounce your business. No, don't understand me wrongly. What is is good. Nothing will happen either by dropping things and fleeing, nor by holding on. Remain where you are, but begin searching inside. Much outer search has already happened, now go inside. Now know that one, that when known one attains everything, that all desires are immediately fulfilled.

The third question:
Question 3
WHY IS LIFE SO LOVELY? EVERY OBJECT, PERSON, CREATION, MANIFESTED AND UNMANIFESTED TOO! COLOR, SOUND, MOVEMENT, TASTE -- STRIFE TOO. OSHO, IN THIS REMEMBRANCE THE HEART BECOMES FULL, TEARS FLOW, BREATH EXPANDS, TALK STOPS, CRYING HAPPENS. I CANNOT SAY ANYTHING OSHO. THE EYES CLOSE AND I SIT DOWN.

Anand Bharti! Life can only be lovely, because life is god. Life is the manifestation of that most lovely one. It is he that has manifested in these infinite unending forms. You have made temples and falsified him because his temple is in every direction. Wherever you bow down is his temple. Wherever you open your eyes it is his face. Wherever you enjoy listening, it is his sound. What you see, what you hear, what you taste it is all he.

This is why the Upanishads can say: Annam Brahma -- food is god. Such an expression is not found in any scripture in the world. And when the Upanishads were translated for the first time and in English it was written, food is god, people were very surprised -- eating is bhagwan? How to translate it? They were shocked, what kind of statement is this? They didn't understand. They made a direct literal translation -- food is god, annam brahma. They missed. Such great utterances have no direct translation. Such great statements have only indirect translation. Such great utterances can be explained but cannot be directly translated. It is a very significant statement.

The Upanishads are saying if you taste something it is he, there is no other. The receiver is also he -- the one sitting inside tasting is he, and what is being tasted is also he. If you pick a pomegranate from a tree: it is he in the pomegranate, it is he in you, you are not different. The fruit is one way of his manifesting, you are another way of his manifesting. God is expressed in infinite forms. All of these songs are his, the singer is one. The world and life will have to be lovely!

But I understand Anand Bharti's problem. We have been taught for centuries that life is sin. It has been explained to us that life is the fruit of our sins in our past lives, how could it be lovely? Whoever has called life sin has called god sin. They didn't understand the statement of the Upanishads. Those that have said life is the fruit of sins have been disrespectful of god's grace.

This is why whoever comes near me, whoever is slowly slowly descending the stairway of meditation with me, they will have this difficulty one day or another, as Anand Bharti is having. One day waking up in the morning you will suddenly find that the whole universe is incomparably lovely, all of life is filled with his vibration. It is his veena that is playing. He is the one singing in the birds. He is the one flowing in pools and streams. He is the one rising up high in the waves of the ocean. He is the one looking from the moon and stars. From a firefly to the suns it is his light. He is sitting in sinners, just as much as in the virtuous. Not a drop less.

Do you think that in Ravana, Rama is less? There is as much Rama in Ravana as in Rama. There isn't any difference. There can't be any difference. It is another matter that for the Ram Leela, Rama needs to be divided in two parts. Do you think there can be a Ram Leela without Ravana? How would it be? Its very support will fall. Do you think Rama can exist without Ravana? It is impossible. Just try writing a story about Rama leaving out Ravana. Write a story that is Rama and only Rama. You yourself will find it is completely flavorless. No juice remains, no meaning remains. He is standing there with his bow and arrow, he will get tired, you too will get tired. Sita Ma is

sitting there. And Ramachandra Ji is sitting there. No one comes and abducts her, nothing happens.
Just try sometime putting on a Ram Leela in some village without Ravana. The first day people will come, but the second day people will stop coming, thinking what's the use? The court is decorated, Ramachandra Ji is sitting. People will get up and start asking when will the Ram Leela begin? What's going on?
The manifestation of life is dual. Life is dialectical. This is why there is light and darkness, there is birth and death, there is good and bad, there is white and black, there is beautiful and ugly, there is Rama and Ravana. Those that know say: his play is in both. And if one knows this he has no more difficulties. Then life appears very lovely. Then you will find the experience of beauty everywhere because you will find his imprint. You will hear his foot falls in every place.
My heart is in the springtime of paradise
Sampling the fragrance of flowering orchards
Ah, the charm of intoxicating night
I am on earth, my soul is with the stars
If a little understanding comes you will not remain on the earth. You will remain on the earth and your soul will be in the stars. You will start expanding. Your being will become vast. Lotuses will start blooming in you.
The rhythm of your songs, O wonderment!
This cheer, this sharpness, this tenderness.
Why doesn't the world melt and flow away?
Just contemplate this in your heart.
Or are you so drunk on raga music
Or so lost in ecstatic rhythms

Stop! for the arms of song
Transport me up into the skies!
Open a little. Wake up and look a little. Put to one side a little the education given by your so called religious people. Again open your eyes. Again become acquainted with nature. And you will be surprised.
Or are you so drunk on raga music
Or so lost in ecstatic rhythms
Stop! for the arms of song
Transport me up into the skies!
His song will engulf you from every side, or you will start flying in the skies. Or you will start to be frightened, or you will be freaked out: what is going on? So much beauty! And so much spontaneously showering, as if the ocean has entered the drop!
Anand Bharti it is well you ask. Ecstasy is happening. She is becoming absorbed in bliss. So much ecstasy is happening that previously she used to sit in the front, now I have to seat her in the back. She started to get ecstatic sitting in the front and it started to be a disturbance for others. She started laughing, for no reason. If you laugh for a reason it is okay. If I tell a story or tell a joke and you laugh it is okay. But Anand Bharti couldn't wait for me to tell a joke, she would laugh first. Knowing I am going to tell one, that I am about to tell it, why wait? So the poor woman has to sit in the back. An ecstasy comes, a feeling of bliss is coming. She starts to fly in the skies.
So she will feel, why is life so beautiful? How should I answer? Live IS beautiful. It cannot be any other way. Life has always been beautiful. Just there was a veil on your eyes. The veil has started slipping. There were webs of

religious dogma over your eyes, the webs have started tearing, the webbing has started tearing.
And what else is my work here? To clean the dust a little from your eyes. To wipe a little dust from your eyes so that your eyes can become a mirror and start to reflect things as they are.
Like your name, like wine overflowing,
Like the drunkenness of love, this autumn moonlight.

It charms the heart, like passionate music,
Entices the eyes, like a dream lover,
Like your beauty, like spring sunshine,
Juicy like sweet memories, this autumn moonlight.
Moonlight is blossoming, like your laughter,
Filled with high spirits, like the hope of union,
Like arms of affection, like the shadow of your curl,
Shy like you, Beloved, this autumn moonlight.
Who knows what happened, an unknown experience,
Body filled with thrills, like the first honeymoon night,
Laughing heart, open full moon, all restraint defeated,
More certain than a promise, this autumn moonlight.
Like your name, like wine overflowing,
Like the drunkenness of love, this autumn moonlight.
Existence is filled with very lovely beauty. There is nothing here but moonlight. There is nothing here but the moon. Here everything is calm, only you must not remain excited. Let your heat cool down.
What else is meditation but a process for cooling your heat? A method of letting your temperature come down a little. People are very excited. People are very feverish. People are deranged. Thousands of desires have excited them.

There is a great race for self gratification in their mind. Peaceful moments never come. Intervals of relaxation never come. 'Stop your feet and reach the village!' But feet don't stop and the village is not reached. If you stop the goal is right here, right now. But you go on running, you go on escaping. You think the faster you run the sooner you will arrive. The faster you run the further away you will get. The goal is where you are, the goal is not somewhere else.

God is here, this is my proclamation. God is right now, this is my teaching. Here and now! Don't put him off till tomorrow and suddenly the veil will lift from your eyes. The veil of tomorrow is covering your eyes. You say tomorrow it will happen, tomorrow... And if the tomorrow of this life is used up you will say it will happen in the next life. Again tomorrow! And if the tomorrow of the next life is used up you will say it will happen in the other world, tomorrows move further ahead. But you go on delaying for tomorrow. Your putting god off until tomorrow makes him false.

God is now, here, this very moment. Let the curtain slip from your eyes. Push aside your burqah, push aside this veil. And what is the veil? Meaningless thinking that has been dumped on your head for centuries. Your skull is filled with scriptures, this is why truth could not manifest. Do you see Gorakh? He says again and again: "O pandit, you have looked too much in study, now see by living. I am the disciple of the living, I am the companion of the one who is living."

Live god, too many prayers have happened. Eat god, drink god, cover yourself with god, wear god, wake up in god,

sleep in god -- live god! Too many prayers have passed, too much worship. Offerings, sacrifices, fire sacrifices: many have been done. Nothing has happened from them. Live! God is food. Taste him. In eating too, remember -- it is he. Talking to someone, remember -- it is he. Slowly slowly the recognition will become firm. Slowly slowly your life will be overwhelmed by his beauty. That beloved will be seen.

In my braid a bouquet of star flowers,
Night has adorned me;
The full moon bejewelling my forehead,
Reflects the enchanting image of his face;
The dawn colored by the red of his feet,
Smiles red the parting of my hair!
I have surrendered unto him!
Without my asking he gave love and affection,
He gave respect and affirmation;
Freedom stood there entirely bound,
I have accepted the bonds;
In total defeat he is victorious,
In total victory I am defeated!
I have surrendered unto him!
Nourished always in his shadow,
Moving always behind him;
In his very life-temple,
I burn always like a waxen candle;
Attaining him I have forgotten the world,
Myself completely forgotten!
I have surrendered unto him!
When did I want love and affection,
Or a delicate garland of flowers?

My intention was worship and prayer,
My sole desire was the right to worship
At his radiant feet, laughing
I have sacrificed body, mind - everything
I have surrendered unto him!
Where do you go on searching? If you are to sacrifice, then sacrifice right this moment, because he is present.
At his radiant feet, laughing
I have sacrificed body, mind - everything
I have surrendered unto him!
Attaining him I have forgotten the world,
Myself completely forgotten!
I have surrendered unto him!
In total defeat he is victorious,
In total victory I am defeated!
I have surrendered unto him!
The dawn colored by the red of his feet,
Smiles red the parting of my hair!
I have surrendered unto him!
God is not some person that you will meet someday. God is another name for this existence. The union is happening but you have the insane belief that god is a person, that you will meet in the form of Rama, or you will meet him in the form of Krishna, or in the form of Christ, or in the form of Buddha, or in the form of Mahavira. You have gone astray because of this, this is why you do not attain union. Your belief causes difficulties.
God is standing before you, but you say, "Until he is holding a bow and arrows in his hands...'till then this forehead won't bow.' My head is not going to bow. First

pick up the bow and arrow." The conditions of ordinary people are okay, but these are the words of Tulsidas.

A few friends took Tulsidas to a Krishna temple. All were bowing. Tulsidas didn't bow. He said, "My forehead will not bow. I know only one -- the one with the bow and arrow in hand." Krishna was standing there playing his flute, with his peacock crown. Krishna did not suit Tulsidas.

What narrow minds even our so called saints have! You won't let Ramachandra Ji play on a flute? He has to go on holding bow and arrow twenty-four hours? Even men get vacations. Even overtime is eventually finished. But he says until he picks up bow and arrow, I will not bow. I bow only before the one with bow and arrows.

Remember it, this man does not know how to bow. He is saying that I will bow when my condition is fulfilled. This bowing is conditional. In this bowing is ego. He is saying, if my condition is fulfilled then I will bow. The deal is clear. If you want me to bow, if you are interested in me bowing then fulfill my condition. I will bow before my idea. This is ego. I have nothing to do with how you are. If you stand there playing your flute, wearing your peacock crown, then stand there. This is not my belief, I will bow before my belief. Pick up the bow and arrow then I will bow down.

This is the problem. How can this poor tree pick up bow and arrows? How will this sun pick up bow and arrows? How will the moon and stars pick up bow and arrows? It is a difficulty. And god is standing at the door as the sun, but you will not bow. Baba Tulsidas did not bow so how will you bow? Pick up the bow and arrows then I will bow.

Existence cannot pick up a bow and arrow, nor can it pick up a flute. Is existence a person? But we have established the belief that god is a person. Just go on wandering, you will never meet god. And if you meet him sometime, carrying his bow and arrow, know that it is the illusion of your mind. It is the web of your imagination. It is your dream. You have seen this dream for so many days that now you have started seeing it with open eyes. It is a daydream. It is illusion.

It is not god when you close your eyes and he stands there holding bow and arrow, or playing on his flute, or Jesus hanging on the cross... It is your belief. And you have repeated and repeated and repeated this belief so many times from childhood on that repeating and repeating you have self hypnotized yourself. Now you see him. You can see anything in this way. Just go on repeating, go on repeating, go on persistently. You can start seeing anything this way. Do a little experiment and see.

A young man went to Nagarjuna. And he said, "I have started experiencing god. His face is in front of me. I close my eyes, god smiling faintly stands before me, I really enjoy it."

Nagarjuna said, "You do one thing." Nagarjuna was a rough carefree sadhu, an extraordinary sadhu. A man just like Gorakh. He said, "You do one thing, then we will talk about this experience. You sit in the small cave facing us and think for three days that I am not a man, I am a buffalo."

He said, "What's the matter? Why should I think this?"

Nagarjuna said, "If you want to be in contact with me and you want to understand then this will have to be done -- a small experiment. After doing it I will reveal the secret."
The man went on sitting for three days. He was a stubborn man. For one who has dragged the face of god near, what's difficult in a buffalo? He got totally into it. For three days he didn't sleep, didn't eat, didn't drink. Hungry and thirsty, tired and worn out he just kept on repeating one thing, I am a buffalo. One day, two days: on the second day from inside the cave the sound of a buffalo started to be heard. From outside the cave people started staring and asking what's the matter? He was a man but the sound of a buffalo has started coming out. He started bellowing. On the third day when the sound became too much and Nagarjuna started to feel disturbed and obstructed by this noise, Nagarjuna got up from his cave, went and said, "Friend, come out now." He tried to come out, but he could not get out.
Nagarjuna asked, "What is it?"
He said, "How can I get out, my horns... the door is too small."
Nagarjuna shook him and said, "Open your eyes idiot! This is why I told you to do it. I understood looking at you that what you thought was god, was self-hypnosis. Now look! You think you are a buffalo! In three days you have become a buffalo. Nothing has happened. You are a man just the same as always. The door is the same. It is just the same as it was when you came in. Get out!"
He opened his eyes, was a little startled. Nagarjuna gave him a shove. So he got out. But still his horns were getting stuck!

You must have seen when some hypnotist is on stage, some magician, is hypnotizing people. He has only to suggest something in their mind. He just suggests and they start to do it, they start to do exactly what he says.
What you have known in the name of religion is not more than self-hypnosis. Real religion is freedom from all hypnosis. And then god is not a person, then god is the total. Then god is the union of this whole existence. And then an extraordinary stream flows. Because wherever your go you meet him. Then the universe, then life is very lovely. And when life is so lovely understand that religion has manifested in your life, it has commenced, the first drop of truth has fallen.
Anand Bharti, it is good. Don't make it a worry, don't doubt it, don't raise questions -- sink into it, sink deeper into it. God is beauty, the ultimate beauty. Wherever you find beauty know you are hearing his footfalls. God is music, the ultimate music. Wherever you experience deeper sound, know that it is he humming. God is light, whether it is a lamp or the moon and stars. Wherever light is seen recognize him. God is consciousness, whether inside you, or inside your child, or inside your neighbor. God is life, whether your life or a bird or an animal or a plant. Become acquainted with god in all his infinite gestures. He has given such a vast temple whose canopy is the sky! He has given such a vast temple where every night there is Divali, a festival of lights. He has lit so many lamps! Scientists have not yet been able to count them. You can count the stars with the naked eyes but it will not be more than three thousand. Counting and counting the scientists have gotten tired of counting. Four billion stars have

already been counted. But this is only the beginning. There are more stars, many more. The more scientists count it seems there are more ahead, more ahead... There doesn't seem to be any end. Every night there is Divali and such blind people, no one sees Divali! Every morning his spring Holi festival happens, so much red powder is flying, so many flowers are blooming, so much fragrance is released, so much perfume is dispersed. But people are blind. Every morning his pipes are playing in so many throats. But people are deaf.

Jesus has said many times, if you have eyes see, if you have ears listen. Do you think Jesus was speaking in some ashram for the deaf and blind? Jesus was speaking to people like you, who had eyes, who had ears too. But the eyes do not see and the ears do not hear. The eyes have become very limited, they see the trivial. The ears too have become limited, they hear the trivial.

I teach you sensitivity. Let your every sense become profoundly sensitive. Let your every sense become sensitive in its totality. Let every sense burn like a torch burning from both ends at once. And then every experience is his experience.

Life is certainly lovely.

The fourth question:

Question 4

HOW CAN WE ACCEPT LIFE'S JOYS AND SORROWS WITH EQUANIMITY?

He gives joy, he gives sorrow: the giver, the master is one. Everything comes from him. Accept with equanimity and

you will see this truth: that everything comes from him. There is nothing other than he.

Then suffering too has its greatness. Sorrow is not useless. Sorrow polishes, sorrow cleanses, sorrow awakens, sorrow gives depth. Only sorrow makes you deserving of joy. So don't make suffering an enemy. One who makes suffering an enemy remains deprived of joy also. Make sorrow steps to him, steps to his temple. Yes, there will be difficulties in climbing; I admit. Tiredness comes, breathing increases, sweat comes; I admit. But these are the steps to his temple. His temple is very high, there are many steps to his temple. His temple is a Mount Everest. There is difficulty in climbing, certainly, but the more difficulty in climbing, the more the bliss in reaching. And there is no helicopter for reaching to his temple. It is good that there is no helicopter. Otherwise you would ascend, arrive at his temple and you would not experience any bliss.

You must have noticed that the more trouble you have had to take on to get something, the more you feel blissful -- in proportion to the trouble. Whatever you get for free, you don't even feel like saying thank you for.

This has happened. You have received life free. Think a little, have you given thanks to anyone? Have you given thanks to god for giving you life? You got it free, why give thanks? Who to thank?

A wise man said to Alexander, "You have made such a great empire, but it is nothing. I consider it worthless." Alexander became very angry. He told the fakir: "You have to answer well for this or I will have your throat cut. You have insulted me. My lifelong effort and you say it is nothing, worthless!"

The fakir said: "Imagine that you have become lost in a desert. You have strong thirst. You are dying. I appear. I have a pot filled with fresh water. I say I will give you a glass of water, but for a price. If I ask for half your empire will you give it?"
Alexander said, "If I am dying of thirst in the desert then not just half, I"ll give the whole thing."
Then the fakir said, "The matter is closed, the price of one glass... the price of your empire is one glass of water. Its not worth even two cents, because water is free."
To save his life Alexander is ready to give his whole kingdom. But you have life: have you given thanks for it? You have received free that which you can give an empire of the entire earth for -- and you haven't even given thanks. You have not received it with gratitude.
Think of how much you have received. You have the potential for love in your heart, have you given thanks? Song can arise from your throat, have you given thanks? You eyes open and you can see the incomparable beauty of this universe, have you given thanks? Just ask a blind man, what would you be ready to give if you could get eyes? He would say, "I am ready to give everything for eyes, if only I could get eyes. What should I save? I will give all."
But have you experienced any honor in having eyes? What man receives for free has no value. Existence has given much to you that is invaluable, but you consider it valueless. But one thing you get only by paying the price -- you will have to climb the mountain of god. You will simply have to climb the mountain. There will be suffering in climbing the mountain. But if you are going towards the temple then suffering will not seem like suffering.

I have heard, a sannyasin went on a pilgrimage in the Himalayas. Exhausted, sweating profusely, gasping for breath. The ascent was long and steep. In front of him was a mountain girl of some nine or ten years, ascending with her little brother on her shoulders, drenched in sweat, exhausted. When the sannyasin reached close to the girl he said, "Daughter" -- in a sympathetic tone, lovingly -- "I am very tired, you must also be very tired. You are climbing with such a load."

The girl looked angrily at the sannyasin and said, "Swami Ji, you may be carrying a load, this is my little brother, not a load."

Where there is love there is no load. Although if you put the little brother on the scales he will be a load. But on the scale of love the load has disappeared. Look at the magic of love! The law of gravity is finished by the magic of love. The Swami Ji must have been climbing up carrying his small bundle. That bundle must have weighed something. On the scales perhaps the little brother's weight would be more, but on the scale of love the little brother has no weight. The girl was angry. She got angry from this, saying, "You have called my little brother a weight! You are carrying a weight, this is my little brother."

If you experience difficulty while climbing the steps of god's temple, will you call it difficulty? If you are going towards the temple of the beloved then there is no trouble. If life is a search for truth then joy and sorrow are accepted equally, then no problem remains.

Your love is sunlight and shadow,
Sometimes causing laughter, sometimes tears,
It is beyond me!

Sometimes with wildflowers
Filling my lap,
Sometimes worthless road dust
Cruelly making jests;
This is why I speak weeping bitterly
Are you an enemy of mine or a friend?
Embracing or rejecting? unable to understand I give up.
Your love is sunlight and shadow,
Sometimes causing laughter, sometimes tears,It is beyond me!
Sometimes within myself
Even loneliness becomes talkative,
And sometimes in the crowded world
Even my own heart is lost to me;
This is why I say sobbingly
Am I chasing a whim or am I safely ashore?
Sometimes drowning me, carrying me across, awakening hopes!
Your love is sunlight and shadow,
Sometimes causing laughter, sometimes tears,
It is beyond me!
Sometimes on threads of imagination
These unknown moments are bound,
Sometimes in the Yamuna water from the eyes
The home I know flows away;
This is why I speak fretfully
Oh, what strange support is this,
Lamps have been blown out, dreams readied , but sleep comes not!
Your love is sunlight and shadow,
Sometimes causing laughter, sometimes tears,

It is beyond me!
All is his. Sunlight is his, shadow is also his. Sorrow is his, joy is his. Life is given by him, death is also given by him. When all is his then equanimity is effortlessly achieved. Understand this secret.
It may be that the questioner thought I would explain some technique for achieving equanimity. If you achieve equanimity through some technique then it will remain superficial. The achiever has never gone inside, the achiever remains on the surface. If you just dye your clothes you will remain undyed. The achiever is on one layer -- the outer layer -- he doesn't touch the inner spaces. You touch the inner spaces when you understand. It is not a question of achieving, it is a question of understanding. Just understand: all is his.
What is spiritual achieving? What is sadhana? The meaning of sadhana is that if sorrow comes you will stand proudly saying you will not be influenced. You will pass by uninfluenced, without being shaken. This will bring arrogance. This is not sadhana. The ego will become stronger from it. You will not melt from this, you will become more fixed, more of a stone. This is why your so called religious people become stonelike. Not even a little moisture of compassion remains in their lives. Not even a little beauty remains in their lives. The very possibility of music becomes destroyed in their lives. And they have gone in search of the ultimate music. And they have gone in search of infinite beauty. But in their lives you will find no poetry. Their life become dry and flavorless. Why? Because of sadhana. They are forcing themselves. It is sadhana, difficult sadhana. So what to do? Make a bed of

thorns and sleep on it; because the difficult is sadhana. Staying equanimous sleeping on a bed of thorns as if one is sleeping on the most beautiful bed.

But the man who sleeps on a bed of thorns loses the sensitivity of his body. His body becomes inert. His body becomes dead. In his body life is finished. Life crawls inside. We will fast so we can manage hunger. If hunger comes then too we can remain equanimous. It can be managed. But this sadhana is not true. True sadhana is the fruit of understanding. It comes like a shadow following understanding.

What I am saying to you is, understand this:

Your love is sunlight and shadow,
Sometimes causing laughter, sometimes tears,
It is beyond me!
Are you an enemy of mine or a friend?
Embracing or rejecting? unable to understand I give up.
Am I chasing a whim or am I safely ashore?
Sometimes drowning me, carrying me across, awakening hopes!
Oh, what strange support is this,
Lamps have been blown out, dreams readied , but sleep comes not!
Your love is sunlight and shadow,
Sometimes causing laughter, sometimes tears,
It is beyond me!

Move into this world of mystery. Search for that which cannot be grasped in the hand. Go in search of that which cannot be grasped. But how can you seek what cannot be grasped? God cannot be grasped by you, but you can come

into his grasp. If you seek him you will come into his grasp, you will be captured by him. And this is union.

The last question:
Question 5
I WANT YOUR BLESSING. BUT WHAT I MIGHT WANT FROM YOUR BLESSING IS NOT CLEAR AT ALL. THAT TOO, ONLY YOU CAN MAKE CLEAR. FROM MY SIDE ONLY THIS IS CERTAIN, I WANT YOUR BLESSING.

This is beautiful. It is a beautiful thing. Whatever you would want as a blessing will be wrong. Some demand of yours will be included in it. Some desire of yours will come in by the back door. Your desiring will be in your request. If you had asked for something then the blessing would be wrong.
If you are asking for blessings then you must ask, "I don't know what I want, I just want blessings." And then you can receive what you cannot even think of. You will receive that which you could not even imagine. And it is not yet in your imagination what it is you want to meet, whose meeting will satisfy you. How could it be in your imagination? You do not have any experience of that ray. That droplet has not descended your throat.
This is why your question is lovely. Your question is meaningful. You did well not to place any conditions on the blessing. People make conditions. Without conditions people never ask for blessings.
Someone is fighting an election so he comes to me asking for blessings. I say to him, "You will ensnare me too. It is

certain you are going to hell, you want to take me along with you. I can only give one blessing, if god wills it: that you lose the election. If you win you are gone. If you lose there is some possibility left that something can happen in your life. If you win you are gone." One who wins is filled with so much ego that nothing can happen in his life. One who starts drinking the poison of victory slowly slowly wants more and more poison. The intoxication is like wine. More lethal than alcohol because if you drink wine in the evening by morning you come down. One who drinks the wine of greed for power never comes down, he goes on staying high. He gets one office then he wants higher offices. If he get them then he wants yet higher offices. And if there is nothing higher left to get then what he has he will not allow to be taken. This madness is never finished.

People come to me. They say my wife is sick, please give your blessing. Or my child is not finding employment, please give your blessing. What trivial matters you want to put blessings on. If employment is not found, then there are ways of seeking employment. If your wife is sick there are medical remedies. What is the need of bringing blessings into it? And if employment is found through blessings and if your wife is cured through blessings then this country could never get sick. Then this country could never become poor. Here there are so many people giving blessings -- saints, priests, sadhus, sannyasis, mahatmas. Is there any shortage of people giving blessings here? Here blessings upon blessings are given. No one's stomach is filled by blessings nor is employment found. But there is a danger. The person asking blessings drops other means. He thinks

he has received blessings, everything is okay. Now why go to a physician? And if the blessing is not fulfilled then he doesn't think that he has made a mistake, he thinks that he has asked the wrong person for blessings, now he will ask someone right. Life is wasted this way. The life of this country is wasted just like this. This country became poor, became miserable, became enslaved. One of the main reasons behind this is the mentality of asking for blessings. Blessings are not connected in any way to the world. Blessings are something of the other world. Ask without conditions, only then is something possible. Something happens from blessings certainly. Money is not produced, meditation is produced. Illnesses of the body cannot be relieved by blessings -- otherwise there would be no need of medical science. Yes, the illness of the soul can be relieved. But you do not know the illness of the soul. You do not even know the soul. Meditation can shower from blessings. But the demand you have inside is for money, not for meditation. You meditate hoping that perhaps you can get money through it.

People come to me saying, "Maharishi Mahesh Yogi says that one who meditates will receive abundantly in that world and will receive in this world too. There will be worldly gain also. What do you say?"

If there were worldly gain from meditation then this country would be at the peak of prosperity. This country has meditated more than anyone else has. Buddha meditated, attained samadhi. The story says that flowers showered. I have not heard that dollar bills showered. Rewrite the story so that it can be related to Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. Rewrite the story.

Mahavira attained samadhi, realized ultimate aloneness. Flowers showered from the sky, the gods made celestial sounds. The gods must be crazy, what's the use of showering flowers? Let diamonds and jewels shower! If something is to be given let it be something meaningful, poor Mahavira was just standing there naked as ever. Something should be given to him. At least let some clothes fall down. He lived hungry and fasting, couldn't he be given some affluence? They kept dropping flowers, making sport of a hungry man. Wedding pipes blaring for a man standing naked? Mahavira was a good man, otherwise he would have broken the shahnai-pipes of the gods and beaten them, saying are you making fun of me? They did not know about Maharishi Yogi, how conditions would become later on.

But I understand Maharishi Mahesh Yogi's reasons. If you want to propagate something in America, the American craze is for money, not for meditation. Maharishi Mahesh Yogi is a shrewd salesman. He is ready to give whatever you want. He has to give whatever the customer wants -- a businessman does not bother with what the customer needs. What the demand is -- if something wrong is demanded, then the wrong is given. He agrees with whatever is asked. A shrewd businessman believes that the customer is always right. What he says is right, right exactly like he says it. In America he is selling meditation -- and sales are moving there -- he is selling meditation. America says we want health, so they will get health. If money is needed they will get money. If professional skill needed they will get professional skill.

I cannot give support to this kind of idiotic nonsense. If it could happen from meditation then in this country abundant silver and gold would have been showering since long ago. You have heard stories that this country was once the golden bird. It is just a story. This country was a golden bird if you consider this country's rajas and maharajas and it still is. If you think of this country's ordinary man it has always been poor and a beggar. It has not become poor and beggarly just today. And if you think of the rajas and maharajas it is wealthy now. The style has changed. Now it is industrialists, rajas and maharajas no longer exist, it is other people. And if you look at them it is a golden bird right now.

This country was never a golden bird. Yes, some people in this country have gold. And the reason they have gold is they have taken gold from the rest of the people.

Money is not received from meditation, from meditation something else is received which is ultimate wealth. Something comes from meditation that is not of this world, but of the other world. In meditation the other world descends into this world.

You have done well, asking blessings and leaving unsaid what is asked. There is only one thing worth asking:
every atom in the universe may change
but the path to the beloved's temple can never change
the eagerness for worship can never change

thus it was inscribed
in the language of my inner feeling
thinking it a precious rain drop
the love bird quenches his thirst

every atom of life may change
the sacred flow from the eyes can never change
the path to the beloved's temple can never change
this delicate flower offering,
an unbroken, pure adoration, a welcome
breath offering respect, tears giving the greeting
praying hands, an invitation from the soul
every atom in the temple may change
the love of my lord can never change
the path to the beloved's temple can never change
Nearing the beloved's temple
everyday I prepare to enter
and sweet hope, one day
my turn will also come
every atom of sweet union may change
the sigh of longing can never change
the path to the beloved's temple can never change
Ask only one blessing: to awaken and keep awakened, an unwavering flame in god.
Ask only one blessing: how can we know that which is the foundation of everything, the source of all.
every atom of sweet union may change
but the path to the beloved's temple can never change
the eagerness for worship can never change

Enough for today?

Death is Divine

Chapter #7

Chapter title: Wander alone
7 October 1978 am in Buddha Hall

[Note: This is a translation from the Hindi Maran Hey Jogi Maram, which is in the process of being edited. It is for research only.]

YOGIS STILL CONDEMNING OTHERS, EATING MEAT, DRINKING WINE, TAKING DRUGS?
BY THE HUNDREDS THEY GO TO HELL, SHREE GORAKH RAJA SPEAKS PLAIN TRUTH.
ALONENESS THE SIDDHA KNOWS, NEEDING TWO IS SADHU, THE TRUE SEEKER,
NEEDING FOUR-FIVE THE HOUSEHOLDER, TEN-TWENTY THE WORLDLY MAN.
GREATNESS IS WHEN GREATNESS EFFACED, CONSIDER THIS WORD OF TRUTH:
ONE WHO BECOMES TINY THE MASTER SEEKS OUT, LIFTS THE LOAD OFF HIS HEAD.

[The following and other indented couplets are "extra" dohas of Gorakh that Osho shared, not part of the sutra.]
NATH SAYS, LISTEN O AVADHU, KEEP THE MIND FOREVER STEADY,
REMOVE THE EGO, SEX, ANGER. YOU HAVE TRAVELED TO ALL SACRED PILGRIM PLACES.
HOPE BRINGS DISTRESS, DOUBT BRINGS SORROW,
THESE TWO BIG DISEASES WON'T LEAVE WITHOUT A MASTER.

BALANCE HAS BECOME THE ESSENCE OF ALL
AUSTERITY AND PENANCE HAS REDUCED THE
CHILDISH CUPID TO ASH,
LOOK FOR SUCH A YOGI IN THE WORLD, ALL
OTHERS JUST FILL THEIR STOMACHS.
HOW CAN I SAY O PUNDIT, WHERE GOD IS?
IF YOU LOOK FOR OWN SELF, THERE IS
NO I, NO THOU.
HIDE SEEING IN YOUR EYES, LISTENING IN THE
EARS,
HIDE BREATHING AT THE NOSE TIP, ONLY THE
STATE OF NIRVANA REMAINS.
A STONE HOUSE OF GOD, A GOD OF STONE. HOW
WILL LOVE BURST FORTH WORSHIPPING STONE?
OFFERING LIFE TO WORSHIP THE LIFELESS? HOW
CAN YOU SWIM THE INFINITE THROUGH SUCH
SINFUL ACTS?
BATHING IN TIRTHA AFTER TIRTHA, HOW CAN
THE INNER BE PENETRATED THROUGH OUTER
CLEANSING?
ADINATH MY GRANDSON, MACHHINDRANATH
MY SON,
GORAKH AVADHUT BEHOLDS HIS OFFSPRING.
AVADHU, CALL GOD MY DISCIPLE, CALL
MACHHINDRA MY GRANDSON,
LEST GURULESS THE EARTH IS ANNIHILATED,
COMPASSIONATELY I REVERSE THE ORDER.

An unravelled scrap of life
knitting - unknitting
what rhyme or reason in going on like this?

only crying crying
losing consciousness of oneself
weeping-lament
it is futile
living in suffocation
drinking only poison
wandering
it is futile
significance
something is put in order --
crackling perpetually
-- chuk-chik-chik
chuk-chuk
what rhyme or reason in going on like this?
two moments or four
that which is called life
-- to know
not a sin
short lines
of someone else's song
reading aloud inside the mind
not sin
singing only in thy inner language
-- sun-pleasant-entertaining-stars
-- cuckoo-parrot
what rhyme or reason in going on like this?
life in an enclosure
blinders on the eyes
-- torment
incessant
cart fixed on a traditional course

lash upon lash
-- fleeing
incessant
machine magic
cut-chit-chit-put
stop a little
what rhyme or reason in going on like this?
An unravelled scrap of life
knitting - unknitting
what rhyme or reason in going on like this?
Man keeps on moving -- without thinking why, without thinking where from, without thinking in which direction. He does not even think 'Who am I?' but goes on running. What will the result of this hard running be? What will we get?
what rhyme or reason in going on like this?
Stop a little. Reconsider it for once: 'Who am I?' Let this question awaken, because when you know the answer to this question in your depths, when the arrow of this question pierces your soul the mystery of life lifts its veil. But people sitting in temples, mosques, and churches in the name of religion don't stop either. They just keep on going. Their running continues. You want to have money, they want to have heaven. You want to have power, they want to have god. But where there is wanting, there is madness. And where there is wanting, there is rivalry. Where there is wanting there is competition, the whole marketplace. Where there is wanting there is fear -- I shouldn't be defeated anywhere, no one should win before me. Where there is wanting there is condemnation, there is opposition. Where there is wanting there is struggle, there is tension.

As soon as wanting is gone an incomparable relaxation comes into life. As soon as wanting goes the days of autumn are gone, spring has come.

Who is religious? Not one who has changed his desire, rather one who has understood desire. Wanting makes you run, run irrelevantly, run uselessly, run meaninglessly, run for the sake of running. Then running becomes a habit. Man just goes on running. Running continues until he falls into his grave. He never reaches anywhere. After all this running we reach only to our grave. Nothing remains in our hands. Perhaps we had brought something, that too we let slip through our fingers. But running latches on to the mind so tightly that even if we awaken from the meaninglessness of running, we will start running again. We are so bound in chains that even when we are tortured by the agony of chains, we caste new chains. It may be that you caste golden chains in place of iron ones. And it may also be that you stud your golden chains with diamonds and jewels. But chains are chains.

Here certainly the worldly are bound, here the so called spiritual people are also bound. A free person is one who has no wanting. He doesn't want god. He doesn't even want heaven. One who has understood the meaninglessness of wanting, that wanting takes one astray, makes one run. One who has understood the feverishness of wanting, one who has understood the madness of wanting, one who has seen the whole eye of wanting and has let desire drop and not taken up any new desire -- one who becomes so empty of wanting attains god. God is already attained. Wanting goes and immediately the eyes open. Desire is destroyed and immediately god is incarnated. He was hidden, waiting for

desire to get out of the way so he could appear face to face. It is not only that you are eager for his sight and touch, he too is eager for your sight and touch. But a wall of wanting stands in between.

What is the meaning of wanting? Wanting means, I don't want to be as I am, I want to be something else. Wanting means, I don't want to be where I am, I want to be somewhere else. Wanting means: today? -- today I am not happy, tomorrow I will be happy. Wanting says: move, run, reach.

Dropping wanting means, I am satisfied where I am, I am blissful as I am, there is no desire to be anything else.

All desires are desires to be something else. Hence all desires deprive you of your center. As soon as wanting is gone you become enthroned in your center. As soon as you have become enthroned in your center the devotee is god.

Today's sutra:

YOGIS STILL CONDEMNING OTHERS, EATING MEAT, DRINKING WINE, TAKING DRUGS?
BY THE HUNDREDS THEY GO TO HELL, SHREE GORAKH RAJA SPEAKS PLAIN TRUTH.

YOGIS STILL CONDEMNING OTHERS...

He says, if you become a yogi but still condemn others then yoga has been lost.

Here, a few things have to be understood. The first thing, it is necessary to understand the difference between condemnation and criticism. Gorakh also makes criticisms. This too is a critical sutra. He is saying...

YOGIS STILL CONDEMNING OTHERS, EATING MEAT, DRINKING WINE, TAKING DRUGS?

... those who become yogis and condemn others, eat fish and meat, drink and smoke drugs, such people numbering in the thousands, fall into hell.

BY THE HUNDREDS THEY GO TO HELL...

Such people exist in vast numbers and fall into hell. Gorakh says, I am telling you the truth: listen.

This does contain criticism, but there is no condemnation in it. The difference between criticism and condemnation is subtle and if it is not understood there can be misunderstanding. Buddha criticized and so did Mahavira. Christ criticized and Mohammed also. There has never been a master on the earth who did not criticize. What is the difference?

The difference between criticism and condemnation is subtle. Sometimes condemnation can appear like criticism and sometimes criticism can appear like condemnation. There is a very close relationship. Their form and color are similar but their soul is very different. Criticism is out of compassion, condemnation is out of hatred. Criticism is to awaken, condemnation is to destroy. The objective of criticism is discovery, the objective of condemnation is to demolish the other's ego, to cover them with dirt, to trample them underfoot. The objective of condemnation is to deliver a blow to the other's being, to wound. The objective of criticism is to seek the truth. The diamond has fallen in the dirt, how can we wash it, how can we cleanse it. Criticism is utterly friendly, no matter how hard it is, still it contains friendliness. And condemnation no matter how sweet it is, no matter how pleasant it is, contains poison. Poison can be given only covered in sugar.

Condemnation arises from egotism: I am greater than you, I am going to make you look small. Criticism is not concerned with the ego. Criticism is not concerned with me versus you.

Criticism is an exploration into what truth is, into how is truth is. Criticism can be very hard because a sword sometimes must be used to cut falsehood. There are stones of falsehood so the hammers and chisels of truth have to prepare them.

Ultimately Gorakh is making blows with hammer and chisel. And after Gorakh comes Kabir who keeps a sharper blade -- on his sword there is more of an edge. Kabir's blows are such that they cut to bits. But they don't cut you to bits, they cut your falseness. When you attack a thief it is condemnation and when you attack stealing it is criticism. When you start hating the sinner it is condemnation and when you hate the sin it is criticism.

A yogi cannot condemn. Only a completely unconscious person enjoys condemning. What is the psychology of condemning? Most people in the world have fallen into condemning. What is its psychology? Its psychology is clear and very simple. Every person wants the status for his ego that I am the greatest. It is very difficult to prove this. It is difficult to prove that I am the greatest because everyone else is trying to prove it. And they are all trying to prove only one thing that they are the greatest. How many people can be the greatest? Such fierce fighting ensues that it is almost impossible to win. Who can win? Every person will fight against billions of others. Defeat is certain. In this, all will be defeated. In this, no one can ascend. So the mind finds an easy remedy. The mind says: it may be difficult to

prove that I am the greatest but it is easy to prove that no one is greater than me.
Remember it is always very difficult to prove the affirmative of anything. A negative statement is always easy. For instance if you want to prove that god exists it is very difficult. Your life will have to pass through the fire of austerities. Even then it is unknown when the proof will happen -- in this lifetime, in many lives? But that god does not exist can be proven right now. There is no problem. Only a little skill in argument is needed. To be an atheist is not a matter of great proficiency, of great intelligence. The most idiotic of idiots can be an atheist.
There is a famous story by Turgenev: THE GREAT FOOL. In a village there was a fool. He was very upset because no matter what he said people laughed at him. People had decided he was a blithering idiot. Even when he said something right people still laughed at him. He lived cowering, not daring even to speak. If he didn't speak people laughed, if he spoke people laughed. If he did something people laughed, if he didn't do anything people laughed. A monk came to the village. That night the fool fell at the monk's feet and said, "Give me some blessing. is my whole life to be spent shrinking and cowering like this? Will I die a blithering idiot? Is there no way I can become a little intelligent?"
The monk said, "There is a way. Follow this sutra: condemn everything."
He said, "What will happen through condemning?"
The monk said, "You do it for seven days then come again to me."
The fool asked, "How should I condemn?

The monk said, "Whatever anyone says make a negative statement. For instance if someone says look what a beautiful sun is coming out, you say what's beautiful about it? Prove it. Where is the beauty? What beauty? It comes out everyday, it has been coming out for billions of years. It is a globe of fire -- what beauty? If someone says look Jesus' words are so lovely, you immediately jump on him saying what is so lovely in them? What is so special about them? What's new in them? The same thing has always been said, it is all thrashed over. It is all stale, all borrowed. You just deny. Someone says, looking at a beautiful woman, what a beautiful woman. You say: what of it? So what if her nose is a little longer? So what if her skin is a little whiter? Lepers are white too. What beauty? Prove it. You demand proof from everyone and remember to always remain in the negative. Put them in the positive, you remain in the negative. Come to me after seven days."

After seven days when the idiot came, he did not come alone, many had become his disciples. They came on ahead. They had hung flower garlands around his neck. A band was playing. He said to the monk, "The device worked. The whole village was forced to be silent. Wherever I went people lowered their heads. The news spread among the people that I am a great genius. No one could win against me. Now what should I do?"

He said, "Now don't do anything, just remain with this. If you want to save your intellect never fall into the positive. If someone speaks of god then immediately bring in atheism. Whatever is said, always make a negative statement. No one will be able to defeat you because to

disprove a negative statement is very difficult. To prove a positive statement is very difficult."

To affirm god great intelligence is needed, a very subtle sensitivity is needed. Total wakefulness of the heart is needed. A purified state of consciousness is needed. A little light is needed within. But to deny god nothing is needed. In denying god there is no commitment. This is why people in the world condemn.

The psychology of condemnation is cheap psychology, an easy way out. Your genius will be proven by it. And there is no cost. "Using neither turmeric nor alum the dye came out fine." There is no cost at all. There is no need to go anywhere to learn. There is no need for satsang. This is why everyone is skillful at condemning.

You find people everywhere enjoying the mood of condemnation. Who knows, why did those who numbered the nine rasas, the nine dramatic moods leave out the mood of condemnation? All the other moods come only now and again, the mood of condemnation comes to people every day from morning till night. You read the newspaper to enjoy the feeling of condemnation. When someone is being condemned you immediately cock your ears and start listening. If someone comes and says that the neighbor's woman has eloped with someone, how attentive you become! Your attention is so focused in that moment that you forget all matters of the world. You start digging, asking, "Say something more, tell what happened next. Elaborate a little, don't make it so brief. Where were they eloping to, tell the whole story before you go. Sit down and have some tea." You roll out the red carpet.

Wherever you notice condemnation happening you enjoy. You enjoy because another person is being made small and in his becoming smaller you inwardly experience I am bigger. This is why if a beggar slips and falls on a banana peel on the street there is not so much enjoyment as when an emperor slips and falls on a banana peel. The heart becomes happy -- what Mulla Nasruddin calls the experience of the heart becoming garden-garden.

When he said this to me this the first time I was surprised and I asked him, "What is this 'garden-garden?"

He said, "Oh, it is just the English translation of our Hindi expression 'baag-baag ho jaana'."

If some emperor slips and falls, how happy the mind becomes. When when you hear the news that the prime minister or the president has been caught doing some illegal activity, how the joy of condemnation spreads. What's the point? Why should anyone be concerned with it? If the prime minister has fallen in love with some woman, enough... As if a very rare incident has occurred. So much interest spreads, people become so eager. This tells only one thing about what is inside you, indicates only one thing: that you were waiting for someone to get caught, to fall somewhere, for a foot to slip on a banana peel, for him to fall flat. This was your heart's desire.

This is why people become eager and excited to remove someone from power when he has been in office for four or five years. It is too long, this man must fall. Then trivial things are blown out of proportion and spread around. And people are ready to believe them.

Have you noticed something strange, if you praise someone no one is ready to listen, no one is ready to accept it. If you

say, "Look at such and such person. He has become a great being." They will say, "We have seen all these great souls, these mahatmas! There is no great soul, nor has there ever been. It's all deception. Some trick is happening. Just wait, stop a little, when he is caught you will know. We have seen many falling."

But if someone says to you that such and such person is stealing, such and such person is deceiving, such and such person has taken a bribe you will never deny it saying, no-no, how could it be? You will immediately agree, as if you had already known it. We have accepted that except ourselves people are all bad. Some have been found out. Others have not been found out and will be sometime. But except for us all people are bad. This is our preconceived belief. Whatever supports our preconceived belief we agree with immediately.

Our state is such that if someone says to you, look at such and such man, he is playing flute so nicely, you will say: "What bad flute playing! He's a thief, depraved, a scoundrel." As if being a scoundrel and depraved and a thief prevents him from playing flute. You will immediately condemn saying, "What lousy flute playing, what's special about his flute? We know him well enough. We know his father and grandfathers too. How can he play flute?"

But the reverse statement you will never hear -- when someone says, look, that man is a thief, a cheat, depraved; and you say, "No, how can it be? Because he plays such lovely flute. No-no, it cannot be. A man who plays such lovely flute a thief? depraved? -- how is it possible?"

You will never speak this way. It is against your ego. It is condemnation that inflates your ego. This is why people praise very reluctantly -- they do it very unwillingly, as if compelled. They do it when there is something to get by praising. This is why superficially they praise, but beneath they are taking revenge.

There was a case in court. A political leader had initiated a defamation case against a man. The man, in a restaurant where fifty or sixty people were present, had called the politician a son-of-an-owl. Naturally the politician became angry. Son-of-an-owl! I will get him back good.

Mulla Nasruddin was standing right next to the politician when he was called a son-of-an-owl. So he said, "Mulla, you will have to be a witness. He said it in front of you." He said, "I will certainly be a witness, I am an eye witness. He insulted you just in front of me. I was standing next to you."

Witnesses were called in court. The magistrate asked Mulla Nasruddin, "Fifty people were there, and the man being charged with making insults says: 'I didn't say it to anyone in particular. Yes, I used the word son-of-an-owl. But fifty or sixty people were there. I wasn't implicating the politician when I said this.' What proof do you have Nasruddin that he said it implying the politician?"

Nasruddin said, "I know that there were fifty or sixty people there, but there was no son-of-an-owl except the politician."

Now what to do? Even his witness is saying it. You hope that those in power, in office, those who have money will fall flat. Your heart will get great comfort from this. In the world whenever someone's downfall happens, people share

great comfort, much lightness comes. People are waiting for someone's character to be corrupted. They are greatly supporting it. To create character is very difficult. To bring dignity to one's life is difficult, to bring greatness is difficult. But if you want to take away someone's greatness it is easy to spread and inflate rumors about him. The more you talk badly of him the more you feel good inside. This is the psychology of condemnation -- it is the shadow of ego and the nourishment of ego also.

But this does not mean that I am telling you to live blindly. Or that Gorakh is telling you to live blindly. To remain silent when you see something wrong: I am not saying this, nor is Gorakh saying it. If Gorakh were saying this then what he has said here could not be said. Remember this, he has seen this wrong, hasn't he? He has seen a yogi and condemning, a yogi and consuming fish, meat and drugs. So he says they will fall into hell. Don't take it as condemnation. There is no condemnation at all in it. There is natural compassion in it, there is spontaneous sympathy in it. It is not his intent to make them look lower. In reality it his desire that they rise higher, his desire that they awaken.

Sometimes one who comes to awaken seems like an enemy. Sometimes it happens that you tell someone, "Brother, wake me up in the morning, I have to catch a train at four o'clock. And anyway you get up at three, at the hour of Brahma. Please get me up."

He comes to get you up at three o'clock, you are swearing at him under your breath -- at the man that you told to wake you up at three -- saying, this rude fellow has come, this bastard. I told him -- it was a mistake -- but there is

no need to go through with a mistake, how to get rid of this knave? And if he starts to pull on you to get you up there can be a fight.

There was a famous German thinker, Immanuel Kant. He used to keep a servant. He had great difficulty in getting up in the morning. The servant's whole job was this: to wake him up even if he fights. So the servant was hit, he hired the servant for this! Many servants had quit and left saying, what kind of arrangement is this? But he said this is what I have hired you for. Don't worry about it, I am not saying not to strike back if I hit you.

There are all kinds of people! In the West now an electric blanket is made that you can set an alarm on, it has a clock attached and at exactly five o'clock in the morning an electric shock... An arrangement had to be made for those who cannot get up. A shock is applied and you leap up. An ordinary alarm won't work, people just turn it off. They throw the clock on the floor. Their own clock! Then they regret later that it was smashed, a fifty rupee loss. They themselves set the alarm, they themselves smash the clock. Something had to be done for them.

One who awakens does not seem loving because at that time you are lost in sweet slumber. It may be that you are seeing a sweet dream. It may be that at just that very moment you were going to meet Cleopatra, or Hema Malini was just coming. You were almost going to embrace and this fellow came, or the alarm went off. Will anyone put up with such a clock?

This is why we have been able to accept buddhas only with great difficulty. We can accept them only grudgingly. How can the people who break your dreams seem loving to you?

You will be angry. Do not think that a yogi should not be critical, who else will? He has earned the right. But he will not condemn. In his eyes you will not be disgraced. His voice may be hard. His voice may be very sharp. His words may be razor like. They should be.

Kabir has said,

Kabir stands in the market, stout staff in hand.
"Burn down your house, and come along with me."

If you are ready to set fire to your own house, come with me. And he is standing with a staff! He won't even let you look back, otherwise he'll smash your head.

A yogi can be hard. But hard towards your defects, not towards you. He has great compassion towards you, great love. This is why sometimes there can be confusion. Sometimes you can be mistaken. But understand the distinction clearly.

YOGIS STILL CONDEMNING OTHERS...

You have become a yogi and you are condemning others?

... EATING MEAT, DRINKING WINE, TAKING DRUGS?

And still you haven't let go of meat, haven't let go of wine? And you still go on drowning in intoxicating substances like marijuana and ganja?

Remember one thing: those who are awake are against your wine, your meat and liquor for a different reason. You also may be against them, but your reason is different. You say don't drink wine because it is a useless loss of money, because your health will be ruined. Don't drink because your wife and kids will die of starvation. These reasons won't stay with you long.

For instance if you have wealth in abundance and your wife and kids won't die of starvation from your meat eating and drinking alcohol, then what is the problem? This teaching must be for the poor. For the rich? No, there won't be any hindrance for them. Then this becomes a conditional teaching. This teaching says that the body will be ruined, but the body will be ruined at any rate. What difference is a day or two earlier or a day or two later? If you die at eighty or you die at seventy... it is better that you die at seventy, to leave the space empty for someone else those ten years. As it is there is too little space in the world. The crowd goes on growing, there is no space left to even wave ones hand. The sooner you leave the better. So if you live ten years longer, the world gets no benefit from it, nor is it a benediction for mankind. And if you die ten years earlier or ten years later what is the difference? If you stay ten years more, you will exploit a few more people, you will amass a little more money, fill your treasury a little more. People will be more bothered by you, what else? What more has your life been? There was no harmony, there was no coherence, there was no music. What will you do if you live longer?

These arguments do not work. And these arguments are not even true, because alcoholics are seen living long. An alcoholic doesn't die quickly. If to die sooner or to die later is decisive then it is a great problem. Shankaracharya died at the age of thirty-three. Does it mean that one should avoid religion? Vivekananda died at age thirty-four. What does it mean? It means, "Brother, be careful! Don't get involved in religion. Did you see the fate of Vivekananda? Did you see poor Shankaracharya, dying while still so young? This is no way to live a long life."

In a BBC interview recently someone asked Morarji Desai, "What do you think about Churchill? because he drank a lot, smoked cigarettes, drank wine, ate meat. He never got up at the predawn hour of Brahma, never got up before nine or ten o'clock, but he lived long." So Morarji Desai said he is an exception. And Morarji Desai thinks that he is living long due to drinking his own urine. But Churchill is an exception!

I have heard, Mulla Nasruddin has turned eighty years old, but even now he comes in first in swimming. So journalists came to his house. His eightieth birthday was being celebrated. They asked, "You have just turned eighty, what is your secret? How do you still come first in swimming? -- even the young are defeated by you."

So he said, "It is because I never drank wine, never ate meat, never chased after women. I was never addicted to anything. This is the reason."

The interviewers were impressed. But then Mulla said, "You needn't be too much impressed by this. I am nothing. My father has reached a hundred, but in horse riding he has no equal. I also cannot equal him at horse riding, nor can the youngest of the young. And he drinks wine, pardon me," Mulla said, "but he drinks wine and eats meat."

So the journalists asked, "We want to meet your father. This is very surprising thing that he drinks wine, eats meat, is a hundred years old and no one can equal him at horse riding. Your family seems to be really marvellous. Where is your father, we want to meet this man."

Mulla Nasruddin said, "It is not possible, because my father has gone to walk in my grandfather's wedding procession."

"Grandfather's wedding?"

Then Mulla said, "Yes, he had to."
"Your grandfather is getting married?" the people asked.
Mulla said, "Not by choice, he had to. The woman is pregnant."
"How old is your grandfather?"
"One hundred and twenty years."
What conclusion will you reach? How will you reach it? Alcoholics live long. By giving this kind of argument you cannot save anybody from drinking. These arguments are hollow. There is no strength in these arguments. This is why arguments continue and people continue drinking wine, continue smoking cigarettes, continue eating meat. Everything goes right on. This argument continues and everything else continues. No connection is ever created between these arguments and their way of life.
When the enlightened say, when a man like Gorakh says don't drink wine his reason is very different. It is not because you will live longer. Even if you live longer what will you do? What is the value of living? Nor is it because you will be healthier. Health has no great spiritual value. A sick man can attain god. And it is possible that a healthy man cannot attain god because he remains entangled in the world on account of his good health, thinking, "Now I am healthy. I will remember Rama in the end, right now I will enjoy. This life is only four days. Right now I will enjoy." No, these hollow principles are not any help. Then why does a person like Gorakh say it? His reason for saying it is very unique. You will be surprised to know it.
I also want you to be free of wine, but my reason is not the same as Morarji Desai. I want you to be free of wine because there is a greater wine. If you remain entangled

with this wine then you will never be able to drink that higher wine. I want to take you to the real wine hall, this is why I want to take you out of the false wine hall.
God is wine and such a wine that one who drinks it, drinks it forever. And such a self-forgetfulness that it comes and stays. And such a high that it is never broken. What you buy from the market and drink, if you drink it at night by morning the high will break. Then the same uneasiness, the same tension, the same worries. They can be forgotten for a little while drowning in alcohol but they cannot be destroyed. There is another wine where worries are destroyed. I want to give you this wine. Meditation is wine, prayer is wine. And when a temple is alive its style is that of a wine hall.
I too want that you do not drink wine, but my reason is very paradoxical. I want it because if you remain entwined in the lower wine, then when will you drink the higher wine? When will you drink the real wine? Those who go on drinking water from dirty ponds at the side of the road, will they make the pilgrimage to the lake of consciousness or not? Will they swallow that clear, crystal clear, water down their throat or not?
I don't tell you to leave wine because I am a moralist, or because drinking wine is committing a great sin. What sin? Wine is purely vegetarian -- the essential juice of the grape. What sin can this be? There is no sin from eating grapes, how can there be from drinking wine? You will not go to hell by drinking wine. But yes, by drinking wine you will be unable to receive the heavenly wine. You will remain deprived of it.

I want the pebbles and stones to drop from your hands because a diamond mine is present. Why are you filling your bag with pebbles and stones? Morarji Desai and my statements are as different as earth and sky. His enmity is with your pebbles and stones. He says drop pebbles and stones, pebbles and stones are bad. I say I have no enmity with pebbles and stones. But there are diamonds and jewels. If your bag remains filled with pebbles and stones then diamonds and jewels will remain lying where they are. They are your birth right to attain, you should attain them, your destiny will never be fulfilled without them.
Remember the difference, the difference is fundamental. I also say drop eating meat, but not because you will go to hell if you eat meat, not because if you eat meat it will be violence. I have no concern with these small things. If everyone who eats meat goes to hell then Jesus must be in hell. Ramakrishna Paramahansa must also be in hell -- can a Bengali exist without fish? Without fish and boiled rice they cannot even exist. Ramakrishna Paramahansa kept on eating fish, he must be in hell.
These are trivial things. They have no value. But this much is certainly proven by them: that Ramakrishna Paramahansa's sensitivity never became as deep as it could have. A small veil remained. His heart did not become as full of love as it could have. A little soot remained. Not that he went to hell, but there could have been another experience of beauty which he remained deprived of.
Not that Jesus will go to hell. But there remained a little something missing in his understanding of life, a thorn remained. That thorn too could have come out, should have come out. And it seems to me that if Jesus had lived

longer... he died young, was murdered... then perhaps the thorn would have come out. He was young. And where he was born they were all meat eaters. If he had grown a little older, his awareness had deepened, if his experience of the presence of god had become more and more solid, then certainly he would have dropped eating meat. In the ultimate state, when god starts appearing everywhere, it is impossible to think of destroying someone's life for food. So I don't say it because meat eating is a sin, that in consequence of this sin you will be suffering in hell. Rather I say it because eating meat will decrease your sensitivity. It will take away the subtlety of your sensitivity. The pure music that could arise from within you will not be able to arise. You have put such thick and coarse strings on your veena. There will be music, song will arise, but you have put on thick, rough, cheap strings, when fine, subtle, aristocratic strings were available. You have mistreated your veena. Not that you will fall into hell, because you have put coarse strings on your veena.

And note, don't fall into the illusion that when you eat meat you have killed someone. No one can die. Hence it is not a sin that you have killed something. Death does not exist here. There is no way to kill anything. You only took away the body of a being. That being will take a new body. The question is not of killing, the question is can you take its body? The question is for you. That being will take a new body, take a new womb. No one dies. Krishna says, "Na hanyate hanyamane sharire." The soul does not die when the body is killed. But the question is for you. You have shown insensitivity. There is not heartfulness inside of you. You remain a little stonelike, you are not soft. And if you

are not soft your inner lotus will not blossom. Or will remain half blossomed. Or one or two petals will remain unblossomed.

In the highest state of consciousness meat eating is not possible. And those who want the highest state of consciousness should remain aware of this.

So Gorakh says rightly:

YOGIS STILL CONDEMNING OTHERS, EATING MEAT, DRINKING WINE, TAKING DRUGS?
BY THE HUNDREDS THEY GO TO HELL...

I have seen thousands of people going to hell this way.

... SHREE GORAKH RAJA SPEAKS PLAIN TRUTH.

I am speaking the truth, I am not condemning anyone. I am simply submitting what the fact is. And a revolution begins in the life of one who listens to the truth.

Now Rahim is in a quandary, feet in both worlds,
Seeking truth the world is lost, moving false Rama is lost.

A moment of revolution comes in the life of one who has heard the truth, understood the truth. He starts to see that if he follows the truth he can attain Rama and by itself the world will disappear. The world does not have to be dropped, it disappears by itself. By the false Rama is not found, by the truth the world is not found. One who sees this will have to make a clear choice. I call making this choice initiation, I call this choice sannyas. It is a decisive event.

ALONENESS THE SIDDHA KNOWS, NEEDING TWO IS SADHU, THE TRUE SEEKER,
NEEDING FOUR-FIVE THE HOUSEHOLDER, TEN-TWENTY THE WORLDLY MAN.

The siddha, the realized one knows he is alone. And even in a crowd he is still alone. Understand it this way, even if you are sitting in a forest you are not alone. You have seen people going, where are they going? They are going to the mountains, but they take their transistor radio with them. They get lots of newspapers, buy magazines. Bring the wife, kids, and friends along -- who wants to go alone? They are going to the mountains taking along a crowd, taking the whole bazaar. And if sometime they remain alone in the mountains even then they are not alone. It looks like they are sitting alone, but inside them memories go on circling of friends, wife, husband, children, family, money, wealth, shop, bazaar.

Even if you are alone you are in a crowd. The siddha is one who is alone wherever he is. If he's in a crowd he is still alone. A siddha means one who has become acquainted with his inner nature. We have come alone, we will go alone. We are alone. As we have come, so we are, so we will go. Our aloneness is eternal. And the play that we have created, of husband and wife, the ceremonies we have enacted, the families we have established are all illusion, they are play. They are not any more valuable that playing with dolls and doll houses. Play, certainly: I am not saying to stop playing, but remember that play is play.

ALONENESS THE SIDDHA KNOWS...

One who experiences aloneness is realized, and is called a siddha. One who remains alone even in company is called a siddha.

... NEEDING TWO IS THE SADHU...

One who needs two, that cannot be alone, that cannot live without 'I and thou' -- Gorakh says to consider him a

sadhu, a seeker. He is called sadhu. This is no small thing, to be ready for only two. The mind is not ready even to accept many. One who has reached the one and accepts his being is a siddha. Now there is nothing left for him to attain. He has no more dependence. He has no more reliance on others. One who says at least one other is needed -- whether that one is wife, or husband, or friend, or master, or disciple; one other is needed -- even if that one is god, as long as the devotee says god is needed he has not been able to rise above the sadhu. Duality still remains established. You can establish duality in new directions -- duality of husband and wife, duality of disciple and master, duality of devotee and god, but duality remains established. You will become a siddha, when you become non-dual. Now you are a seeker. This is no small thing, that you are ready for two. There are people here, who are not happy with many.

A letter of Albert Camus says, even if I have all the women in the world, still I can't be satisfied. Because when I see a woman walking on the street, I feel I want to have her. And what Camus' letter says is the state of almost every man. How many will satisfy you? If god were to stand before you and say, ask, how many will satisfy you? Then you will be in great difficulty, how many should you ask? If you think of a million the mind will say a hundred million while the opportunity is available. If you think of a hundred million then a hundred million too will seem small. It seems you should ask ten billion or a trillion or a billion billion. And still you will be uneasy, thinking why not take a bigger number, beyond a billion billion. You will ask for

ten billion billion. Who knows what greater numbers there are! No matter how many you get you cannot be satisfied. This is why Gorakh says that one who is a seeker is happy with two. He is happy with much less. He has come near to one. Now only one more remains to be dropped. Now only one more to be free of.

NEEDING FOUR-FIVE THE HOUSEHOLDER...

And one who is not happy with less than four or five is a householder. He is living in a family. Consider the meaning of householder, one who lives in a house is not called a householder -- one who needs many is called a householder. One whose mind still cannot accept two.

A friend of mine used to go to the mountains for the hot season. It happened about ten years ago that he said to me, "You come too." The husband and wife both used to go.

I said, "Why take me along between the two of you, husband and wife? Just you two go."

He said, "We wish to take you along because if it is just the two of us we can never figure out what we want to do. If there is a third we feel a little easier. If only the two of us are to go then we won't go. Two won't do, at the very least three are needed."

Notice that at first people are alone, they are restless, they get married. Then married they begin to feel restless again so they give birth to children. The number goes on increasing... And it has no end. And if this is still not enough, go and become a member of the Rotary Club. If this still is not enough, join the Janata Party. Some crowd or other... some disturbance...

... TEN-TWENTY THE WORLDLY MAN.

And people who are not happy even with ten or twenty, they need a horde of associates, they need a whole army. They are worldly.

The siddha is one who is happy with his own existing. The worldly is one who is not satisfied even with a crowd of thousands, who is always searching for a crowd. Okay... let's go see the Kumbha Mela. What will you do at the Kumbha Mela? Do you want to be pushed and shoved? The bigger the crowd, the more it grows, because many people enjoy a crowd. If a crowd is standing somewhere, you will abandon a hundred thousand jobs and go stand in the crowd. You forget your real work, why you had gone out. It may be that your wife was sick and you were going to call a doctor, but the crowd was so much that you felt to have a look at what is going on. You stood in the crowd, got lost in excitement.

A crowd has its own magnetic attraction, that pulls people. The bigger the crowd, the more they get excited, get agitated. This is the most degenerate state of the mind, the crowd. And one who wants to stay with the crowd will have to follow it.

Sannyas is a means of becoming free of the crowd. One must repudiate the psychology of the crowd. The crowd says, if you remain like us you can live among us. Wear clothes like the clothes we wear. Have your hair cut like we have our hair cut. Do everything as we do. Then you can be a member. Then you can be with us.

The crowd says that if you attempt to show your own individuality then you can't be with us. This is why every crowd tries to take away your individuality, to efface you, to make you a number, a statistic not a man. This is why no

crowd can forgive you if you become a little unique. Very small things cannot be forgiven.
A gentleman came to me saying, "Since my son has started coming to listen to you he has let his hair grow."
So I said, "How does letting hair grow damage you?"
"No," he said, "It doesn't damage me at all but in our family no one lets their hair grow like that."
So I said, "It is the hairs fault. If they are left alone, won't they grow? What's the harm in it? He saves a little money. Why are you bothered by your son's hair getting long?"
He was bothered but couldn't give any clear answer to what was bothering him, but he was bothered, "... because he is becoming a little unique, becoming a little distinct from us. This has never happened in our family. Hair should be cut just like it should be."
Who decides how it should be cut? Who is the boss to decide this matter?
I told him, "Do you worship Bhagwan Krishna?"
He said, "Of course I worship."
"Do you accept him totally?"
"I accept him."
"His hair? If he were born in your family you would call him a hippie. And if he puts on his peacock crown, then? Think about your son a little, if he grows his hair, wears yellow clothes of silk, puts on ornaments etc, picks up a flute, starts setting down rhythms with his feet and stands with his peacock crown, then what will you do? Will you worship or not? Will you do puja and worship him -- or will you do puja in the other sense and punish him?"
The crowd cannot forgive the slightest difference. The crowd wants you to become obedient. Do you know what

people do in villages? The crowd ostracizes you -- food and snacks are cut off, tobacco and visiting are cut off. And a man in the village for whom tobacco and visiting are cut off -- no one offers him a smoke, no one calls him for a meal -- that man is dead, his very living becomes difficult. The cities have given man a kind of freedom that never existed in villages and could never exist there. The village was very enslaving. Villages have started being eliminated so freedom is increasing in the world. A village was a very collective thing. The greatest danger in the village was that the village could excommunicate you on any excuse. Any slight thing and you were excommunicated, your life became hard. Who to live with all the time? Who to talk to? Social intercourse was shut off. Life was impossible. No one would speak to you or converse with you. The village is so small that if anyone talks with you social intercourse will be shut off for him too. Going out, people will avoid you.

People praise the village highly, without seeing and understanding. The village was a great bondage, the village was a total prison. Even now the village is a prison. Even now there is no freedom in the village. There cannot be freedom in the village. Freedom is possible only in a big town where there are enough people that social intercourse cannot be shut off. If someone shuts you off then other people will be available that you can sit with, that you can speak with. The village is so small that control can easily be maintained.

Hence in a country like India the elimination of untouchability is impossible as long as villages exist. And the strange thing is that Mahatma Gandhi and all the people

that have followed him think that the village should remain -- and at the same time this they want untouchability to be eliminated. Untouchability cannot be eliminated in the village. In the village it is impossible to eliminate untouchability. There is no way. Untouchables cannot even drink water from the village well. They cannot even go to the village temple. In the city it can be eliminated, in the city who can know that an untouchable has come into the temple? No seal has been marked on the face of an untouchable.

In the world the job that Buddha and Mahavira were not able to accomplish, has been done by small things, like the railway. Buddha and Mahavira could not do the work that trains have done. An untouchable is sitting happily at your side. You cannot do anything. He has taken a ticket too. If you are to do something what will you do? And it is not certain that he is an untouchable. And it is possible he is wearing more stylish clothes than you, that you are smoking a 'bidi' and he is smoking a cigarette. What will you do? If you are hungry on the train you will eat with the untouchable sitting at your side, he will push up closer, he will shove more. You cannot do anything.

I say unto you that what Buddha and Mahavira could not do the trains have done. Buddha and Mahavira tried hard to eliminate untouchability, they couldn't manage. The poor trains have done it, have accomplished it. They have brought a revolution. The job that temples could not do, restaurants have done. The job pilgrimage centers could not do, cinema halls have done. Life has its own way of moving.

The city has brought a kind of freedom to man. In the village there is great trouble. In the village every inch of your behavior is known, every inch of your character is known. It is a small place. Everyone knows what everyone else is doing every moment. Each one knows, knows you through and through, just as you know them through and through. In the city it is very convenient. If you fall in love with a woman, she lives in the other side of the city. Your neighbors will not know that you have fallen in love with a woman. They think that every day you are going for satsang, that you have become a great devotee, early in the morning you leave for the temple. In the village this was not possible. In the village freedom was impossible, the village was bondage. The crowd was in control.

The birth of the individual has happened in cities. In villages no individuals existed, only the crowd existed. The soul is born in one who rises above the crowd, in him the birth of a soul starts to happen. In the crowd the soul is not born.

This is why I say a Hindu has no soul. A Muslim has no soul. He is part of a crowd. The crowd is suppressed by politics.

Be an individual. Free yourself from prisons. Drop all discriminations. And you will find the soul starts shining inside of you. Start being alone.

There are difficulties in being alone. But one who passes through difficulties is cleansed also.

GREATNESS IS WHEN GREATNESS EFFACED, CONSIDER THIS WORD OF TRUTH:

ONE WHO BECOMES TINY THE MASTER SEEKS OUT, LIFTS THE LOAD OFF HIS HEAD.

A lovely statement. Gorakh is saying greatness comes only when you completely obliterate your greatness.

GREATNESS IS WHEN GREATNESS EFFACED...

Greatness will arrive in your life when you completely efface and destroy your ego. When the feeling of I completely disappears. When will the 'I' disappear? When 'thou' is no longer needed. As long as you need the other, I too will remain. I and thou exist together.

You will be surprised to know that psychologists say the child first knows the other, then knows I. How can the child see himself at first? He doesn't know anything of himself. First he knows the mother. He sees his mother sometimes comes close, sometimes goes away. Lying there in the cradle he goes on seeing that when I am hungry, when I cry mother comes near. When I am not troubled mother goes away. Slowly slowly it starts becoming clear to him that mother is separate from him. Mother is the other. As it starts to get clear to him that mother is distinct, then at the same time slowly slowly like a shadow it starts to become clear to him, I am distinct also.

The other arises first, then the I arises. And it disappears in the same way: first the other disappears, then I disappears. People who want to get rid of the I first, never get rid of it. So don't try to get rid of the ego directly. Drop dependence on the other. Become such that you have no need of the other, such that you alone are enough -- sufficient, satisfied, contented! Slowly slowly as the other is gone, the I will go just after it.

I and thou are two sides of the same coin -- on one side is written I, on the other side thou. It is easy to drop the other, because the other is other, she is separate. To drop the I is

difficult. And in one who drops the other, the I drops by itself.

GREATNESS IS WHEN GREATNESS EFFACED...

... and then greatness comes into your life. This is a rare statement. One whose ego, whose I; that I am above, I am great, I am prominent, I am special, I am extraordinary, incomparable -- if such ideas of importance are destroyed, are erased, then importance manifests inside him. He becomes incomparable. You only think you are incomparable, you are not. He becomes certain.

Gorakh says think about this truth a little.

ONE WHO BECOMES TINY THE MASTER SEEKS OUT...

And one who becomes void of I like this becomes tiny, becomes simple like a small child in whom the I has not yet been born, the master himself comes looking for him.

ONE WHO BECOMES TINY THE MASTER SEEKS OUT, LIFTS THE LOAD OFF HIS HEAD.

And naturally if a bundle has been put on the head of a small child then who will not think of lifting it down? When you become tiny, become small, become a child, the master appears before you and only then can the bundle be brought down, only then can compassion shower on you. And if the bundle comes down, your load comes down -- of thoughts, of desires -- then the root is cut!

Watering leaf by leaf, salting one snack at a time
Rahim such intelligence! Who will call it great?

You have seen in a village when a woman is making bari snacks she will never salt them one bari at a time. Salt has to be mixed into the batter. When a gardener waters he doesn't water each and every leaf, he waters the roots.

Watering leaf by leaf...
It would be total madness if a gardener watered leaf by leaf.
... salting one snack at a time
And if someone separately salted each bari it would be madness.
Rahim such an intelligence! Who will call it great?
No one will say this is an indication of intelligence. A gardener gives water to the roots. A woman making baris puts the salt in the batter. Get to the root. The root of all your illusions is ego. Cut the ego.
Another statement of Gorakh:
NATH SAYS, LISTEN O AVADHU, KEEP THE MIND FOREVER STEADY,
REMOVE THE EGO, SEX, ANGER. YOU HAVE TRAVELED TO ALL SACRED PILGRIM PLACES.
Don't go on a pilgrimage. There is not need to go anywhere. All directions become transformation, all become places of transformation. Just do one thing:
REMOVE THE EGO, SEX, ANGER...
And ego is the root. And ego still contains all the leaves -- of sex, of anger, of greed. All the leaves are contained in the ego. Ego is the root. If this one thing is removed, it this one thing is said farewell to -- the I -- enough, the moment of life transformation has come. The great transformation has happened. You have entered from darkness into light.
HOPE BRINGS DISTRESS, DOUBT BRINGS SORROW,
And one who lives preserving hopes, lives holding desires will always be surrounded by adversities. The more your desire the more your dejection, because in this world no

desire is fulfilled. Desire cannot be fulfilled. The nature of desire is not to be fulfilled. Desire is unfulfillable. As Buddha has said, craving is unfulfillable. It cannot be fulfilled.

A man came to a Sufi fakir. And he said, "How can my craving be fulfilled?"

The fakir said, "Come with me. I am going to the well to get water, at the same time I can instruct you. When we reach, there will be no need to speak. You will be able to see it and understand."

The enquirer was a little surprised, thinking what kind of instruction is this that can be given at the well. And is this man in his senses or not?" This fakir was carefree, very ecstatic. His eyes were as if he had just drunk wine. They were red. He was in ecstasy. His feet wobbled as he walked the way a merry drunkard walks. The enquirer started to feel a little afraid, the matter of the well, if he gives a shove? If he does something or he himself jumps in and I am caught? But still he was interested in the answer he will give. Okay let's go, I will stand back a little and watch. And what he saw surprised him even more. He thought, he is completely mad.

He dropped a bucket in the well that had no bottom in it. The bucket made a great racket inside the well, made a huge noise and sank in the water. It didn't take any time to fill up, because there was no bottom in it. Then he pulled, but got nothing. The bucket came up empty, then he threw it again. Two or three times the man watched. He said, "Brother, are you in your senses? I had come to be instructed by you: it seems you yourself are in need of

instruction. What are you doing? Are you mad? Will this bucket ever be filled?"

The fakir said, "You have understood something? I am dropping this bucket in the well for you. The bucket of craving has no bottom. You go on filling it your whole life, it will not fill up. No one has ever filled it. There is no bottom: what can I do, what can you do? This is why there is sorrow. Then when the bucket... you make so much effort, reach the well, manage to reach the edge of the well with great difficulty, because there was a line there, a crowd. With great difficulty, somehow you get the chance to drop the bucket. You drop the bucket and it fills up too: when you look into the well you find the bucket full, you see it submerged in the water. You are in high spirits, you start pulling. You pull with great expectations and when it reaches your hand -- not a drop in it!

"How many desires have you had? How many times have you felt that now I am satisfied? But were you ever? How many times have you felt that now the bucket far away in the well is full? -- by the time it reached your hand it was empty. Again and again this has happened, but still you didn't wake up, still you weren't startled out of your sleep?"

HOPE BRINGS DISTRESS, DOUBT BRINGS SORROW

One who lives in hope this way will always be in affliction. ... DOUBT BRINGS SORROW

And there will be nothing but suffering in the life of one who is doubtful, who has not yet been able to catch hold of the thread of trust.

Doubt can never give rise to happiness because doubt is a dilemma, a wavering, a mind in fragments. In trust the mind becomes collected, become united, becomes

unfragmented. And the very nature of an unfragmented mind is bliss.

THESE TWO BIG DISEASES WON'T LEAVE WITHOUT A MASTER.

This double affliction -- of hope and of doubt -- will not let up, until some master startles you, awakens you.

THESE TWO BIG DISEASES WON'T LEAVE WITHOUT A MASTER.

One who does not run away, a master will invite with his light, let you join his radiance too, he will give you an opportunity to look inside of him. And you will see a burning light there and a shower of bliss and a taste of immortality. Then you will understand completely how it happened -- it happened through trust. How it happened -- it happened through becoming free of desire.

As I was saying, I and thou are two faces of the same coin, in the same way desire and doubt are two faces of the same coin, in the same way trust and bliss are two faces of the same coin. These things go together. But how can you know that trust and bliss are two sides of the same coin? You can know it sitting near one in whom the happening has occurred.

BALANCE HAS BECOME THE ESSENCE OF ALL AUSTERITY AND PENANCE HAS REDUCED THE CHILDISH CUPID TO ASH,

LOOK FOR SUCH A YOGI IN THE WORLD, ALL OTHERS JUST FILL THEIR STOMACHS.

The essence of all chanting and austerities, all centering -- is satsang. Without it nothing can happen. Without it no matter what you do will be the groping of a blind man. It is like a blind man shooting arrows. He cannot see the arrow,

he cannot see the target. Does an arrow shot in the dark ever hit? And if it should hit it has no value.

BALANCE HAS BECOME THE ESSENCE OF ALL AUSTERITY AND PENANCE...

Only through satsang is there an emergence of centering, of sanyam, which is the essence of all chanting and austerities. Consider this word sanyam -- it means centering not restraint or control. The word sanyam has become very distorted in people's hands. Ordinarily you call a renunciate a sanyami. This is incorrect. Neither the worldly nor the renunciate is sanyami: both are asanyami -- uncentered, imbalanced. One is imbalanced in the direction of worldly enjoyment, the other is imbalanced in the direction of renunciation. The balanced, the sanyam, lives in the middle. The very meaning of the word sanyam is in the middle, balanced, even tempered.

One man is eating too much, he is uncentered. And another man fasts too much, he too is uncentered. He is uncentered at the other extreme. But one who eats the right amount of food, eats just as much as is necessary, neither less nor more -- he is sanyami, centered.

The word sanyam indicates music in one's life. Sanyam is the music of life's veena. The strings should not be too tight, should not be too loose.

LOOK FOR SUCH A YOGI IN THE WORLD...

If you meet a yogi somewhere who is centered he is worth seeing. Neither indulgent, nor renunciate. This is a problem with me, with my sannyasins. I don't tell them to become renunciates. And for centuries you have understood that a renunciate is sanyami. This is why you think I am not teaching my sannyasins sanyam. I am teaching them

nothing but sanyam, centering. I tell them: Move away from indulgence a little, don't lean towards renunciation. Indulgence is on the left, renunciation is on the right. Truth is in between the two, in the exact middle -- majjhim nikaya, the middle path. This is the golden path: living in between. Live in the world but live such that the world is not in you at all. Sit in the market and be in meditation.

LOOK FOR SUCH A YOGI IN THE WORLD...

You should see this. If there is a wonder in the world worth seeing it is not the Taj Mahal, or the pyramids of Egypt, or the Great Wall of China -- if there is a wonder in the world worth seeing it is a person who has come to the center, who is in sanyam, because from there arises a fragrance, a sound, that if you understand it, if it reaches your nostrils, if it gives your ear its secret, if it pierces your heart -- then you will start to be transformed. A new journey will begin in your life. 'Lead me from darkness unto light.' You will start moving from darkness towards the light. 'Lead me from death to immortality.' You will start moving from death to the immortal. 'Lead me from falsehood to the truth.' You will start moving from the false to the truth.

But this happening will occur near a sanyami.

THESE TWO BIG DISEASES WON'T LEAVE WITHOUT A MASTER....

LOOK FOR SUCH A YOGI IN THE WORLD, ALL OTHERS JUST FILL THEIR STOMACHS.

And the rest of what goes on in the name of yoga, this whole profession, is just a way of filling the belly, nothing more than that. You can see your Akhandanandas, Pakhandanandas etc, etc... Their whole employment is

growing a big belly. The bigger the belly the bigger the yogi -- this seems to be the definition. And the one who has defeated everyone is Nityananda, the guru of Baba Muktananda of Ganeshpuri. Have you seen his picture? Look at his picture and then read this statement of Gorakh again:

... ALL OTHERS JUST FILL THEIR STOMACHS.

You may have seen many bellies, but Nityananda's has no equal -- nothing but stomach! Have you seen his picture or not? If you haven't seen it then definitely see it. People just go on filling up. And you call him a sannyasin, call him a mahatma.

Sanyam is music. Sanyam is a rare art. Sanyam is not a matter of forcing, sanyam is spontaneity.

HOW CAN I SAY O PUNDIT, WHERE GOD IS?
IF YOU LOOK FOR OWN SELF, THERE IS
NO I, NO THOU.

O pandits, o scholarly people. How can I explain to you in which place god is, because god is everywhere. He exists and nothing else.

O pandits, how can I explain where god is, where is god not?

IF YOU LOOK FOR OWN SELF, THERE IS
NO I, NO THOU.

One thing I can say to you, if you look at yourself then you will not find any I nor any thou. And the moment there is no more I, no more thou, what will remain is god. You cannot attain god anywhere else.

A statement of Gorakh:

HIDE SEEING IN YOUR EYES, LISTENING IN THE EARS,

HIDE BREATHING AT THE NOSE TIP, ONLY THE STATE OF NIRVANA REMAINS.
Hide the flame in your eye, hide the sense of seeing. Don't look outside, looking out you get entangled.
HIDE SEEING IN YOUR EYES...
Hide the capacity of the eyes to see and close the eyes, so that the whole energy of seeing becomes collected inside, so you can see yourself.
... LISTENING IN THE EARS
And now don't listen outside the ear. Now be free of what is outside the ear and listen within.
... LISTENING IN THE EARS,
HIDE BREATHING AT THE NOSE TIP...
It is enough this taking breath from outside. Now search for that moment when the outer breath stops, becomes peaceful, neither comes nor goes. Then you will experience a new life inside, you will experience a new breath.
... ONLY THE STATE OF NIRVANA REMAINS.
Then nothing remains, then only the state of nirvana remains. This experience is the experience of god, this experience is liberation, this is nirvana. These are differences of name.
ONLY THE STATE OF NIRVANA REMAINS.
HOW CAN I SAY O PUNDIT, WHERE GOD IS?
How can I tell you, O pandits, you are looking in scriptures: you have gone mad. You are looking on pilgrimages? You are mad. You are seeking in idols? You are mad. God is not found in such places.
IF YOU LOOK FOR OWN SELF... look at yourself!
... THERE IS NO I, NO THOU. There neither I remain nor you remain, no I no thou -- whatever is left is god.

... ONLY THE STATE OF NIRVANA REMAINS.
A STONE HOUSE OF GOD?
The idol too is made of stone.
A GOD OF STONE?
The temple is stone, the idol is stone.
HOW WILL LOVE BURST FORTH WORSHIPPING STONE?
And endlessly worshipping stone you think a fountain of love will spring up in you heart?
Guard this statement deep in your heart. This calamity has happened so clearly in this country it is not necessary to prove it. India has become so stone-hearted, the whole cause is the worship of stones. If you worship stone you become stone. Worship with a little understanding, because what you worship becomes the destination of your life. What you worship becomes an ideal for you. What you worship, you will start to become like. Think before you worship.
A STONE HOUSE OF GOD, A GOD OF STONE? HOW WILL LOVE BURST FORTH WORSHIPPING STONE?
And how will prayer arise within you? How will love be awakened? How will the lamp of love be born? A stone is your god, your temple is of stone, you too will become stone. The devotee whose god is stone will not remain human for long, he will become stone.
In this country you will see a very miraculous thing. People are worshipping a lot, they are praying -- and they are completely stonelike. There is no kindness, no compassion, no love. Kindness, compassion and love are completely gone. No one has anything to do with anyone else. If someone is dying or living it is no one's business. And

people have discovered great doctrines: that each one is suffering the fruits of his own karma, what should we do? -- we are on our way to worship in the temple. People are suffering the fruits of their own karma. As you have done so you will suffer. As you have sown so you will reap. If your house catches fire, sometime you must have set fire to someone else's house. Now suffer it, who will put it out? You are dying of starvation, die, you must have caused someone to starve in a past life, so now you are suffering the fruit.

These are tricks. These are the snares of doctrine. And remember, just as spiders spinning webs to catch flies, won't sit on their web proclaiming, "Come, flies and be caught, I will eat you." Will any flies be caught then? When a spider spins a web he says to the flies, "Come flies, drink some tea, have breakfast... Come by sometime, lets get together. We'll have satsang, discuss a couple of things." Then the flies will be caught. And if they are caught, they are caught.

Great spider webs of religious doctrine are spread all around you. If you are caught in them you will writhe in agony, the spiders will suck you. These spiders have become your religious teachers, pandits, priests. They have become ones who direct your life, great seers of life. They are giving you paths, they show you the way -- they who don't know any path. Those who haven't had any experience of themselves are talking about the soul, talking about god. Empty words, false words. There is no breath in their words, nor is a there a beating heart.

A STONE HOUSE OF GOD, A GOD OF STONE? HOW WILL LOVE BURST FORTH WORSHIPPING STONE?

OFFERING LIFE TO WORSHIP THE LIFELESS?
You see how people pick flowers, living flowers. Flowers have just blossomed, they were just dancing in the wind. They were just spreading their fragrance to the sky. They were just having a dialogue with the rays of the sun. They were so happy, so ecstatic. Then they were picked. People go out in the morning to pick them. Picked, they are offered in the temple. Living flowers are murdered, and offered up to a stone? What was already offered to existence you steal and offer to a stone?
He is right:
OFFERING LIFE TO WORSHIP THE LIFELESS?
How insane you are! If you brought stones and offered them to flowers okay, but don't destroy flowers. And people say, "No-no, we love flowers very much, this is why we pick them."
A friend wanted to pick a flower and give it to George Bernard Shaw. They were strolling together in a garden. The friend's garden, the flowers... He saw Bernard Shaw standing near the flowers overwhelmed, absorbed... The friend started to pick. Bernard Shaw said, "Stop! Stop! Don't pick them."
He said, "Don't you like the flowers?"
Bernard Shaw said, "I like them very much, they are very lovely."
So he said, "That's why I am picking them."
He said, "This is too much! If a child is lovely do you break its neck and make a bouquet? If a flower is lovely how can you pick it? How are you able to do it? You don't cut children's heads to decorate your bouquets, putting the head

of the child on the table, saying look he is our son, how lovely! So why do you pick flowers?"
Gorakh is right:
OFFERING LIFE TO WORSHIP THE LIFELESS?
I lived in Jabalpur for many years. I used to keep a lovely garden. Many flowers bloomed there. People started coming in the morning to pick flowers. They came with tilak and sandalwood paste on their foreheads, chanting Rama-Rama, Rama-Rama. So I said, "Don't pick the flowers."
They said, "But we are picking them for worship. Everyone has the right to pick flowers for worship."
I said, "If you are picking them for any other reason I can give them, but not for worship."
They said, "What do you mean?"
I said, "For worship I absolutely cannot give, because they are already worshipping. Don't disturb their worship. They are offered up to god. Yes, if you have fallen in love with some woman and you want to offer her a flower, good, take it. At least offer it to the living."
"No," they said, "We are going to the temple of the goddess."
I said, "If you offer them to a living goddess you can pick them, but they are not for any temple-shlemple."
Then I had a sign put up, saying, "If you want flowers for anything except worship, pick them. But for worship it is not allowed."
In this garden too, flowers are blooming, they wither just where they bloom. They have been offered to existence right where they are. Why pick them?

OFFERING LIFE TO WORSHIP THE LIFELESS? HOW CAN YOU SWIM THE INFINITE THROUGH SUCH SINFUL ACTS?

How to swim across this difficult ocean with these false acts? with these useless actions? with these unconscious activities?

BATHING IN TIRTHA AFTER TIRTHA...

How many pilgrimage places, how many bathing ghats, have you bathed at?

... HOW CAN THE INNER BE PENETRATED THROUGH OUTER CLEANSING?

And you have washed the body outside, how will it penetrate inside? When will you wash the inside? The inside will be washed at only one tirtha -- when you find a bathing ghat of satsang, of sitting with the master. Satsang is the only lake where an inner bath happens.

ADINATH MY GRANDSON, MACHINDRANATH MY SON,

GORAKH AVADHUT BEHOLDS HIS OFFSPRING.

A very amazing statement. You will be surprised hearing it. He is saying...

Adinath is a unique mythical name in India's history. I say mythical, not historical, because history doesn't account for such things. But Adinath is like the source of the Ganges. The Jainas consider Adinath their first master, their first tirthankara. Rishabdev and Adinath are his names. He is the first tirthankara: hence 'Adi-nath' -- the 'original master', the one who was first, the one who began it. The Jaina tradition was born from Adinath.

In the Rig Veda Adinath is mentioned with great respect, an extremely respectful description. Hence he is given total

respect in the Hindu tradition too. The Hindu tradition has not given any respect to Mahavira. They have not even mentioned his name. If there were no Jaina and Buddhist scriptures it would not be known that Mahavira ever existed. But Adinath has been given great respect. It appears that Jaina and Hindu traditions became separate later on. At the time of Adinath they must have been one. No distinction had been made yet. This is why the description in the Rig Veda indicates respect, great respect. And he is the first tirthankara of the Jainas. He is the very foundation of their whole religion.
Tantrikas also maintain that Tantra began with Adinath. And Siddha Yogis also maintain that Adinath is their first guru. Hence Adinath appears to be the original source. As if all the traditions of this country emerged and flowed from this one individual.

But Gorakh's statement is very shocking. Gorakh says:
ADINATH MY GRANDSON!
Adinath is my grandson.
... MACHINDRANATH MY SON!
And my guru - his master was Machindranath -- is my son.
... GORAKH AVADHUT BEHOLDS HIS OFFSPRING.
Seeing my sons and daughters, seeing my sons and grandsons I am very happy.
As we come closer and closer to the time of Kabir, statements like this began to be called ulatbansi, reversed flutes. It is a very lovely statement! Jesus too has a statement like this. Someone asked Jesus: "On what authority do you speak?"

And Jesus said, "On what authority? Before Abraham existed, I am."
Abraham has the same place in Jewish, Christian and Islamic traditions as Adinath has in Jaina, Hindu and Buddhist tradition. Abraham is the first man of the Jewish tradition. Later Christianity emerged from him. Later Islam emerged from him. Jesus' statement is very wonderful. Jesus says: "On what authority? Before Abraham I am."
The questioner said, "You are trying to startle me. Are you talking senses? Thousands of years have passed since Abraham existed."
Jesus said, "Yes, I know, but I precede him."
What could Jesus mean? Jesus is saying that which is at my center of centers, that which is the life of my life, existed before anything had happened. When existence had not yet begun, when the sunrise of existence had not happened, since then I am.
And whenever someone knows it, then everything else is afterwards. One who has known his own nature has known god, he has known the root of existence. And the root is certainly before everything. Adinath was after him, Abraham was after him.
Gorakh it saying the same. A profound joke, a lovely jest. Gorakh is saying since I have known myself, since then I have known that everything else happened after me.
Remember 'me' does not mean Gorakh. Me has the same meaning as Krishna means in the Geeta. Drop all religion Arjuna, and come to my feet. This my feet does not mean come to the feet of Krishna. I am the one. Who is that 'I am the one'? Not Krishna. That one is manifest in Krishna, that one is also manifest in Arjuna. That one is always being

manifested and will always be manifested. That same has manifested in me, that same has manifested in you. If someone finds out, he becomes a buddha and if someone does not find out he remains sleeping. This is the only difference between buddhas and non-buddhas. There is no other difference. One has awakened, the other is sleeping. But the one who is sleeping is just as much god as the awakened. There isn't a grain of difference. There is no qualitative difference.

He is revealing this fact:

ADINATH MY GRANDSON...

What should I say about myself? Since I have known myself, I have seen myself, what has happened? Now it appears to me that even Adinath happened after me.

ADINATH MY GRANDSON, MACHINDRANATH MY SON...

And perhaps Adinath you have quite forgotten already, you don't even remember him. But Machindranath, who is my master -- and who was just alive -- he is my son.

... GORAKH AVADHUT BEHOLDS HIS OFFSPRING.

And this whole existence is my own offspring. Seeing this Gorakh Avadhut is very happy. There is another saying of Gorakh, Narendra had just asked about it yesterday. That saying is also lovely:

AVADHU, CALL GOD MY DISCIPLE, CALL MACHHINDRA MY GRANDSON,
LEST GURULESS THE EARTH IS ANNIHILATED,
COMPASSIONATELY I REVERSE THE ORDER.

O Avadhut, Shiva is my chela, my disciple, god himself is my disciple. O Avadhut, existence is my disciple, Machindranath my grandson, meaning a disciple of a

disciple. I have no need to establish myself as a master because I am god in person. But from the fear that the unenlightened people that follow me will not be able to have faith in a yogi without a guru, I have made Machindranath my guru, while in reality the order is reverse, because Machindranath himself is my disciple.
LEST GURULESS THE EARTH IS ANNIHILATED...
So that people with no master don't start making their own declarations that they have reached. So that hollow people don't start making false declarations, this is the reason.
LEST GURULESS THE EARTH IS ANNIHILATED...
So that the whole earth doesn't go into annihilation.
... COMPASSIONATELY I REVERSE THE ORDER.
This is why I have made a reversal. I have made my own son my father. I have made my own disciple my master, so that for unenlightened people an indication remains, that without a master there is no enlightenment.
And whoever becomes enlightened, this is their experience:
AVADHU, ISHVAR MY CHELA, BHANINJAY AND MACHINDRA MY GRANDSONS,
Whoever is enlightened becomes the form of the divine. One who has known himself has become the ultimate. What he knows he becomes. Then everything else comes after him. He has gone beyond time, he has gone outside of time and place. He is first, he is last. He is the very first, he is also the very last. In reality there is just one, not two. Who is guru and who is chela? Who is bhakta, who is bhagwan? Who is devotee, who god? Not even this distinction remains, nor should it remain. Only in this identity is the showering of bliss, the experience of the immortal.

But you will have to disappear before this. As you are you are egotistical, this ego state you will have to say good by to.
DIE, O YOGI, DIE! DIE, SWEET IS DYING.
DIE THAT DEATH GORAKH DIED AND SAW.

Enough for today?

Death is Divine

Chapter #8
Chapter title: Come, spread this moonlight, wrap yourself in it
8 October 1978 am in Buddha Hall

[Note: This is a translation from the Hindi Maran Hey Jogi Maram, which is in the process of being edited. It is for research only.]

The first question:
Question 1
WHY IS GOD SAID TO BE INDESCRIBABLE?

Everything in life is indescribable. God is the totality of life. When everything in life is indescribable then the union of all will be utterly indescribable.
Can you give a description of love, if someone asks what is love? And it is not that you have not known love. If a heavy downpour has not come, a drizzle certainly has. In some way or another, through some door or another you have had

some experience of love. You have known the love of a friend, of a husband, of a wife, of a son, of a mother, of a father. From somewhere or other a ray of love has descended, because no one can live without a ray of love. An encounter has happened, a window has opened. But if someone asks, what is love, you will remain absolutely speechless. What can you say?

If someone asks, what is beauty? -- and it is not that you have not perceived beauty. You have seen sometimes the night filled with the full moon. Sometimes you have seen the sky pulsating with stars. You have seen the flowers blooming. You have heard the cooing of the cuckoo. You have known veena music playing. Beauty is being manifested in many many forms. Even one who is extremely insensitive knows some beauty in some form or other. Sometimes in the face of some person, sometimes in someone's movement, in the way they live, sometimes in someone's voice. Some experience or another of beauty must have happened. No person is so unfortunate that he has not experienced beauty. But if someone asks, what is beauty? How will you define it? What definition can you give? You will be dumbfounded.

There can be no definition of beauty, there can be no definition of love -- then how can there be a definition of god? God is the highest beauty and god is the highest love. Beauty and love are too high you might think. Come down to smaller things. Have you tasted something? And if someone asks what is taste? You have known sweetness but if someone asks you to define sweetness you will be at a loss. Not even small things like sweetness can be defined. Even here one goes completely silent, becomes quiet. And

if someone asks who has never known sweetness then the difficulty will be even more. Not even sweetness can be defined.

A very great thinker of the West, G. E. Moore wrote an amazing book on the definition of what is good. After some two hundred and fifty pages of continuous effort on what is good, Moore reached the conclusion that 'good' cannot be defined. And the examples that Moore gives: like, how will you define the color yellow? The color yellow -- such a small thing -- scattered all around us. Marigolds are in bloom, yellow oleanders are blooming, golden yellow is showering from the sun. Everyone experiences yellow. If someone asks what is yellow, you will only be able to say, "Yellow is yellow."

What is sweetness? Sweetness is sweetness. And what is love? Love is love. All these small experiences are indescribable, so that vastness must also be indescribable. No matter what picture you make it will be false, it will be too small. Any doctrine created concerning it will seem trifling.

This is why it is said that god is indescribable. Those who have known say he is indescribable. Those who have not known make descriptions of god. Only those who don't know describe god, only they give definitions. Only they carve images of god. Only they create doctrines about god, create scriptures. Those who know say god is not describable. They have remained silent. They never spoke about god. Yes, they have spoken about how god can be attained.

Drink water and you will know if it is sweet or bitter, cool or not. If you drink you will know. Those who know will

indicate fresh waters for you. They won't say a single word about the taste of water. They say, "There is a pool. I drank there. You come too, I will take you. Come, hold my hand."

Those who know talk about methods how god can be known. Those who don't know try to prove god, they offer proofs saying, "Here, this is the proof. God exists this way. He has one thousand hands or four hands or three heads." All these are foolish statements. His hands cannot be measured in a thousand hands. Three heads will not be enough because all heads are his, and all hands are his. And not only hands that exist today. Hands that do not yet exist are also his. Those that exist today are his, and those that exist in the infinite future are also his. How can it be expressed in a thousand hands? And not only man's hands are his, the hands of birds and animals are his too. Branches of trees, these hands of trees are also his. Everything is his. How can this vastness fit in words? It is difficult.

What you are, is not here in your picture!

Have you loved someone? And did anyone give you a picture of your beloved? And did you feel the difference?

What you are, is not here in your picture!

Your image is cast in colors here, you could not be cast
The fire of your breathing, the fragrance of your body could not be cast
The tenderness in you, it is not found in my manuscript
It is not here in your picture!
In this lifeless beauty, where is the grace of your movement?
It is a denial of grace not the promise of it
Where is the softness of your defiant locks?

It is not here in your picture!
There is nothing in the world like you
Come somehow, before me once again
In my fate, is there not a single glimpse more?
-- not in your picture!
What you are, is not here in your picture!
In ordinary love too you must have experienced that a picture of your beloved cannot be put on paper. No matter how much color you put, her color will not come. No matter how much it radiates, her radiance will not come. Something will be left out. What is living will be left behind. What is real is left behind, just the surface is found in the picture. The soul is left behind, the body is caught.
And god is pure being, hence he is indescribable. God is the purest essence of this existence. The picture of a flower can be made but how will you make a picture of fragrance? A flower has both body and soul. In fragrance only soul remains, the body is gone.
God is the fragrance of existence. Yes, a picture of a veena can be made, but the stroking of veena string, the music arising... how will you make a picture of this music? Has anyone ever made a picture of music? It can be experienced. It can be enjoyed. It can be tasted.
So don't get involved in the defining of god. Cloak yourself in god. Wear him. Drink him. Eat and digest him. Let god become your flesh and bones. Don't ask for his definition. Don't fall into the trap of words.
Come, let us share this moonlight, be cloaked in it, wear it
-- come!
Don't talk about moonlight. In talk it will be lost somewhere. It will get hung up somewhere in talk.

Come, let us share this moonlight, be cloaked in it, wear it -- come!
Bathe in moonlight, drown, be carried across
Come, let us share this moonlight!
Cool cool moonlight
Wound-balm moonlight
Uncontrollable oozing from the wounds will be stopped
Flowing waters from the eyes
Hesitating they freeze
Come, harvest the grain of unsown dreams...
Come, let us share this moonlight!
Soft delicate flute of light rays
A flute like sandalwood scent of mystic gardens
Melodious throat
Like yours
This sound wave
Like heartbeat music
Drenched in love
Come, let us dance and lose ourselves in deep waves
Come, let us share this moonlight!
Throw the definition of god, the proof of god, the indecisive words about god. God cannot be thought about. Come, be without thoughts. Live god. Experience god. Here I am not defining god. If a thirst awakens in your heart I can hold your hand and take you to that sacred place. Don't come here as a student. A student's eagerness is to increase knowledge. Come to me as a seeker. The seeker's thirst is something else, very different from the student. The seeker asks, how can the experience happen? The student asks, how can knowledge be increased? The

student wants to decorate his memory. The seeker wants to set his life aflame.
Come, let us share this moonlight, be cloaked in it, wear it -- come!
Like heartbeat music
Drenched in love
Soft delicate flute of light rays
A flute like sandalwood scent of mystic gardens
Melodious throat
Like yours
This sound wave
Come, let us dance and lose ourselves in deep waves
Come, let us share this moonlight!
Experience will come, then this very experience is the description. When you become the witness, in the very witnessing you find the proof of all scriptures. You become the witness of the Vedas, of the Upanishads, of the Korans. Become the witness. Become the proof. Don't ask the proof of god. You yourself can become the proof. Your presence is enough. Some things cannot be said. Some things are revealed.
Someone asks Ramakrishna for proof of god. Ramakrishna says, "Me, I am the proof of god!" This is not the language of a philosopher, not the language of a thinker. This is the language of one who has experienced. "I am the proof!"
When Vivekananda asked Ramakrishna, "Does god exist? Can you prove god to me?"
Ramakrishna said, "Stop this nonsense. You want to know god? -- ask! Don't ask whether god exists or not. Do you want to know? I can show you. Do you want to know right now?"

Vivekananda had never thought of this. He had gone to many thinkers. He was a seeker: when news came that someone knew, he went to him. From each one he returned empty handed. Words were many, but who has ever been satisfied by words? If you are hungry and someone talks about food, how will you be satisfied? Vivekananda was hungry. His eagerness was not the curiosity of a student but the inquiry of a seeker. He returned from place after place. He had come to Ramakrishna with this same inquiry. But in his heart he had the idea that here was an illiterate, uncivilized man. When he had found nothing with the great and learned, the well studied...

He had gone to Maharshi Devendranath. He was Rabindranath's grandfather. He was very renowned, renowned as a great seer. He lived on a houseboat in the river. In the middle of the night Vivekananda jumped in, and climbed onto the houseboat having swum the river. The boat was in the middle. A dark night, a moonless night... the whole boat shook... Devendranath was meditating in the solitude of night. His eyes opened. A youth was standing in front of him soaking wet! There was a small flickering lamp on the boat. He asked, "What do you want?"

Vivekananda said, " Does god exist?"

Devendranath was startled. Is this a time to ask? Is this a time for inquiring? At midnight climbing on to someone's houseboat soaking wet, standing there in the dark asking does god exist? He hesitated a moment. This young man seems to be mad. Seeing his hesitation Vivekananda dove back into the river. Devendranath asked, "Young man! Are you going back? Why?"

Vivekananda said, "Your hesitation said everything: that you don't know yet either. Why did you hesitate? What you know you know. Even if asked in the middle of the night -- even waking from sleep you know it. What you know, you know. Your hesitation said everything. I have nothing to ask."

So naturally when even a seer like Maharshi Devendranath, a world famous scholar, is not able to give any answer then this uncivilized villager Ramakrishna, what answer will he be able to give? He was filled with this idea. But the situation reversed itself. He had gone to shock Ramakrishna, he himself was shocked. Ramakrishna said, "Do you want to know? And know right now? Shall I tell you now -- this very moment?" He had not come thinking of knowing right now. He had not come prepared for this. He had never thought that someone could ask like this. And before Vivekananda could say anything Ramakrishna leaped up and pressed his foot on Vivekananda's chest. This is not the way of knowledgeable people, this is the way of the ecstatic. But only the ecstatic know. They know, hence the ecstasy.

Vivekananda went unconscious and fell down. When he came to, three hours later, Ramakrishna said, "Ask! Do you have more questions?"

It was like returning from some other world! He had had a taste. Then he became mad after this illiterate priest. Then he began running circles behind him. He had no scripture, no knowledge, no doctrine, no big degrees, nor was his name world famous. He had a small part time job at eighteen rupees per month performing worship at the Dakshineshwar temple. He was a poor man. He was an

illiterate villager, he had studied only up to the second year. He didn't know Sanskrit. No one had been able to attract Vivekananda, Ramakrishna drew him in.
Where there is an experience of god there is living magic. I cannot give you a definition of god. No one has ever given one. But if you are ready I can give you an experience. Experience is easy. Scripture is very hard. Experience is easy -- even though you may have forgotten, still you exist in god. Like a fish not knowing he is the ocean. He was born in the ocean, he has lived in the ocean. How can he know he is in the ocean? In the same way you are living in god, you are breathing god, you live him every moment. But this has been going on forever, this is why you cannot remember where god is. You ask where god is? Only god is! He is surrounding you. You are living in his ocean of life.
This is why it is not difficult. A little consciousness, just a little consciousness... If a small flame of flickering consciousness awakens in you, you will know only god is, and nothing else.
Don't get involved in definitions. When you can have the experience, only a mad person will think about definitions. God is not describable, but he is experience-able.

The second question:
Question 2
I WAS EXTREMELY TROUBLED BY THOUGHTS SO I MADE THE MISTAKE OF ASKING A HINDU MONK, A SADHU-MAHARAJ, FOR A METHOD OF MEDITATION. HE TOLD ME TO CONTINUOUSLY REMEMBER THE MANTRA, RAM-RAM. THROUGH

THIS, THOUGHTS HAVE GONE, BUT NOW THE REPETITION OF RAM-RAM GOES ON AND ON. NOW I GO ON REPEATING RAM-RAM EVERY MOMENT. AND IF I WANT TO STOP IT I CANNOT STOP. ITS CONTINUOUS STREAM KEEPS MOVING INSIDE. AN INSANE STATE IS ARISING FROM THIS. PLEASE GUIDE ME, I WANT TO GET FREE OF THIS MANTRA.

This happens often. One gets rid of the disease and gets fettered to the medicine. It is called addiction. This is why physicians are so concerned -- as soon as the disease is gone, they want to quickly stop the medication. Otherwise dependence on the medication begins.

A mantra is not something to be repeated continuously. If it is used for an hour or two there is no damage. Medicine should be taken in doses. The one who gave you the mantra didn't know anything about the science of mantras. But this has not happened only to you, many people have come here like this.

One Sikh was brought to me. He was in the army, of high rank. And his condition had become poor because someone had told him, just keep on chanting, continuously repeating. So he kept repeating the Japji mantra inside. Slowly slowly people began to wonder what the matter was. He appeared to be spaced out. As you go on repeating something inside, you start getting out of touch with the outside. Walking on the street, a car horn is honking to clear the road, but the Sikh doesn't know it . He is involved in his repeating, his attention is there. His wife says something, he cannot hear it. His wife tells him to bring something, he buys something

else from the market. And in his office too, in the army , mistakes started happening. When your mind is fully involved inside you start becoming unconscious outside. Your life becomes confused.

A mantra is just like a bath. No one spends the whole day taking a bath. A mantra is also a bath. Do it for a little while and become refreshed, then freshness will continue flowing. One doesn't need to be greedy for freshness, thinking do it more, more. The mind is very greedy. The mind says it feels so good, do it one more time, do it once more. And not that it happens only with mantras, it can happen with anything.

A friend has come. His whole body is suffering. He says his head is aching, his back is aching. And he says, "This all happened from your meditations."

I said, "What is the matter?"

He said, "I meditate five times a day."

"If you do dynamic meditation five times a day," I told him, "That you are still alive is a miracle! Who told you to do dynamic meditation five times a day?"

And he said, "My whole life has become disturbed."

"If you do dynamic five times a day, then who will mind the shop? Who will raise the children? Who will look after the house?

"No," he said, "Much bliss was coming from doing it once a day, so I thought do it twice a day. Doing it twice a day more bliss came. So I thought three times. Then I was doing it constantly like a mania thinking so much joy is coming. Joy is coming, but the condition of this body is getting very bad."

"The body is a temple. Learn to respect it. It is a gift from existence. Don't just waste it. This is an insult to existence. And greed is a disease of the mind. Greed can catch hold of anything. If there are ten thousand, it should be ten million, this is greed. And much bliss comes from meditating one time, so meditate ten times, this too is greed. There is no difference, the same greedy mind... Beware of greed.
And it often happens. A man was brought to me. To get to his house he had to cross a graveyard. Fear of ghosts and goblins... it was a great problem for him. And he had to go across every day, his home was on the other side. Someone gave him an amulet, saying tie on this amulet and drop your worries. Ghosts can have no influence on one who has this amulet. And it worked. He tied on the amulet and proudly crossed the graveyard, even at midnight. But he became afraid that the amulet would disappear. He slept with the amulet in his hand so he wouldn't lose at night. And those people must be angry, those people in the graveyard who had been frightened away by the amulet, they must be angry. What if they came and sat on his chest? He became so freaked out that the amulet might be stolen, be left behind or lost, or someone might take it away... He became so freaked out that he forgot ghosts and goblins. He became as much afraid for this amulet as he had been of ghosts!
Yesterday I read a story. In Chandulal's family there was a dreadful problem. Instead of Ram-Ram, his three year old grandson Munna was saying Lam-Lam as a greeting. Chandulal's neighbor and friend Dhabbuji took it as a challenging problem in the psychology of languages. He invented a linguistic method to train Munna to say R. First he taught Munna to say 'dhirrr' so he could pronounce R.

For Ram he says Lam, at first for dhirrr he would say dhimm. He had him practice R -- dhirrr, dhirrr, dhirrr. Munna learned to say dhirrr, dhirrr. And suddenly one day saying dhirrr, dhirrr again and again he started saying it together: dhirrr... Ram-Ram. He learned to say R. He was thinking, I am saying L, I can't say R. When he started saying dhirrr then suddenly one day he said filled with joy: dhirrr Ram-Ram. Dhabbuji too became very happy with his success. But now the problem is, if you say hello to Munna, if you say Ram-Ram, he says dhirrr Ram-Ram. Now the question is how to make him drop dhirrr. He has really learned it... Now no matter what you tell him, whenever he says Ram-Ram he first says dhirrr.

The mantra you learned has become like this -- dhirrr Ram-Ram. Now you are trapped in dhirrr.

Really, no effort to forcefully get rid of thoughts can ever be successful. Thoughts move meaninglessly inside of you, you have taken all the energy of those thoughts for Ram-Ram, Ram-Ram, Ram-Ram. This is not transformation, this is merely a change of form. The same thing is moving, previously you thought about something else, like how to win the lottery, or how to become president. And other thoughts used to move: they too are words, Ram too is a word. All those words that your energy had been occupied with you have occupied with Ram-Ram. This is your so-called science of mantras. When your repeat Ram-Ram, Ram-Ram rapidly, intensely, then there is neither time nor energy left over, nor any space in your mind. You are filled with a chain of Ram-Ram, Ram-Ram and how you might win the lottery cannot enter in between. If it comes in

between then Ram-Ram will be broken. You have discovered a substitute. This is not transformation.
And this is why you have started repeating Ram-Ram twenty-four hours, because whenever Ram-Ram will be dropped the lottery is waiting... It is standing in line behind it, saying sometime this Ram-Ram will stop, then we shall see. He is a ghost sitting in the graveyard, thinking sometime you will let go of the amulet, then I will 'show you some fun'. This is why slowly slowly you start repeating it twenty-four hours. You are afraid that those things you have pushed away by chanting Ram-Ram might somehow enter again. But Ram-Ram itself has become a disease. Diseases are not so easily cured. A little more intelligence is needed.
Nothing will be solved by forcefully pushing thoughts out. Ram-Ram is also a thought. Is this no-thought? Is there any difference? It is the the same as ever. You will not attain any samadhi through this. You have replaced one thing with another, replaced one entanglement with another. But you have not become free of entanglements by this.
Thoughts do not need to be forced out.
Become a witness of thoughts.
I want to tell you this: now, be a witness of Ram-Ram. Stop giving support to it, otherwise you will go insane. And many people have gone insane because of religion. Anyone can dish out religion, anyone can offer suggestions, anyone can give advice. Advisors can be had without searching, seek one and find a thousand. Even if you don't search, they will come to seek you out. They enjoy giving advice, the pleasure of giving advice is great. The ego gets great satisfaction. "I am giving advice, and you are receiving it. I

know, and you don't know." Great joy comes from this. This is why you give advice even about things you know nothing about. You too give advice like this. Remember, others condition is the same as yours. The monk that has suggested this to you doesn't know anything.

Be a witness of thoughts, if you want to be free of thoughts. Otherwise you will put a second thought in place of the first, put a third thought in place of the second, put a fourth thought in place of the third: it will make no difference. A thorn gets stuck in your foot. With a second thorn you get the first thorn out, but you have kept the second thorn. What is the difference? Thorns go on changing.

People are doing just this. Someone is in the habit of chewing betel nut. To stop chewing betel nut he starts smoking cigarettes. To stop the cigarettes -- chewing gum! He needs something or other, his mouth wants to go on moving. If you want to drop everything then Ram-Ram, Ram-Ram, Ram-Ram... it is chewing gum and nothing more. The mouth can not remain still.

Understand thinking. Wake up to thoughts. Be a witness. The flow of thoughts moves in the mind, observe it. Don't judge: what is good, what is bad. Let it move as traffic moves. You are standing at the side of the road looking. Good people come along, bad people come along. Dishonest people come along, honest people too. Moral, immoral; what's it to you? You are standing at the side of the road just watching. You are only an observer, merely a witness. And you will be amazed, if you stand at the side of the stream of thoughts...

And thinking is only a flow. You are different than it. You are not thinking, you are the one who sees thinking. You

just have to awaken in remembrance that I am the witness. Let thought go on moving. Now if Ram-Ram comes along or Coca Cola comes along, if anything comes along let thought go on moving. You are standing far off looking -- peacefully. You are neither for nor against. You don't say aha! a good thought has come. If you say this you are caught. You will grab hold of the thought you think is good. It will become your illusion. You will want it to come again and again. You will make friendship. You will get married. Or a thought comes and you say it is very bad, I don't want to see it and turn your head. This too will follow you because it will be angry. You have insulted it. You have denied it, negated it. It will knock again and again on the door. It will say look at me.

Whatever you deny returns again and again. Try observing this, deny any thought and observe, it will come again and again. It will torture you around the clock. And if you hold on to anything you are caught, renounce it and you are also caught. Indulgence catches you, renunciation also catches you. There is freedom only in the witness, not in indulgence, not in renunciation. Don't say very beautiful, don't say very bad. Don't say anything, there is no need to say anything. Only observe. Can't you merely watch as a mirror watches? Even if a beautiful woman comes in front of a mirror it doesn't say wait a bit, a little longer... or strike up a conversation. If an ugly woman comes along it doesn't say walk quickly, or move along, or mother be gone, go torture some other mirror. A mirror watches. In the same way when you become a witness like a mirror, all your thoughts start to become quiet on their own. A moment comes when the path of thoughts becomes deserted. No one

comes. In that stillness the voice of existence is heard for the first time. Its call is heard. In that silence the melody of samadhi is heard for the first time. In that silence a ray of the whole comes for the first time.

Don't think that you have become in any way religious from repeating Ram-Ram. Don't think that you have made some great attainment. If you think you have attained something, let-go will not be possible. Why would you want to let go of attainments? Do not think transformation has happened inside you. Nothing has happened. You have taken one disease and replaced it with a borrowed one. It is as much a disease as the first, there is no difference. Now stop giving it support. Even though for a few days it will be difficult because you have practiced it for a long time and now this stream will move by itself, so even if you don't support it, it will move for some days. Like someone pedalling a bicycle, then stopping pedalling. The momentum of the pedalling will move the bicycle for some distance, even without more pedalling. In the same way for some days this Ram-Ram will move. But now stop supporting it. The help you have given is enough. Now don't support it. Now don't maintain it from your side. Take your energy back. Become a witness now.

At the very maximum this stream can move in some form or another for three months, but it will weaken every day. Now it is like a flood -- like a monsoon flood. Soon it will be a dried up river in the hot season, just a little flow, water in a few scattered pools. For three months it will slowly slowly slowly become less and less until it vanishes. And then remember that whatever moves after that, the thoughts that remain, that have been suppressed, the ones you

pushed aside, you suppressed by doing Ram-Ram, they will all come up. Let them come up. Don't be afraid. A seeker should be fearless.

And what is to be feared from thought? What is there in thought? It is a wave in the air. Not even a water bubble, an air bubble. There is no substance in thought. It is a sky flower, without roots. It has no form, it has no color. A thought is nothing but a change. Just silently go on watching. Soon, just watching and watching you will cross over.

Witnessing is a process of transcending. And one who transcends thought -- without suppressing, without fighting and quarreling, spontaneously, easily -- he reaches.

Remember Gorakh's statement: Laughing, playing, doing meditation... This is not a serious matter, but for laughing and playing. It should be only laughing and playing. If your religion makes you serious then understand that there is a mistake somewhere. If your religion takes your laughter away then understand that a mistake has happened. If your religion makes your life sad, makes life heavy, weighed down, gives birth to arrogance, then understand something has been missed.

Laughing, playing, the knack of meditation. Meditation should be laughing and playing. And meditation means the witness. ... then certainly life becomes a great festival comes.

The third question:

Question 3

OSHO!

KILL ME, O LORD, KILL ME! KILL ME, I CRAVE DEATH.
KILL THAT DEATH OSHO DIED AND SAW.
I AM SUCH A STONE, I CAN NOT COMPLETELY MELT. I AM UPSET. WHAT SHOULD I DO?

Sudhir Bharti, what you have written is lovely, but full of misunderstanding. You have given a new form to Gorakh's couplet, but Gorakh's couplets cannot be given new form. It is complete just as it is, it cannot be altered.
Understand Gorakh's statement again:
Die, O yogi, die! Die, sweet is dying.
Die that death Gorakh died and saw.
You have made a very big change. You say: Kill me, O lord, kill me!
No one else can kill you, it is not possible. Someone can kill your body, but no one can kill your ego. For this only you are capable. Not even god can kill your ego, otherwise he would have killed it. You say god is omnipotent, all powerful. Even he has a limit of power -- he cannot kill your ego. If your ego existed god could kill it. The ego does not exist, it is only an illusion. The illusion is yours. Only you can drop your illusion, how can I drop your illusion? You insist that two plus two equals five. No matter how much I insist that two plus two equals four, what will happen? -- as long as you don't believe two plus two equals four? If you stubbornly insist that two plus two equals five, you will go on making two plus two equal five. I have heard that a man got the insane idea he was dead. He was quite alive but this mad idea that he was dead arose. He went on telling people, "Brother, I have died, did you

know that or not?" People said, "Brother, this beats all! Never before has a dead man given the news like this. You are making a scene. In fact you are well and strong, everything is okay."

At first people thought he was just kidding, but slowly slowly it began to get serious. Customers would come to his shop and ask him things. He would say, "I have died. What store? What?"

His wife would ask have you brought the vegetables? He would say, do dead men bring vegetables? I have died. You haven't heard?

Worries started increasing. This kidding didn't seem to be kidding, it became a serious matter. People put up with it three or four days, then took the 'dead man' to a psychotherapist, thinking now he needs treatment. The psychotherapist observed him, he too was surprised. He has seen all kinds of patients. This was his first patient to say he had died. The psychotherapist thought he had a trap. He said: "Tell me something, if we make an incision on a dead man will blood come out or not?"

The madman said, "Do dead men ever bleed? Blood turns to water when one is dead. Blood will not come out, blood comes out of a living man."

The psychotherapist was happy, he said, "Now we'll see. Come with me, stand in front of the mirror." He picked up a knife and made a small wound on the man's hand. A gush of blood came out - he was living after all, alive. The psychotherapist said, "Now speak."

The man said, "My first statement was wrong. This proves that if a dead man is cut he will bleed."

Now what to do? If he has decided that two plus two equals five there is no way. He says that his first statement was wrong, excuse me, but I was mistaken. The psychotherapist had thought, now he will believe he is living, but instead he believes that dead men bleed.

No, I cannot smash your ego Sudhir. No one can. Your ego is your illusion. It will break only if you wake up. It cannot be broken from the outside. No outer light can light up your interiority. Yes, I can tell you the method, how you can light your inner lamp. But I cannot light your lamp. You will have to light it.

This is why Buddha said, a buddha indicates the path, you yourself will have to walk. No buddha can walk for you and reach the destination, and even if he reaches, he will reach the goal, you will remain just where you are. Truth cannot be borrowed.

Don't change Gorakh's couplet. You have said it well: Kill me, O lord, kill me! Kill me, I crave death.

But no, Gorakh speaks rightly:

Die, O yogi, die! Die, sweet is dying.

He is saying, you yourself will have to die. If it were in my hands to destroy your ego then what an easy matter it would be. Then you could come to me, I would wave a magic wand and your ego would be destroyed. You would attain god and go back home. But if it were so cheaply demolished it would be dangerous. On the way you might meet someone else and he waves his wand in reverse and you are back right where you were!

A man came to Ramakrishna, he said, "I am on my way to bathe in the Ganges. I am going on pilgrimage. What is your suggestion?"

Ramakrishna said, "If you are going it is good. But remember one thing: have you seen the great tall trees standing on the banks of the Ganges?"
He said, "Yes, they are standing there."
"Why are they standing there?"
"I don't know, you ask such a question! They are trees, they stand there. What can I say about why they are standing there?"
"I will tell you the secret," Ramakrishna said. "The secret is that you go there carrying a bundle of sins on your body and take a dip in the Ganges. When you dip under it is the blessing of Mother Ganges that the sins are taken away. But sins will not let go of you so easily, they sit on the trees. The say to themselves, 'When our son comes out, then. How long can he stay under?' You will come out of the Ganges, they will leap and be mounted on you again. So it is the same whether you bathe or not. Remember the trees, take your dip but don't come back out."
He said, "What are you telling me? Do you want to take my life? If I go under and don't come up, then I am finished. Then it is useless to go."
Ramakrishna said, "Then it is up to you. But that is why trees are standing there. You sin and the Ganges will purify your sins! If it were that cheap then how easy life would be, but not worth two cents."
Ramakrishna is right, does bathing in the Ganges wash away sins? Yes, the dirt and grime of the body will be washed off although as soon as you come out, dust will be stirred up and settle on you again. But how will the Ganges clean inside of you? The outer Ganges can clean the outer dirt. But you will have to have to awaken the inner Ganges

in your inner consciousness. That water you will have to seek in your own currents.
You will have to die, I cannot kill you. If I could kill you, anyone could reawaken you. If you yourself die, then no one will be able to bring you back to life. Once one has consciously awakened and dispersed the ego inside himself, there is no power in the whole world that can make him fall back into the trap of ego.
So don't say, Kill me, O lord, kill me! Kill me, I crave death.
No one dies by craving. One who craves to die, simply has to die. Craving for what?
Listening to what I am saying, it appears to your ego, "Gee, if only I could be a great yogi like Gorakh. But this Gorakh is saying something disturbing, he is saying, die then it happens. Okay then I will die, but I must remain. I too want to be realized."
Your very ego desires to be realized, and this is what needs to die. Hence the ego says, " Okay I will die. If this is the way to realize then okay, I am ready even to die, but I will remain as realized." And the craving to realize, is to save oneself. This is the breath of the ego.
Where does the breath of the ego come from? The ego gets breath from the desire to be something. You are poor and you want to be rich, the ego is taking its breath. You are ignorant and you want to be knowledgeable, the ego is taking its breath. You are humbled and you want to be established in power, the ego is taking its breath.
Understand the process of the ego. How does the ego live? The ego lives in the tension between what you are and what

you want to be. 'A' wants to be 'B', the ego is created from this very tension.

How does the ego die? The ego dies by accepting what you are. You say, I am fine as I am, where I am is good. I remain just as god made me. Whatever his will is, is my will. If you let go of tension for the future -- this should be, that should be -- the ego is gone.

The ego lives on a foundation of past and future. Consider the fact a little. The ego claims that in the past I did this, I did that: it is all past. And ego says I will go on doing it, I will do it and show you. It is all future. The ego does not exist in the present. If you come to the present, the ego says good-by. This is death to the ego. Coming to the present is the death of the ego.

What's gone is gone. Don't keep holding onto it. And let go of the future. Don't desire what has not happened, because desiring it the ego is preserved. Be totally content with what is, then this moment you will find the ego is not. What is -- as it is -- is good, it is absolutely good. The name of this art is contentment. And in contentment the ego dies. In discontent the ego lives. Hence the more discontented a man is, the more egotistical he is. The more egotistical, the more discontented. These two move together, one beside the other.

If you have made it a craving Sudhir to become realized, if you want to reach the place where you can say I have attained god, then the ego will not die. All expectations, all aspirations, all desires, all longings do the work of pouring ghee onto the fire. The desire to attain god also performs the function of pouring ghee onto the fire of ego.

Hence your sannyasins are more egotistical that ordinary people. In your mahatmas, your "great souls", you will find pure egos -- like absolutely pure poison, unadulterated, with no impurity -- which you cannot find in ordinary people. In the ordinary world you find everything full of impurities.

Mulla Nasruddin wanted to die, so he took poison and fell asleep. Three or four times he opened his eyes and looked around. I still haven't died. He felt around, let an ant bite and saw that I am alive, there is still no effect. He kept on tossing. Morning came, he opened his eyes and looked around. His wife had gotten up and she is busy with her work, the children are getting ready for school... what kind of death is this? The milkman came and is knocking on the door. The sound of the neighbors can be heard... what kind of death is this? And he had drunk enough poison that it says one should die from one quarter the amount. He drank four doses. He sat up. He went and looked in the mirror thinking what kind of death is this? And no one seems to know, no one has prepared the offerings, there is no fuss. The wife is not crying. The children are preparing to go to school. Then he realized, it is not death. He ran, reached the shop where he had bought the poison, saying, what's going on? The shopkeeper said, "What can I do? Everything is adulterated. Can you get pure poison nowadays? Those days are gone. You are talking about the golden era of truth. Pure poison? These are the days of the Kaliyuga, the dark ages, no pure poison or such like is available."

In the world everything has impurities. In an ordinary man everything is all mixed in. One who has gone to attain god, his ego starts becoming pure. His poison starts to be of the

golden era. This is why you find conceit and subtle ego in your so-called mahatmas as you will find nowhere else. This is why your scholars, priests and mahatmas fight and cause fights. Your temples, mosques, churches, gurudvaras have become sanctuaries of ego. Love does not arise from these, hate arises from them. Poison spreads into the world from them, not nectar.

If man becomes free of all religions then perhaps there will be peace. All religions say they want to bring peace, but they bring chaos. The basic process is not remembered. Only desire gives ego to man, and the bigger the desire the bigger the ego it gives. Certainly there can be no bigger desire than for god. So a man filled with the desire for god becomes most egotistical of all.
What am I saying to you? I am saying this to you: if you want to attain god then you don't need to desire god. If you want to attain god you have to understand the nature of desire and become free of it. The moment desire is gone is the moment god descends. God can be attained, but god cannot be desired. God is met and the one who meets is the one who fulfills this important condition.
This is why a man of highest knowing like Buddha never used the word god - so that in your ignorance you don't start somehow desiring god. Buddha never even mentioned god, because Buddha saw that people change their desires. When they no longer want money, they want heaven. When they no longer want power, they want god. When they no longer want respect, they want samadhi. But they want. And where there is wanting there is ego.

So Buddha said: "There is no god, there is no soul, there is no liberation. Don't think that Buddha is saying there is no such thing as god, that there is no soul, that there is no liberation. Both those who have followed Buddha and those who opposed him have understood him wrongly. It is very hard to comprehend the Buddha, difficult. Buddha's statements are very subtle. Buddha is saying that if I say that god exists then immediately god becomes the object of your desire. And as long as there is desire god will not be attained. It is better if we just drop talking about god, Buddha said. He does not exist. 'Where there is no bamboo, no flute will play.' If god does not exist, how will you desire god? If there is no heaven how will you have desires for heaven? And if even the soul does not exist then what samadhi?

Buddha's device is amazing. All possible ways for your desire are taken away. Now you have only small desires, to get rich, to gain power, to become the prime minister. Try to understand these small desires and you will find that each desire brings suffering. Every desire takes you into darker hell. Looking and looking, recognizing and recognizing one day the awareness will dawn in you that desire is suffering. In that very moment desire will drop. And there is no god that the desire can be turned towards. Worldly desire will fall away and Buddha has left no way to desire the other world. The moment you enter desirelessness is the moment you meet god.

Understand god as the name of the state of your desirelessness. Understand samadhi as when no desire remains within you, what remains is samadhi. It is not something that happens through craving.

And you say, Kill that death...
Even your killing is conditional. You say, 'Yes, certainly kill but it should be that death -- the same that you attained, from which you saw, let it be no other death. Even in dying you have made conditions. In the middle of the process you will open your eyes to see that no wrong death is happening.
A Zen monk had given one of his disciples a meditation koan to resolve: what is the sound of one hand clapping? Does one hand ever clap? He thought long and worked hard. He was a man of deep thought. He brought many statements, such as the sound of one hand clapping is like the thundering of the clouds. And the master hit him a hard one saying, "Idiot, is this the sound of one hand clapping? Where is one hand in this? When there is thunder in the sky clouds are colliding with one another, this means there are two hands. Where there is colliding there are two hands. Bring something where there is no colliding and yet sound arises." He worked hard. Many possibilities arose, but all failed. Months passed, he started becoming sad. He came after working on it all day and exactly the same thing again: the master chased him away. He asked the older disciples, "Brothers, how did you solve it?"
So one disciple said, "I had to solve the same one, he tortured me a lot too. Three months for you -- he stepped on my corns for three years! Then one day I was completely tired out, just bored... the sound of one hand... has it ever sounded? This man is mad and I too am mad, sitting following his suggestion: contemplating the sound of one hand clapping, meditating. This is clearly impossible. I know it, he also knows it, everyone knows it.

But I am attracted to this man. I have fallen in love with him, so okay if he says do it, it is fine -- some time or other it will sound or something will happen. After three years when I was completely tired and I came and he asked about the sound of one hand and I just collapsed. I had become completely hopeless, so I just fell down. And that day the master was happy and put his hand on my head - he didn't hit me with his staff that day - he said, 'Son, get up, the one hand has clapped!'"

In this falling down, his ego fell away. In this falling all his thoughts fell away -- despairing, despairing, despairing... defeated, defeated, defeated... there is a limit. The defeat reached that place where the ultimate defeat came. The loss was total. Now it became clear that nothing could happen through him. Neither one hand would clap, nor would he be successful, nor would samadhi happen to him. The despondency reached the place where the death of the ego happened. When there are small victories, success is happening, the ego is nourished. Hence the sound of one hand clapping, so the ego cannot be nourished. This is a device for breaking your ego. So the master put his hand on his head and said, "One hand has clapped! This is the sound of one hand clapping. Now get up, now there is no worry."

The younger man said, "My good man, why didn't you tell me in the first place? I would have 'clapped the one hand' the first day and fallen down. Today itself I will clap it. I'm going right now."

He went, arrived there. Just as he was asked about the sound of one hand clapping, he sprawled out... but fell looking to see that he was not hurt in any way. He looked a little sideways making sure that everything was okay. He

dropped his head in a place where a pillow had been put. He closed his eyes and sprawled out headlong, lying in the corpse pose. His mind was very happy, that today the matter is resolved, now the master will come, and rub his hand on my head. And the master swung his staff. He opened one eye to see what was happening, he had imagined something quite different.

The master said, "Fool, do the dead open their eyes to peek? And do the dead fall seeing where the pillow lies? You are just copying. I understand who you are copying, but he experienced one hand clapping. You are imitating. You wanted something to happen cheaply. This cannot be cheap. He was troubled for three years. He worked relentlessly for three years. He sweated blood. He didn't sleep in the day, he didn't sleep at night. He forgot to eat and sleep. He put his total stake in it. Then the time came, in a moment of defeat he broke and fell down. He did not look around to see whether his head would fall on stones or on a pillow. He had no idea what would was about to happen. You fell, laid down where you saw that the master's hand could touch your head. When he fell, he really fell. In falling, his ego fell. And your falling is only arranged by the ego. This is only a device of the ego. You want me to say that you have become enlightened. It is not so cheap."

You say, Kill such a death...

At least let go completely. Say this much at least, Kill me as you will... Even this you did not let go of. You have made your conditions. Even your surrender is conditional. And is surrender ever conditional? The meaning of surrender is -- let go of all conditions. Fall at the feet, now

what will pass will pass, what doesn't doesn't. One is ready for this too. If even a tiny desire hidden in a far corner is watching the path, saying, "It ought to happen like this, I have fallen down now, but that death has not happened, the death from which Gorakh saw. I am just the same as I was before. Still samadhi has not flowered. Still the feet of god do not appear anywhere." If such desires and thoughts continue, death can never happen.

And remember, the master cannot kill the disciple. The master can teach the disciple the art of dying. Dying you will have to do.

When you eat your stomach will be filled. When you drink water your thirst will be quenched. By my drinking water, your thirst cannot be slaked. By my eating, your hunger cannot be destroyed. By my breathing, your heart will not beat. And these are all outer things, the deepest thing is the death of the ego, this is the deepest. It cannot be done from outside. Only if you wake up, experience, know the misery of the ego, experience hell. See how many poisonous bites the ego has given...

It is not a matter of craving, it is a matter of understanding. But it is good Sudhir, the thought arose. Letting thoughts arise this way, the art is learned. The same that I am teaching -- the art of dying. It can either be called the art of living, or the art of dying: it is one and the same. When you die the divine manifests. Your death is its inception.

The fourth question (he says third!):

Question 4

AS I LISTEN TO YOU A FEELING OF PRAYER BEGINS SURGING IN MY HEART. BUT HOW

SHOULD I PRAY? I DON'T KNOW HOW PRAYER SHOULD BE DONE.

Prayer cannot be done, prayer happens. This very feeling surging in you is prayer. If you do anything it becomes false. If you do anything it becomes formal. If you do anything it becomes borrowed, it becomes an imitation of others.

Prayer is not imitation. It is because of imitation that prayer has disappeared from the earth. People go each to their own temple. If there is a mosque next door they don't go to pray there, they go two miles away to pray in their temple. If the time wasted in going two miles were spent in prayer... the mosque is next door, where are you going? But the one who prays at the mosque is in the same situation. The temple is next door. He doesn't even notice it. He turns his back and starts off.

In Jaina scriptures and in Hindu scriptures there is a certain suggestion. The same suggestion because stupidity is the same in everyone. In Jaina scriptures is the suggestion: if you are passing in front of a Hindu temple and a mad elephant is after you, then it is better for you to be trampled under the elephant's feet and be killed than to take shelter in the Hindu temple. And exactly the same thing is said in Hindu scriptures: if a mad elephant is after you then be trampled under his feet and die but don't take shelter in a Jaina temple.

What crude ideas are propagated in the name of religion! But Hindu and Jaina are at least separate religions. Among Hindus there are some people who believe in Rama who will not go into a Krishna temple. And some who believe in

Krishna who will not go into Rama's temple. And an even stranger thing is the Digambar and Shvetambar Jainas, who both believe in Mahavira, but their temple cannot be the same.

Man gets entangled in politics in the name of religion. And this whole disturbance is because of imitation. Prayer is a natural uncomplicated feeling. Looking at a tree bliss starts surging within you. Bow down there, prayer has happened. Bow down by the tree. Put your head on its roots, and your salutation reaches the divine, because the tree is joined to god. The idols in your temples are not joined to god at all, because they are made by you. Trees are alive, life is flowing in them, a stream of nectar is flowing. Otherwise they wouldn't be green. Otherwise new shoots wouldn't come out. Otherwise flowers wouldn't bloom. They are united with god, bow down.

At the roots of a tree the feet of the divine are more easily attained than at the idols in your temples. They are all false, just a formality. You are going to search for god in man-made idols? In man-made things you are going to search for the one who has made man? You are mistaken. His nature is spreads in all four directions. His rivers are flowing, his ocean is filled with high waves. His moon is rising. His sun is coming out. The trees are his, the plants and animals are his, you are.

If you bow down in a moment of loving at the feet of your child then too your salutation will reach. If you bow down in a moment of loving at the feet of your wife your salutation will also reach.

Prayer is informal. Don't make it a formality. But prayer has become so formal that you have forgotten what informal, spontaneous, natural prayer is.
You say: As I listen to you a mood of prayer begins surging in my heart.
This is prayer, what more are you asking for?
Now you are asking, But how should I pray?
Prayer is happening. Sitting in satsang prayer happens. If I am prayerful and you sit with me in direct feeling, if there is no argument inside of you, you are not listening to my every word as if you are my judge, that you are going to decide what is right and what is wrong -- if you listen to my words as someone listens to music, without thinking what is right, what is wrong -- if you are just receiving the juice of being near me, then prayer results, prayer happens. Something bows down inside of you. Something is effaced inside of you. A fresh beginning starts inside of you. A wave arises in which you are drowned. This is prayer.
But I understand your difficulty. You are thinking it happens only once in a while. How to do it systematically every day? Whenever you do it systematically it becomes false. It happens when it happens. A time cannot be fixed for prayer. It is not that you can wake up every morning and pray. Whenever it happens... Sometimes it will happen in the middle of the night, sometimes in the morning, sometimes in the afternoon. There is no fixed time for prayer, because all time is god's. There can be no auspicious time for prayer, no right moment.
Instead of creating a rule, instead of making it a ritual, move towards your own spontaneity. When it happens, close your eyes, and dissolve for a moment. You will be

surprised where it will start from. You have probably never thought it will begin in such places. Someone is playing flute and it begins. It is afternoon, tranquil, the winds have stopped, the trees are not moving... and it begins. It is night, the chirring of the cicadas and it begins. You are sitting with your friend, hand in hand, and it begins. There is no prescribed time. And it is difficult to say how it will happen each time, because it never repeats. It is a state of being.
Prayer is not a matter of thinking.
Prayer is not a gramophone record that will be just the same, the same again and again. Prayer is a salaam, a greeting with praying hands, that manifests in fresh colors, fresh forms, fresh styles.
Please accept my salaam of deep longing, please accept my love
Distressed my sorrowful eyes are searching for your splendors
That have disappeared like dreams
Searching for those beautiful moments
If it is not distasteful for you please accept my complaint
Please accept my salaam of deep longing!
I searched for a glimpse of you only, the object of imaginations - you only
For me only you are the idol, for me only you are divine
Please uphold the honor of my devotion, please accept my adoration
Please accept my salaam of deep longing!
As long as no message can be be received from your lowered eyes
Neither the soul can be consoled, nor the heart attain relief

And I will know the pain of separation, please accept this one gift
Please accept my salaam of deep longing!
Anywhere, send your salaam from anywhere. Bow down near any flower, send your salaam. Hearing a cuckoo cooing, let dance arise, send your salaam. It is drizzling, on your roof rain drops striking music, send your salaam. Please accept my salaam of deep longing, please accept my love
And there is no need to find words, send it without words. God does not understand your language, he understands your feelings. Languages are many. If god had to understand language he would go mad. There are some three hundred languages on the earth. This is just the main ones. If other small languages are counted, and other dialects are counted, he will be in great difficulty. You can understand god's problem. And there is not just one earth, scientists say there is life on at least fifty thousand planets minimum. There can be life on more, but life must exist on fifty thousand. It is such a great expanse. And it is not just a question of man, birds and animals also become prayerful. In the ashram of Maharshi Raman a cow died. He celebrated her going as is done for a person who has experienced samadhi. People were very surprised. But the cow was not any ordinary cow. She loved satsang, being near the master. Other people who came to Raman's satsang sometimes came and sometimes didn't, but the cow came without fail. No day passed that she did not have Raman's darshan. She came and stood with her head inside the window. She stood outside the window, but put her head inside the window. She stood for hours. While others

kept sitting, she kept standing. When the satang dispersed, she too went away. And sometimes streams of tears poured from her eyes, standing right there at the window. When the cow became sick and could not come one day, Raman himself went to her. As soon as the cow saw him coming a stream of tears started flowing from her eyes. Raman's hand was on her head when she died. He gave her the same respect as is given to a person who has experienced samadhi. He had her samadhi constructed.

People asked, "Maharshi, do you think this cow was really so important?"

He said, "This is her last birth. Now she will not return. Her prayer has been heard. Her salaam has reached."

So it is not just a question of man. There are birds and animals, among them some are prayerful. There are plants, among them some are prayerful. Now scientists are involved in a great study. And one thing has been proven absolutely clearly, decisively: that plants are very sensitive -- as much as man, perhaps more but not less.

If plants hear the sitar playing of Ravi Shankar they are absorbed in joy. Scientists have made experiments on this. The plants become ecstatic. Now instruments have been devised like the cardiogram, from which your heart beat is known, such instruments have been devised from which the pulse of trees is known. The instrument is put on the tree and its emotional state begins to be revealed. If it is sad or happy, angry or compassionate.

Listening to Ravi Shankar's music the trees leaned in the direction where the sitar was playing. They started bending. And listening to modern music, jazz and that kind of music the trees started leaning away, started bending in the other

direction. They wanted to say, please stop it! What is all this racket? Your Indian film music goes on blaring. People have set up loudspeakers that make noise they call music,. The trees are distressed. Perhaps man has lost his sensitivity, the sensitivity of the trees is the same as ever. The scientist who was experimenting with trees was amazed and couldn't believe it when he first started finding these results. When someone takes an axe and comes to cut trees -- he has not started cutting yet but when the trees see a woodsman coming with his axe, all the trees start trembling. The instruments immediately say that the trees are anxious, they become very nervous, who knows whose turn has come. Even more surprising is that if you cut one tree then all the nearby trees are in agony. And it is not that they are afflicted only by cutting trees. If you kill a bird, all the trees are afflicted. From killing a bird! What do the trees have to do with it? But the bird is theirs too. It builds its nest on them. It gives a dignity to the trees, gives a blessing. It used to dance nearby, sing its song, make its cheerful sounds. When it was, there was life. And whosoever's life is being harmed the trees are sensitive to it.

And when they sense the gardener coming with his watering hose they are overjoyed. Water has not yet showered on them but their thirst is aroused. They are ready. They are happy. A thank you starts arising. These are all scientific facts now. Poets have always been saying these things. Thousands of years ago poets said these things that it has taken science thousands of years to comprehend. Mahavira certainly must have heard this kind of thing in the trees, he must have known. He has said, "Don't pick unripe

fruit from the tree. When the fruit ripens and falls by itself, then accept it." When this is how it is with trees, how will it be with birds and animals? How insensitive people are who go on eating birds and animals! And leave aside unimportant people that you have no expectations of...
Just recently the president of India, Sanjiv Reddy, returned very angry from Madras. At the governors palace in Madras he could get meat. He is a Gandhian. Does someone become a Gandhian by wearing a Gandhi cap? What kind of Gandhianism is this? A Gandhian is eating meat? Then why bring up meaningless nonsense about nonviolence? Stop this rubbish! Forget Gandhi and the very name Gandhi. Why are you repeating these falsities? Who are you deceiving?
But most of your political leaders are meat eaters. Most of your politicians drink alcohol. And these are all Gandhians. And on October second they sit at Gandhi's tomb in New Delhi and start turning their spinning wheels. A man can eat meat while making the claim of being nonviolent? What can be more false in this world? But behind all this there is only one goal -- how to get your votes.
I have heard that an Indian political leader gathered a crowd and shouted out, "Sisters and brothers, something to be said and something to be left unsaid, something that is heard and something unheard too, something to think of and something unthinkable. You must have seen many miracles brother, but stay, stay until the end and you have seen the whole show. So... so here is the first act... you have seen much magic, many shows... now put your hand on your hearts, and put your head somewhere else. My sisters, my brothers! Let each brother and each sister

promise that they will not leave in the middle, otherwise this twenty-seven year old daughter of mine will be left lying here cut in two. So whose daughter is it?"
"Ours," reverberated as one voice.
"Name?"
"Independence."
"Tell me, shall I cut off her head?"
"Cut it."
"Yes, cut it. Who is she to you? She is my daughter. Say: cut it and join it, leader!"
"Cut it and join it, leader!"
"Yes, this is right appreciation."
Putting a sheet over, he cut the neck of independence and separated it.
"Show us leader, take off the cloth."
"No," many voices were raised -- but the leader's voice was the loudest --
"It is promised, do not slip away from your place, otherwise your independence, your truth will be left lying just like this. Gentleman, place your votes, one, two, as many as you can. Burn my child's funeral pyre."
He sat to one side and in a panic each one at the gathering, seeing the cut head, fearfully put all the votes into his poll box.
Your leaders are not much different than magicians. And the desire behind everything they do is one: how will you vote? So they spin spinning wheels, wear homespun khadi, and use Gandhibaba's name. They go to temples, they go to mosques. "Allah and Ishwar are thy names, give everyone pure thoughts Bhagwan" -- they even sing devotional songs. And if he doesn't get meat, the president of the

country is upset -- the president of a country like India! He cannot get meat for one day, so it is a problem. If he had gotten it, perhaps the people would never have known he eats meat.

Mahavira must have seen that to harm trees is possible only when you are not sensitive, when you become stonelike. It is possible to kill animals for food only when your heart has died, and your soul has become completely gross.

This is just what Gorakh said yesterday, you remember, no? You worship stone and you have become stone. Your temples are stone, your idols are stone, your insides are also stone. Within you, life has disappeared.

The whole universe is sensitive. The whole universe is praying, each in its own way. Worship goes on, the offering continues. It is not a question of language, but of feeling. Drop language. When feeling surges up, when feeling is filling your life, then be drowned. Yes, if you want to cry, cry. If you want to laugh, laugh. If you want to dance, dance. This is the way of feeling.

Your tears will take you closer to god than your scriptures can take you. Your tears are your own. They come from the depths of your heart. Your tears are your humble request. Please accept my salaam of deep longing, please accept my love

Dance sometimes delighted, he has given you such a rare world. He has given you such a valuable life. Each and every thing is invaluable. Each single grain is filled to the brim with him here. Such a rhythmic universe -- and you do not even give thanks?

Thanking is prayer. And certainly his remembrance will torture you. This is good. His remembrance will churn inside you, this is good. But don't make this remembrance a formality, otherwise it will become false. Formality does not work.

I was a guest in a home. The young daughter of the house was competing in debate at school. She said to me, "You speak so much, and I have to give only a three minute speech, please help me prepare a speech. And if you help me prepare, I am definitely going to win the first prize." She was really after me, so I helped her. I had her repeat it again and again and prepared her. First she said, brothers and sisters, if I make any mistake then excuse me: I told her to say this first. Her mom and dad were going, they asked me to come too, so I went to listen. She started her speech looking in my direction. She was very happy because she was fully prepared. She said: "Brothers and sisters, if I have any excuse you are mistaken."

Now what to do? If you repeat like a parrot, you will not get very far. In the same way your prayers stumble and fall down. You have learned like parrots. You do your devotional songs, but it is all learned and studied. It is acting, not real. It has to be real.

So don't ask how prayer can be done. Let the surge come, float in that surge. Just don't stop it, when the surge takes you, don't stop. We have become very miserly. We are afraid to cry, we are afraid to laugh. We are afraid to dance. We are afraid of being overwhelmed by emotion. We are completely dried up. Our whole humanity has become false, hollow, hypocritical.

Your remembrance tortures.

The throbbing of the wound increases!
The cuckoo is speaking in the mango tree
New leaves dissolve in the pain
You are beyond the sight of my eyes
Hidden somewhere a woman sings of longing
Your remembrance tortures.
Somewhere you play your intoxicating veena
Sleep is snatched away from my eyes
Writhing in the desert, a delicate fish
Touching you, the east wind comes!
The throbbing of the wound increases!
Now I say a few words
Give me a few priceless kisses
Heart to heart let us exchange
The years are passing by!
The throbbing of the wound increases!
Your remembrance tortures.

Let the remembrance of god torture you. Let the throbbing increase. Let the wound within you deepen, this wound is prayer. Prayer is not in words, prayer is the reverberation of life.

Don't be in a hurry to put it into words, otherwise the mind is very clever. The mind knows how to make everything false. If you meet someone on the path you immediately start smiling. That smile is false. It is not inside of you, it is only plastered on your lips like a Jimmy Carter smile.

I have heard that Jimmy Carter's wife has to close his mouth at night, otherwise his mouth will stay open all night -- he practices all day. She has to close his mouth otherwise if a mouse goes inside or something there will be a disturbance.

Your smiles are false. You laugh because you're supposed to laugh, you cry because you're supposed to cry. You cry if someone has died.

I was a guest at a home. In that home one gentleman had died. No one was upset that he had died. Everyone was happy because the gentleman had tortured them plenty. He had been sick for many years. And if there was a prayer that moved in everyone's heart in that house it was that he go somehow, that god take him. He had set the whole house on edge. He died, so everyone was happy, but the happiness could not be shown. You cannot beat a drum and proclaim that you are delighted. You will have to cry. It was cool weather, I was sitting outside. The woman of the house had said to me, if anyone comes to mourn, please ring this bell. Why? I said. She said we will have to cry won't we? If someone suddenly arrives and sees that no one is crying then we will need to protect our honor. So I said, okay. A gentleman came, I rang the bell. The gentleman went in, I also went in, I looked in and was astonished. That woman grabbed a veil, drew it over herself and started crying loudly. She put on a veil because tears will not be coming. How can tears come? She lowered a veil over and began wailing loudly. As soon as the gentleman left, she put away the veil... started conversing again. Everything was fine, no problem anywhere.

You cry it is false. You laugh it is false. Your whole personality is phoney. Don't let this false personality be a part of your prayer. This is why people have the story of Satya Narayan recited at death. They hire a pandit saying, brother, recite, here's ten rupees. Recite the story of Satya

Narayan so that god stands behind him, so it can be said we had the story recited.
The Tibetans make a prayer wheel. It is like a small cart wheel, like a spinning wheel. As many spokes as there are... there are one hundred and eight spokes, the same as the one hundred and eight beads of a mala. On each spoke a mantra is written. They give the wheel a spin. As many times as the wheel turns, that much merit is received from reciting the mantra, that much virtue, is attained.
I was in Bodhgaya. A Tibetan lama was staying with me. He was reciting from his book and once in a while gave his wheel a turn. I watched one day, I watched two days. I said to him, just try something: what is this ancient method you are doing? Wire it with electricity and connect it to power. Then you can do whatever you want to do, it will go on turning and turning. Even at night when you are sleeping it will go on spinning. Your virtue will have no end. Virtue upon virtue will go on showering upon you.
Who are you deceiving? People go on inventing devices for prayer which are false. People are false so whatever they do will be false.
Don't ask how I can pray. A wave is arising, a feeling is arising -- just don't interfere with this feeling. Don't hinder it. Wherever this wave wants to take you go with it. You will feel afraid at first, thinking, "I don't know where it will take me, perhaps I'll start crying in the middle of the market, where people are sitting seriously I'll start laughing, people will think I am mad."
Take note, only the mad can pray. Only one who has the courage to be mad can travel the path of prayer.
Touch the ache of my soul, be my beloved!

What was quite disentangled, please entangle today
What was quite tangled up, please disentangle today
Dry the rainy season of my tears today
I want you to make me sad today
O affection of my eyes become eternal affection
Touch the ache of my soul, be my beloved!
Become a rain drop of affection, torment me life long
Do not show yourself to the love-bird of my consciousness
Steal a smile from these lips
Do this much and I will take it as great fortune
Become the eternal past to my present
Touch the ache of my soul, be my beloved!
Face to face with me is not false passion
Not just founded on dreamy hopes
Tune the tangled strings of my veena
With a gesture, play it just for a moment today
Sing my song, be mine!
Touch the ache of my soul, be my beloved!
Real prayer is not yours. Only what comes from the divine is divine. You are only a medium, a hollow bamboo. He sings a song through you. Only then is prayer true. And only then does prayer liberate.

The last question:
Question 5
I BECOME INTERESTED IN OTHER WOMEN BESIDES MY WIFE. BUT WHEN MY WIFE SHOWS INTEREST IN SOME OTHER MAN I BECOME VERY JEALOUS, I BURN IN FRIGHTFUL FLAMES.

Men have always created freedom for themselves but obstructed women. Men have imprisoned women within the four walls of the home while man has always kept himself free. Those days are gone now. Now woman is as independent as you are. And if don't want to burn in jealousy there are only two ways. One way is you yourself become free of desire. Where there is no desire jealousy does not remain. And the other way, if you don't want to become free of desire, then at least give as much prerogative to others as you have. Gather this much courage.

I want you to become free of desire. If you have known one woman you have known all women. If you have known one man you have known all men. Then the differences are only in outer lines. And one who is not able to know all women by knowing one woman, understand that he is living unconsciously. Even knowing innumerable women he will will not be able to know. He will never know. Knowing happens through awareness, he is unconscious. He will go on chasing, dropping one to go after another. And certainly you will burn because it hurts the male ego. You think it is completely fine, that you become interested in others' women, there is no problem. We say: boys will be boys. Men have made up this saying, that boys are after all boys. Men have created this reckoning that man will not be satisfied with one, a man wants many: a woman will be satisfied with only one. These are just male tricks. A woman should be satisfied with only one -- and that one is you. But you? How can you be satisfied with one? You are a man, there should be more freedom for a man.

I have heard, in Mulla Nasruddin's neighborhood Mr. Malhotra has recently arrived and become a neighbor. His wife is very beautiful. As soon as he woke up one day, to harass his wife, Mulla said: "Listen, don't be angry, for a few days now, Mrs. Malhotra appears nightly in my dreams."
The wife said, "She appears alone doesn't she?"
Mulla said, "Yes, but how did you know?"
Th wife said, "Because Mr. Malhotra comes into my dreams." Mulla was very unhappy from this exchange. He had tried to harass his wife, but he himself was harassed.
Your wife has as much independence as you want for your self. And if you find that no, it doesn't seem right that your wife is interested in other men then your being interested in other women is also not right. And what you want your wife to do, you should do first. Only then do you have any right.
Let go of these running desires. And this I say unto you: women are certainly not as desire ridden as men are. With women there is a certain feeling of surrender. And with women there is a certain fidelity and faith and trust. Man's love is shallow, it is not deep, it just on the surface. In the life of a man love is not all, there are many other things. In the love of a woman love is all there is, all other things are contained inside of love. In the life of a man there are many other dimensions, among which love is a dimension. In the life of a woman there is no other dimensions. All functions, all dimensions are contained in love.
Man is chaotic, man is restless. You can see this in very small children too. A small boy cannot simply sit quietly. He will knock over things, he will open clocks, he will start

catching flies, he will cause some disturbance or other, willy-nilly. A small girl will sit quietly in a corner, perhaps holding her dolly to her heart.

And remember this, women start to know even in the womb whether it is a boy or a girl. If the woman is a little sensitive she starts to know because a boy starts to make these same disturbances. He will give a kick sometimes, he will shake his head somehow. A girl is quiet. An experienced mother will start to know whether it is a boy or a girl. She will know by the amount of disturbance.

There is a scientific reason for this. The life sciences say that the personality of woman is balanced, the personality of man is not balanced. The genes of the woman are equal. A person is born out of the meeting of two cells -- out of the meeting of the two sex cells of man and woman. In a man there are sex cells of twenty-four genes and there are cells of twenty-three genes: there are two kinds of sex cells. In a woman there are only sex cells of twenty-four genes. When a man's twenty-four gene cell unites with a woman's twenty-four gene cell a girl is born. There are forty-eight genes. The weight is equal. The two pans of the balance are the same. And when a man's twenty-three gene cell unites with the twenty-four gene cell of the woman a man is born. One pan is lower, one pan is higher, there is no balance. There are forty-seven genes -- twenty-three on one side, twenty-four on one side. In women there are twenty-four genes each. This is why a woman is more beautiful, more proportionate, more peaceful. There is a kind of equanimity. There is a kind of stability. There is a certain roundness in the being of a woman. There is a little

angularity in man, a square cut. There is a scientific basis too.
Dhabbuji and his wife went on a pilgrimage. Dhabbuji is a great lover of books, he keeps books at his side all the time. They went into a temple -- it must have been the Vishwanath temple in Kashi. Dhabbuji is reading his book even standing in the temple. The wife is praying. You can understand her suffering. She said loudly: O lord of Vishwanath! Do just this much, when I die, in the next life don't let me be a woman but a book, so that at least I can be with Dhabbuji all the time.
Dhabbuji heard it. He immediately bowed down on his knees, joined his hands and said, O lord! If you accept her prayer then make her a telephone directory, so that I can exchange her every year.
Man's mind is simply restless. Let go of this restlessness. Be a little still. Be a little quiet. Understand life a little. You have run much already life after life, where have you reached? And how much more will you run? Now stop! "The foot that stops reaches the village." If you stop you reach the village. Then you will attain what you are seeking. The name of this stopping is meditation. The name for keeping on moving is the world. The name for stopping is the divine.

Enough for today?

Death is Divine

Chapter #9

Chapter title: Thought of memory-intelligence
9 October 1978 am in Buddha Hall

[Note: This is a translation from the Hindi Maran Hey Jogi Maram, which is in the process of being edited. It is for research only.]

LISTEN O EMPEROR, TO THOUGHTS OF PURE INTELLIGENCE, THIS DREAM WORLD ARISES FROM FIVE ELEMENTS,
COMMENCEMENT, VESSEL, RECOGNITION, ATTAINMENT, SHREE GORAKH-YATI SAYS DO THESE AND KNOW YOU'RE AN EMPEROR.
TO BEGIN, DROP SEX, ANGER, EGO, DREAMS OF THE MIND AND IMPURITIES OF INDULGENCE.
RENOUNCE WORLDLY CRAVINGS, DROP GREED, THEY CATCH THE SWAN AND KILL IT.
DROP THE DUAL, REMAIN NON-DUAL, RENOUNCE EMBRACING, REMAIN UNBOUND,
NATURALNESS IS TECHNIQUE, ASANA HAPPENS, BODY, MIND, BREATH BECOME STEADY.
AWAKEN SANYAM, THE BALANCE, CONSCIOUS AHAR, THE INTAKE, RENOUNCE SLUMBER THE DEATH OF LIFE.
DROP ALL JUGGLERY OF TANTRA, MANTRA, YANTRA, MEDICINE, AMULET, METALS AND STONES.
ALL THIS MEDICINEMANSHIP WILL ONLY LEAD YOU TO THE KING'S DOOR, THE POLITICS.
DROP ENCHANTMENTS OF ALL KINDS AND ALL SORCERY.

LISTEN YOGESHWARA TO THE START OF THE PATH OF YOGA.
RENOUNCE ALL OTHER STATES, MEDITATE WHOLLY ON THE LORD OF THE WORLD.
DROPPING ALL KIND OF DRAMA, BURN LUST, ANGER, EGO.
EYES FULL OF LUST, DON'T WANDER ON PILGRIMAGES FAR AND WIDE; NO NEED TO CARRY THE WEIGHT OF MATTED HAIR TANGLED IN HEAVY LOCKS.
NO NEED FOR VIRTUES OF PLANTING TREES AND MAKING GARDENS, DO NOT DIE DIGGING WELLS AND POOLS.
BREATH STOPS, BODY DECAYS, BE CENTERED IN SITTING O KING
INSISTING ON PILGRIMAGES AND VOWS, DON'T WASTE YOUR LIFE CLIMBING MOUNTAINS.
DROP ALL THIS WORSHIP AND RITUALS, CHANTING WITH BEADS; ENOUGH PRETENSIONS OF YOGA.
ABANDON ALL YOUR BUSINESS AND TRADE OF KNOWLEDGE, YOUR STUDYING, CONTEMPLATING AND BEHAVIORISM.
RID YOURSELF OF GATHERING DISCIPLES, RENOUNCE TITLES AS GRAVEYARDS, DEBATE AS POISON.
HENCE I SAY, REALIZING DEATH, O KING, REMAIN ALONE.
SEEING A GATHERING DON'T BOAST KNOWLEDGE, REMAIN LIKE A MUTE, MAD AND IGNORANT.

DROP THE HOPINGS OF KING AND COMMONER, EAT BY BEGGING, REMAIN ABSOLUTELY INDIFFERENT.
LET GO OF POTIONS, MAGIC BREWS, ALCHEMY, RENOUNCING RIDDHI, MIRACLE POWERS, RECEIVE SIDDHI, THE POWER OF FULFILLMENT.
DROP DRINKING WINE AND TAKING DRUGS, THEY CREATE ALL SORTS OF DREAMS AND IMAGINATIONS.
NARI, MYNA, SARANGI, THE SATGURU SAYS DROP ALL THREE.
COMMENCEMENT, VESSEL, RECOGNITION, ATTAINMENT, SHREE GORAKH-YATI SAYS DO THESE AND KNOW YOU'RE AN EMPEROR.

Besides placement in line what will be gained in the end? I have never seen a drop that won't become the ocean. There is no drop in existence that won't become the ocean one day or another. The part becomes the whole. The fragment becomes the unfragmented. The finite becomes the infinite. There is not a single drop whose destiny is not to become the ocean. Then how can there be a single man that will remain deprived of becoming god?
Becoming god is man's nature. Just as a drop can become the ocean, if man becomes free of limitations he can become god. Man is god, it is only a matter of letting limitations drop. There is no other barrier to man's becoming god. We have drawn a Lakshman line, a magic circle, all around us. It is a line drawn by us. We never go out of that circle. We have made a wall. We have made a security arrangement. We have become imprisoned in the

known. The unknown is calling, but because of fear we haven't been able to start off on the journey.
The journey of yoga, of union, is an unknown journey. But only one who has become tired of the known will go on an unknown journey. Has what you have known fulfilled your heart?
If the heart is fulfilled then no going towards god arises. You have attained god. The very meaning of fulfilling the heart is union with god. Your heart is not fulfilled. Your heart is not fulfilled at all. It remains as empty as ever. Only hopes -- tomorrow it will be fulfilled, day after tomorrow it will be fulfilled -- go on entangling you. Only false promises that will never be fulfilled. No ones promises have ever been fulfilled.
Yesterday I was listening to a popular song
Who knows what kind of people they were whose love found love
There have never been people whose love has found love. In this world none have ever attained satisfaction.
Who knows what kind of people they were, whose love found love
When I asked for budding flowers, I got a garland of thorns
When I sought the goal of happiness, I received the dust of misery
When I wanted songs of affection, I received cold sighs
This consolation I received - the heart's oppression doubled
Each friend gave a moment or two of friendship and parted
Who has time to hold the hand of the mad?
Often I am troubled even by my own shadow
If this is called living, I will live just like this

I won't cry out, but sew my lips together, and drink back my tears
How can misery upset me now? Misery I've had a hundred times
Who knows what kind of people they were whose love found love
When I asked for budding flowers, I got a garland of thorns
Such people have never existed. Here whoever has asked for budding flowers has been defeated by thorns. In this world there is nothing but thorns. Yes, from afar they appear to be flowers, coming nearer they prove to be thorns. What you don't have appears lovely, what you have has become worthless. There is attraction for the absent. 'The distant drum sounds pleasing.'
Only those will start on a journey of yoga, of union, who are completely clear that it is not possible to attain happiness here. Happiness is impossible in the world, because the world means the outward journey -- going out of oneself. And going out of oneself no one can ever attain happiness. The further you go from yourself the more you become opposed to your nature. And to dissolve in your nature is happiness. To become submerged in oneself is happiness. Nature is happiness, unnature is misery.
So the further you go from yourself -- in wealth, in power, in prestige -- the more you go on becoming miserable.
The world does not mean these trees, these stars and moon. The world means the fleeing outward away from the heart. The outward journey is the world. The inward journey is religion.
Look with close attention at your life a little. Think about it, then only can these eternal words of Gorakh be

understood. And why only Gorakh? No words of any awakened one will be of any use to you if you have not examined your own life. Still you go on hoping. Your hopes have still not been demolished.

The ocean of the world is absolutely fake
Look, not even a lip is moist.

It appears that water is rippling, but appears so only from afar. It is a mirage. When you go near, not even the lips can be moistened. Water reaching the throat is out of the, not even the lips are moistened.

Green does not even exist in this region
O Majnu are you sowing seeds of desire in your heart?

On this land greenery has never existed. You are uselessly planting seeds of wanting in your heart. You will repent much. These seeds never sprout.

Green does not even exist in this region
O Majnu are you sowing seeds of desire in your heart?

Why do you go on planting seed of new desires? The old seeds never came up but you sow new seed. You have been doing this for life after life.

I came right in but not a drop in my hands
Water far off in showy mirage.

O Shiva! Real gold assay color is not on the stone,
You know blue fills that other sky.
Here presence is absence, and absence is presence,
You speak truly, no one hears.

Much entanglement of this world, in presence an absence, what exists is forgotten. What exists is not seen.

Here presence is absence, and absence is presence,

And our emotions remain entangled in what is not. You are stuck on what you do not have. You will be surprised knowing this.

People think that they are hung up on what they have. This is wrong. You are not even a little stuck on what you have, you are stuck on what you don't have. If you have ten thousand rupees you are not hung up there. You are stuck on the ten million that you don't have. Even if you drop this ten thousand it will not help. Until the ten million drops that you don't have.

It feels very absurd that we are entangled in what is not. You are not entangled with the wife you have. You have long been free of her. You have stopped even looking at her. You can't even recognize her. How many days has it been, how many years, since you took an eyeful of your wife? Who looks at ones wife? People look at others' wives.

You are hung up on what is not near. The absent has entangled you. This is why the master's job is very difficult to work out. He has to take away from you what you don't have. And he gives you what you have. If you go near you won't find even a drop there, where it seemed an ocean was pounding.

This deception is like the sky's blue appearance. It just appears so. The sky has no color. The sky is not a thing that can be colored. The sky is the essence of emptiness. How can you color emptiness? The sky only looks blue.

O Shiva! Real gold assay color is not on the stone,
You know blue fills that other sky.

It is definitely proven, now there is scientific proof that the sky has no color, nevertheless it appears blue. And when

you are out on a desert wasting with thirst, your thirst gives birth to mirages. And not only ordinary men, extra-ordinary men also fall for mirages. Even Rama went chasing after a golden deer. Do gold deer exist? Have they ever?
It is a lovely story. Rama allowed Sita to be lost -- not because of Ravana, but because he started chasing a golden deer. If you ask me, it is secondary that Ravana kidnapped Sita. Rama's squandering Sita is the important thing. Think a little, if it were you, you would have thought, do gold deer exist? Have they ever? But a gold deer appeared and Rama pursued it. He picked up his bow and arrow and then abandoned Sita. He deserted what is for what is not and never was and what never can be. Completely against intelligence, against thought, against understanding -- he went after the gold deer.
But the story is beautiful. We all go searching for golden deer in just the same way and lose our Sita's. Sita is your soul, what you have. You have forgotten that. You have turned your back on that. Go in search of a gold deer -- fame and position, wealth, respect, honor. These are all gold deer - that have never existed and never will.
My existence is like a bubble,
This whole spectacle is like wine.
Open the eye of the heart to that world,
Where status is like a dream.
Just open your heart a little to that "other world", because everything here is dream like.
Open the eye of the heart to that world,
Open the eye of the heart to that truth, push aside the veil, raise the curtain.
Where status is like a dream.

Power here in this world is not more than a dream.
My existence is like a bubble,
An existence like a bubble, a soap bubble, here one moment, gone the next.
This whole spectacle is like wine.
This whole mirage-like production goes on, falsely -- just because we believe in it.
And what will people not believe! Our whole world is made of beliefs. We believe. The whole thing is belief. And we believe in it so it goes on moving. Those who don't share this belief will laugh.
For the man who runs after money, money is truth. And one who doesn't run after money, will laugh saying you are mad. What will money do? What will happen with money? It remains behind all the same. One who doesn't have the belief will be very surprised at what you are running after. But one whose belief it is, his eyes are intoxicated. He is not in his senses.
This world is the result of our desiring, our wanting, our running, our ambition. And one who doesn't immediately wake up from this ambition will never recognize himself. There is no happiness without knowing oneself. There is no music without knowing oneself. There is no taste of the eternal nectar without knowing oneself. These sutras are for this search for the eternal nectar.
LISTEN O EMPEROR, TO THOUGHTS OF PURE INTELLIGENCE
Gorakh says, O EMPEROR! He is calling you an emperor, remember, because you are an emperor, only you believe you are a beggar. You are the master, you believe you are a slave. You believe, so you have become a slave.

LISTEN O EMPEROR, TO THOUGHTS OF PURE INTELLIGENCE

Listen to a few words of understanding, of awareness. Or will you go on running, go on escaping? Won't you stop? Won't you stop and think a little that you have run much, and where have you reached? Just look back at it once again.

... THIS DREAM WORLD ARISES FROM FIVE ELEMENTS

Those things that you are running after, there is nothing there, just the play of the five elements. Earth, water, air, fire, ether -- this whole play is created from them. There is nothing in this play. And what you are searching for is present inside of you. That which is beyond the five elements is present within you. These five elements are made and disappear. They fall and rise, they are waves. With them you can never become ecstatic, before they are fully made they start disappearing. How can your life be with them? They are momentary. And you get misery from what is momentary. Search a little for what is eternal. And that is sitting inside you.

If you look carefully at this world then the remembrance that you are the observer starts coming. And if you look at it unconsciously then the observer is just forgotten. You are caught up in the seen. One who is caught up in the seen has gone astray. And one who is awakened in the seer has arrived.

COMMENCEMENT, VESSEL, RECOGNITION, ATTAINMENT,

SHREE GORAKH-YETI SAYS DO THESE AND KNOW YOU'RE AN EMPEROR.

Gorakh says, O emperor, I have four things to tell to you. Gorakh pours his entire life's thinking into these four things.

COMMENCEMENT, VESSEL, RECOGNITION, ATTAINMENT

Four things: the first is commencement, inception, start, beginning. Commencement means until now you are running outwardly, you have not even commenced the inner journey. You have not turned your gaze backwards. You have not looked back. What Mahavira calls pratikraman, returning back.

The mind has two states - aakraman, violence... Aakraman means outward, pratikraman means inward. Aakraman is to the other, pratikraman is to oneself. Or what Patanjali has called pratyahar -- turning in.

Return, return to yourself. This is what Jesus has called conversion. Conversion does not mean that a Hindu becomes a Christian, or a Christian becomes a Hindu. Is this conversion? Conversion means outer journey converted to inner journey. Don't search for the temple outside, search within. You don't go to the outer bathing shrines, you take an inner bath. You take a dip in meditation, and life transformation begins. This transformation Gorakh calls commencement. Only then do you begin to be human. Animals live outwardly, plants also. Man is the only one on this earth who can life inwardly. Only he has the potential that can witness the inner being.

All run outwardly, there is nothing special in this. Dignity begins in your life the day you start returning inward. You become glorious. You become majestic. You become dignified. You become human. The inner birth of your

being has happened. The quest for the divine has begun inside of you. And this is the greatest revolution. No other revolution is so great. It is inner revolution. This Gorakh calls this commencement.

He says, listen O Emperor! You have not even commenced your empire. You have not swung the first stroke of your pick axe to start excavating the mine of wealth you are master of.

The second: vessel. Vessel means clay pot. This is the body, the vessel of clay. This vessel is a temple. Within it the master is hidden. Inside this pot the sky is hidden. Do not get entangled with the outer pot because when you turn inward you will find that the body is not as small as you understood. The body is very mysterious. The body is a universe unto itself.

Scientists say that in each body there are at least seventy million cells. This is why we call the being purush -- master of the city -- because the body is a city, a well populated city. Bombay is smaller. Calcutta is also smaller. The population of Calcutta is ten million, the population of your body is fifty million, fifty million cells. Your body is created by fifty million cells living together.

This is no small event. Don't be deceived looking at the small boundary of the body. Now you know that scientists have discovered atomic power. An atom, which cannot be seen by the eye. But if the atom is exploded, then in ninety seconds Hiroshima, with a population of one hundred thousand, is reduced to ash. Such a vast energy can be hidden in what cannot be seen by the naked eye. Then the body is very big. A very vast energy is hidden with in. It has great secrets.

If you turn inward the first thing you will discover is the body. The body is a temple. If you go into the temple, then first you will climb the temple steps, you will pass through the temple walls, you will enter the door, then you can reach the inner shrine, the inner home. Hence, first begin the inner journey, then you will become familiar with this home. Otherwise meeting the inner master will not be possible.

Naturally do not go against this body. Don't start torturing it. Otherwise you will not be able to understand. This is god's very loving gift. Do not suppress, do not torture, do not harass. To suppress, torture, harass it is a denial of god, it is atheistic.

A believer gives thanks to the divine saying what a lovely body you have given. From earth such a form has been fashioned! Such magic with just five elements. God is a magician. His magic is the greatest... the greatest proof, if any is possible, is your body.

Scientists say so much work happens in the body, if we have to do all this in a factory, then its noise will be heard four miles away. We have not yet discovered how. Science has advanced very far. It has put man on the moon. It has exploded atomic bombs. And now we have produced so many atom bombs that we can reduce the entire planet to ash, not just once but a thousand times. In spite of this great advance in science, science has not yet been able to convert a single piece of bread into blood. Converting bread into blood is still not possible. This miracle happens in your body. And not just that it makes blood from bread, it makes flesh. Bread also makes your brain. Bread also makes your

thoughts. And through some unknown door bread ignites your consciousness.
It is said, "When hungry, no singing praises of Krishna Gopala." A hungry man cannot pray. A hungry man does not have the energy necessary for singing prayers, for bhajan. A full belly is needed for prayer song. Hence, in a country that becomes poor bhajan disappears or becomes false. In this country bhajan was once true, because the the country was rich. At least people were receiving their daily bread, no one was dying of starvation. In those days Buddha was born, Mahavira was born, Gorakh was born, Patanjali and Krishna... and we were at great heights. At least people were not starving. They were wealthy, not that I am saying that they had a great heap of wealth, this I am not saying. But they were not hungry. The body was satisfied. Bhajan could arise.

When a country is poor, then communism arises there, not religion. Then people become ready for death and dying. Then there is cornering and pressing demands on authorities, there are strikes, riots, murders and violence. Then bhajan does not arise. A starving man can do violence, not love. A starving man is angry, a starving man cannot be compassionate.
I say unto you, if this country remains poor a long time -- as the leaders of this country have decided it will remain poor -- if this country remains long poor, then no possibility except communism will remain. Knowingly or unknowingly this country is being taken towards communism. Perhaps those who are taking it do not know this, they are unaware of it. Perhaps their efforts are that the

country not become communist. But it is not a of your efforts, if the country remains poor, then nothing is possible except communism. Bhajan cannot be born.
Act quickly! This country's poverty, this country's starvation must be destroyed. Otherwise it will fall into a great ditch which it will be hard to get out of. Getting free of the slavery of the English was not as difficult. If this country should become communist, then breaking these chains of bondage will be impossible, almost impossible. If a country like Russia cannot break them then we will not be able to break out. We have easily become enslaved and we have readily remained enslaved for thousands of years. And communism is a terrible slavery. Yes, bread will be available and being will be taken away. But purchasing bread at this price is great slavery.
Bread can be made. A little understanding is necessary. Making bread is not difficult. But our foolishness is so ancient that the reasons why we are poor are the same reasons we go on increasing. And we are enemies of the methods that can destroy poverty .
This is the reason behind Indira's defeat, the whole cause is that she made great efforts that somehow the population of the country be controlled. Without this the country can never become rich. Becoming rich is far away, it cannot even get a full belly. This is the reason for her defeat. The reason for Indira's defeat, in total, was that she tried in every way to impose compulsory family planning onto this country. Only if family planning is imposed can this country be saved from poverty. The population has become six hundred million. As this century draws to a close, the population will become one billion. We do not have the

capacity that we can fill the stomachs of one billion people. People will get hungrier every day. And the hungrier they get the more enraged they will be. And the more enraged, the more communist they will become. By themselves! This is an inevitable process.

Indira was defeated because she made real effort to do the right job. And that job is such that it has to be done by force, otherwise it will not happen. If you leave people to themselves, they will not be ready to accept it. People don't care, people are not aware. They say, god gives children, who are we to stop them? They will go on producing children -- go on producing children like rabbits. And the country will go on getting poorer every day. They do not know what they are doing. It will have to be forcibly stopped, only then can it stop, otherwise it will not stop. It has to be stopped with compulsion. People will be upset, because their ancient habits are being interfered with. A man whose only joy is to have as many children as possible, if he is stopped and told two or three only, he will become angry, because his father produced twelve children and he is limited to two or three. In his family tradition such a thing has never happened.

Hindu pandits and priests are angry, Muslim priests and scholars are also angry, because their share might decrease. Their concern is that Muslim population not decrease. Their concern is that Hindu population not decrease. The Jainas are concerned that Jainas do not decrease. If their numbers decrease then their power will decrease. No one is concerned that if you all increase your numbers, Muslims increase, Hindus increase, Jainas increase, this whole country will die.

All these priests and scholars, joined together and supported Indira's defeat. This is not accidental. If Indira did any wrong it is only one: that she tried to do the right thing, which this country's convention-bound mind-set did not like. You defeated Indira and installed senile old people, in whom there is no hope, who have no ability, with whom the country can have no future. But all joined together, all reactionaries and retrogressive elements. The whole stupidity of this country joined together.

Do you see what a miracle it was? All political parties, whose principles have nothing in common, whose channels of thought have nothing in common, all were ready to gather together. Such opportunism you will never find in the world, where their principles, all their philosophies, all their great ideas were put aside in one moment for political power. It is amazing that Socialists, Congress party, and the right wing Jana Sangha all joined together. But also not amazing, because Muslims, Hindus all ancient voices, all conservatives put the pressure on.

It is as if this country decided to remain poor. If it is to remain poor, there is no possibility of bhajan, of singing prayers arising.

What is true for the individual, is also true for the society, is also true for the country and true also for all of mankind. Your body should be joyous, should be delighted, should be healthy.

So the second task of a yogi is to keep the body happy, healthy, blossoming. The body is like a flower. It is smiling. It is filled with joy. This temple is the lord's, it should be decorated with garlands and wreaths.

But your so called sadhus and sannyasins go on teaching you the reverse. They have given poison. They have taught that the body is the enemy. If you are to achieve god then you must destroy the body, torture it, let it decay, place it on a bed of thorns. Beat the body. The more you beat it, the closer you reach to god.

This is a lie. This is one hundred per cent false. The more you destroy the body, the lower the temple will fall. And if the temple falls, there is the fear that the idol too will go down. This is a temple. It needs to be respected. In Gorakh's opinion there is great respect for the body. Hence he says: first begin the inner journey, then take care of the temple.

The second thing is vessel. First is commencement. Vessel -- then take care of this temple. He is hidden somewhere in it, his treasure is hidden. All of the methods of yoga are to take care of it. Restraint, rules, breathing, withdrawal of senses... These are not to destroy the body. They are to protect the body. These are for the beauty, the health, the energy of the body. The body will be delighted from these. Flowers will bloom in it. By means of these the roots of the body will deeply enter the earth.

And the third thing is recognition. When your body becomes beautiful, full of music, rhythmical, when there is poetic meter in your body, a joyful madness, then you will recognize consciousness with consciousness. Then you will receive the first glimpse of the one who is hidden within this body. You will enter the temple. Unhappy, crying, hungry you cannot enter into it. It can happen only mounted on the a wave of health.

COMMENCEMENT, VESSEL, RECOGNITION, ATTAINMENT

When recognition has happened, then decision -- then attainment. Before this do not say that god exists or not. Before this do not say that nirvana exists or not. Before this do not make any conclusions, neither yes nor no, neither a believer nor an atheist. Any conclusions made before this are not based on your own experience. They are borrowed, they stink, they are given by others. Who knows if they have given them correctly or incorrectly. Who knows if the others are deceiving? Who knows if they themselves are deceived, even if they are not trying to deceive you? Who knows?

Man should remember, I will trust only in my own knowledge. I will be my own source. I will become my own lamp. Then decide. This is a very lovely idea. First the inner journey, then right care of the body, then the experience of consciousness, meditation, then the attainment of samadhi.

SHREE GORAKH-YETI SAYS DO THESE AND KNOW YOU'RE AN EMPEROR.

And Gorakh says, if you do this much then you will become conscious that you are an emperor. The master of masters is sitting inside of you. The lord of lords is sitting inside of you. But you go on running. You don't know where -- where are you running? -- except for where you are, you are running everywhere.

I have heard a story, that when god first created the world he lived right here in the middle of the market, on Mahatma Gandhi Road. Naturally, he had made the world, so he lived in the world. But people started bothering him too

much. Complaining and complaining. This is not right, that is not right. And the complaints were so contradictory that even if one wanted to fulfill them it couldn't be done. Someone says don't let it rain tomorrow because I am dying some clothes and they have to dry. Someone else says let it rain tomorrow because we have planted seeds, they shouldn't dry out. One says let the sun come out tomorrow, another says don't let the sun come tomorrow because I am going on a trip, it is better if there is shade. God must have started going crazy. Whose suggestion should he follow? If one is done, many cannot be done. If one is done, the other one is denied. He started getting frightened. People wouldn't let him sleep either day or night. In the middle of the night they would come and knock at the door saying do it this way, do it that way, tomorrow morning don't let the sun out at all, tomorrow let the sun shine early because I have to work in the fields, it is difficult in the dark.

He called the gods, called his viziers, saying tell me some way out, I will go mad. Where can I hide? Save me from my people. I made them, now they are making it difficult for me. I made a mistake when I made man.

This is why, you know, that after man god did not make anything more. Awareness dawned, he got smart. Before man he had created much: plants, birds and beasts, mountains and rivers, moon and stars, then man. And he made man, then made nothing more. Millions of years have passed since then, god has been sitting with his hands completely still, not making a thing. This mistake is such that his courage has broken to go beyond it.

So he said I am not going to make anything. But what is made is made. Where can I hide? Someone said, hide in the

Himalayas, on Mount Everest. He said, very soon - you may not know it - after a few moments have passed Hillary and Tenzing will climb Everest. And once they reach then busses will come and hotels will be made and Mahatma Gandhi Road... People will start coming by helicopter. You don't know, after just a few days. That place will be no solution.

So someone said, on the moon... So He said, that won't work either. Soon Armstrong will reach there. And then the Russians will reach and troubles will start. Then an old god came and said something into his ear and He was happy. He said, this is right, this fits. The old one said, try this, hide inside of man. Man will go off to the moon and stars, but he will never go within. He will never remember. Since then god has been hiding within you and in great joy. Only once in a while a Gorakh-yeti reaches. But by then all his complaints have dropped. So god is simply delighted to see him. Meeting him He just dances. Not just any fool can reach there. They don't have time with all their trips to Delhi. Some Gorakh-yeti, some Gautam Buddha, some Vardhaman Mahavira... but sitting with such people He too is delighted. In their company he is happy. The gathering comes together, round after round of honey. The juiciest things must have been said, or songs must have been sung, or dance, or drums beaten, or the strings of the veena played.

But god is within you. You are god.

SHREE GORAKH-YETI SAYS DO THESE AND KNOW YOU'RE AN EMPEROR.

If you go within, take a little awareness, complete these four things, receive the attainment, receive the goal of life, the meaning of life.

TO BEGIN, DROP SEX, ANGER, EGO...

And if you want to begin this journey then you will have to drop sex. Sex means without others I cannot go on. The other is absolutely needed. If you are a woman a man is needed, if you are a man a woman is needed. The other is needed, the opposite is needed. And the opposite is outside so man are running after women, women are running after men.

Becoming free of sex means: first I will find out: Who am I? In reality do I need the other or not? I still don't know who I am, but I am seeking the other! One who becomes acquainted with himself is surprised, the other is not needed at all. One's own being is sufficient.

... DROP SEX, ANGER, EGO...

And one who has thrown sex, one who has no need of the other, from him anger drops by itself. Anger is the shadow of sex. Only a sexual person can be angry. Why? Because if someone creates a barrier between him and his desiring, him and what he desires, then anger arises. How can you make someone angry if he has no sexual desire? No matter what obstacle you put, he has no desire. There is no suffering from your obstacle. Your obstacle does not appear to be an obstacle.

Jesus has said, "If someone slaps you on one cheek, offer him the other. And if someone takes your coat, offer him your shirt. And if someone asks you to carry his burden one mile, take it two miles."

One who has no desires, won't have any problem. One who has no need of the other, cannot be disturbed by the other. This is something to be understood. Others can disturb you as long as you need them. Hence great disturbance arises. The husband needs the wife, hence the wife can disturb. The wife needs the husband, hence the husband can disturb. This is why lovers love each other and remain angry with each other and even fight and quarrel. Why? The one we are dependent on -- this dependence brings trouble because our key is in their hand. We do not remain our own master.

Hence lovers go on fighting over who is boss, me or you? After marriage husband and wife have a single struggle, who is really the boss? They don't say this openly... it cannot be said openly. They make political claims. It doesn't have to be said. The wife makes her moves. The husband makes his. Both of them place their own pieces on the board - who is the boss? From any excuse it has to be proven who is the boss. If the wife says something, the husband opposes it whether it is something to be opposed or not. If the husband says something the wife has to oppose it. Trivial things like which movie to go see and there is an argument.

One day their was a great argument between Mulla Nasruddin and his wife. For an hour, an hour and a half there was a very heated exchange. Then Mulla went outside. His condition was as if he had been beaten. He slipped out. He walked around in the cool air, the mind become a little quiet. It was a small matter -- which film to go to? He thought, what is there in this small matter? Its okay let's do what she want's. He became a little aware.

Why quarrel? And quarreling will be expensive. Now hunger is starting to arise. Now she will not cook any food. I will have to sleep at night, now she will not allow sleep. She will throw pillows. Upside down or right side up she will provoke some disturbance, or turn the radio up too loud. Quarrels are not so easy, they cannot be patched up so easy. When you start a disturbance it will go on continuing. Thinking over and understanding everything, carefully calculating he said to himself, It is better that we go see the film that she says is good to see. He came inside and said, "Be happy, I will do what you want, I accept what you want. Lets go see the film you want to see."

His wife looked at him and said, "But now I have changed my mind. Agreeing to that means nothing now. I don't want to see that film."

If the intention is to quarrel it makes no difference. It is an excuse.

But lovers quarrel, psychologists say that the fundamental reason is that as soon as you fall in love you begin to understand that your happiness is dependent on someone else. The other will give when they give. If the other withdraws, then they withdraw. You do not remain your own master. You have become a slave. There is suffering from enslavement. From suffering, anger arises; from anger, struggle.

Sex and anger go together. And where there is sex and anger, in the middle between them ego arises. If you are victorious over others, then ego becomes strong. If you are defeated by the other, the ego becomes hidden, goes beneath the surface of the earth. Another path is found to defeat someone else.

One who has no desire, nor any anger, his ego dissolves by itself. Sex and anger are the two wings which fly the bird of ego.

TO BEGIN, DROP SEX, ANGER, EGO, DREAMS OF THE MIND AND IMPURITIES OF INDULGENCE.

Drop the idea that something can be received from outside. No one has ever received or ever will receive anything. The more you ask, the more you are troubled, the more you are sad.

I longed for the moon and stars
I got nothing but the black ink of night
I am that poem that did not find love's gathering,
I am that traveller who arrived at no destination,
wounds I have received, I longed for springtime
I longed for the moon and stars
No curling locks, no skirt's hem to comfort me
Not even faded stars cross my path
My eyes longed for the sights
I longed for the moon and stars
Useless desires came to reside in my heart
I set out to bring light and got darkness
I longed for the streaming of color and light
I longed for the moon and stars
I got nothing but the black ink of night

No one has ever received anything else -- they received the black ink of night. Ask for moon and stars, you are are free to ask. But nothing happens according to your request. Through your asking you have become a beggar. Through your becoming a beggar your value has dropped. You have become scattered around, far from god. Become a master. If you are to meet that master, then become a master. Only

a master can meet a master. There is a meeting of like qualities. Becoming a beggar you cannot meet god. Only becoming a master can you meet. Only becoming like him will you be able to meet.

What does it mean to become a master? That no desiring remains - not for maya, not for sex, not for greed, not for wealth, not for power, no desire remains. You have said: I accept all as you have made me. I accept myself as I am. Just as I am, I accept completely. In such a state an emperor is born inside of you. Then even if you are a beggar you have an emperor. Now even if you are an emperor it is only in name, inside you are only a beggar.

... DREAMS OF THE MIND AND IMPURITIES OF INDULGENCE.

RENOUNCE WORLDLY CRAVINGS, DROP GREED, THEY CATCH THE SWAN AND KILL IT.

All these dreams will gang up, grab your soul and murder it. Inside you they will wring the neck of the swan.

RENOUNCE WORLDLY CRAVINGS, DROP GREED, THEY CATCH THE SWAN AND KILL IT.

Drop this misery. Drop this greed. These have murdered you. You have been finished by their poison.

DROP THE DUAL, REMAIN NON-DUAL

Drop this language of two. Drop the language of I and you. Become non-dual. Where you is gone, the desire for you is gone, there I also goes. Then a silence remains. Silence - as is seen after a storm. Or silence - as comes before a storm. Or silence - if you understand then it is also in the center of the storm. If you are aware there is silence in the market too. There is always silence within. There it is eternal

peace. If you learn to take a dip within the outer noise cannot shatter it, no outer barrier will be a barrier.

DROP THE DUAL, REMAIN NON-DUAL, RENOUNCE EMBRACING, REMAIN UNBOUND,

Drop this embrace of others, because you become bound by this embrace. Your life has become a prison because of others. Through others life has become enchained. It is a barrier of others into which you have fallen.

... RENOUNCE EMBRACING, REMAIN UNBOUND

Do you want to be liberated? Do you want to be free? Do you want the infinity and freedom of the sky? Then you will have to learn to be non-dual.

NATURALNESS IS TECHNIQUE, ASANA HAPPENS...

Learn the natural, spontaneous spiritual practice.

NATURALNESS IS TECHNIQUE! This is the real union.

What is the natural practice? Not wanting to be anything. From wanting to be, from the desire to be something, man becomes unnatural. When you want to be something, then an ideal comes in front of you - to be this.

Assume you wanted to become Buddha, what will you do? If you want to be Buddha, you start imitating Buddha. You will forget who you are. You will start behaving like Buddha. If you want to be a Mahavira, you will stand naked like Mahavira. This is not your own. If you want to be something, if some ideal enters your life, you become false.

With ideals comes hypocrisy. An ideal means in the future there is a star like I want to be - like Mahavira, Krishna, Buddha. And do you know that Buddha has never happened again. No other person can be like Buddha, nor is there any need to be. Nor has there ever been another

Mahavira. You were born only to be you, you were not born to be anything else. And Buddha could only become Buddha because he did not try to become Krishna. Nor did he try to become Rama. Buddha could become Buddha because he plunged into his own being. You also can only be you. You are unique. There has never been a person like you, nor will there be. God does not repeat. God is not a broken down gramophone record that goes on playing the same song, the same song, the same song.

God is eternally new, flowing, dynamic. He is not a pond filled with stagnant water, decaying and rotting. He is flow, current. He is the Ganges, he is flowing.

Unnaturalness arises from ideals. Man has become hypocritical, unnatural, complicated - because of ideals. People are teaching each other. Mom and dad are teaching their children - become like this... or look you should become like Buddha, or become like Alexander, or become like so and so. No mom and dad say to their children, you are to become you, avoid Buddhas. Avoid Mahaviras. They have happened. They were beautiful, had greatness, but if you are to learn one thing from them then learn to live your own self, you also live your own self. Do not copy behavior, do not imitate. Imitation and copying behavior make man false, because duality arises. You are something, you put something over, it becomes double. You are one thing, you do something else. You are one thing, you say something else. Your clothes are one thing, your soul something else. There is a difference between your outer and inner color. Your interiority is divided and to be divided is unnatural.

The meaning of natural is, undivided living. You live just like you are.
Think about this a little. This is a very important thing. Live just like you are. Bad then bad, good then good. Let the whole world become acquainted with who you are. Uncover yourself. Say, this is how I am. This is my fate. This is how god has made me. It is his choice. If the world accepts, fine. If they don't accept, fine.
When you want the world to accept you then this problem begins. Then it will be that you have to become like the world wants. When you want the world to give you respect, then trouble begins because the world gives respect according to its conditions. It you fulfill their conditions, then they will give respect. If their conditions are not fulfilled they will disrespect you.
The man who wants to be something will become fearful. He who is fearful is weak. He has lost his soul. Don't wish to be anything. As you are is sufficient. You are participating in god's vision, otherwise you just wouldn't exist. He has accepted you.
There is a story from Junnaid's life. Junnaid came to stay at a new village. He was a Sufi fakir, a great fakir. His next door neighbor was a mischievous man, a troublemaker. For three or four days he watched, until it became more than he could endure. One dusk he was praying, bowing on his prayer rug, after prayers he said, O lord, end this man's life. What need is there of him? He is my neighbor. He is a disturbance and nothing else. He is torturing your people, harassing them, he is evil.
Junnaid had never had received an answer from god to a prayer, that day it came. God said, Junnaid, you have been

here four days. I have been with this man for sixty years. He has been my neighbor for sixty years, because all are my neighbors. I have tolerated him for sixty years, you cannot tolerate four days? And when I tolerated him for sixty years, there must be something, there must be some secret. You should have thought, at least before praying, that one whom God has accepted, what complaint can you have?

This is lovely. From that day on Junnaid never prayed to improve any man. Let him be as god wishes. As he is is fine. Who am I?

Some people brought a woman to Jesus and said, "She has committed adultery. It is written in the ancient scriptures, that she should be stoned to death. What do you think?" Jesus was sitting on the bank of a river. He must have fallen deep in thought: "If I tell them to stone her to death, it will be violence." Then what will happen to Jesus' principle of love? "And if I say no, pardon her, people will be angry. People will say you are speaking against our ancient religion, you are repudiating our ancient scriptures." In reality that is what people wanted. The people had come just to stone Jesus with these stones if he said to pardon her, because he is speaking in opposition to our religious scriptures. And if he says to stone her, we will kill this woman and then say to Jesus: "What happened to your love? To your compassion? Where has your compassion gone? Where has your love gone? It was all phoney talk."

But they did not know what Jesus will answer. Jesus said the ancient scriptures are right. They must be right. Take up stones and kill this woman -- but let only those throw

stones who have never committed adultery nor who have ever even thought of committing adultery.
And the five who had stood before the villagers, probably all mayors and members of the municipal committee, quickly retreated into the crowd. Who wants trouble? The whole village knew. Everyone's mischief was known. And if they hadn't committed adultery they certainly had thought of it. To find a man who has not thought of adultery is difficult, one who has not been infatuated, who has not been attracted. All quietly moved back. Slowly slowly the people who had come with stones in their hands let the stones fall where they stood. And slowly slowly people began to disappear.
Evening was falling, the sun was setting. Just as the sun set and it started getting dark, people escaped from there. The woman was left behind, alone. The woman put her head at Jesus' feet and said, "Give me whatsoever punishment you want. I am an adulteress. I accept it. I am a sinner. And your compassion has overwhelmed my heart. Whatsoever punishment you want to give..."
Jesus said, "Who am I to mete out punishments? Who am I to stand between you and your god? You know, you know what you need to do, and your god knows. I am not going to make any judgement. If you feel you have done something bad, then don't do it any more. And if it feels alright to you then continue. The one to decide is god. The final decision will be between you and god. There is no intermediary. Go now."
Consider what he is saying. A famous statement of Jesus is: "Resist not evil." Not even evil! Why? If god is allowing it

to happen, there must be some reason. Wake up within, live within. But the true thread of life emerges in you.
NATURALNESS IS TECHNIQUE, ASANA HAPPENS...
If your life becomes spontaneous, it stops, by itself the ASANA comes, sitting comes. This is the real yoga posture, the real ASANA. Crossing your legs and sitting in Siddhasana is not the real yoga posture. Anyone can do that. It is just a drill. It is physical exercise. It is good, do it and the body becomes healthy. But you will not find your being this way. If an asana comes spontaneously, from your own space, then the experience of being begins.
... BODY, MIND, BREATH, BECOME STEADY.
Then by themselves body, mind, wind and breath start to be at peace, start to be steady. Live spontaneously.
You have seen, whenever you tell a lie your breath wavers. Watch. Whenever you lie, your breath will quiver. Its naturalness, its rhythm will break. Whenever you speak the truth its rhythm is continuous.
Based on this, scientists have made a machine -- the lie detector. In the West it is used in the courts. A man may not know it, but there is a machine beneath his feet. When he stands in court, a machine is placed beneath him and its graph is produced in front of the judge. Like the graph of a cardiogram, his graph is produced in front of the judge. The man is asked, what time does the clock show now? He says nine fifteen. Why should he lie? There is a clock in the court. The graph continues. He is asked, how many people are there here? He counts and says fifteen. Why should he lie? How can he lie? The graph continues.
Two or three questions are asked like this, which he cannot lie about. Then he is asked, did you steal? His heart wants

to say yes, because if he did, he knows it in his heart. So his heart says, yes! And he suppresses this yes. And from his head he says no. Meanwhile his breath starts wavering, the graph starts wavering. He is caught. He was lying.
No one can tell a lie without the breath wavering. So a man who lives truthfully, lives naturally, his breath becomes steady by itself. You will be surprised to know that in meditation a moment comes spontaneously when the breath completely stops. Completely! If you put a mirror close in front of a person meditating like this, no vapor shadow will show on the mirror. No sign of breath will appear on the mirror. Ordinarily if a mirror is brought near the nose, vapor is breathed out and shows on the mirror. And sometimes a person in meditation becomes frightened that perhaps he is dying. There is no need to be afraid. You are not dying, for the first time you are touching life, touching the ultimate life. Everything stops, even the breath stops. There is such a deep peace that all coming and going stops.
AWAKEN SANYAM, THE BALANCE, CONSCIOUS AHAR, THE INTAKE
SANYAM means to be in the middle. Not going to this extreme, nor to that. Not too much food nor too little. Not too much sleep nor too little. Live in the middle.
AWAKEN sanyam...
And in the mind of one in whom centering has come, the middle has come, all is corrected.
... THE BALANCE, CONSCIOUS AHAR, THE INTAKE...
Then eat suitable food, suitable AHAR. Don't eat junk aahaar. Aahaar is a great word. Its meaning is not just food. Aahaar means whatever you take in. A man comes and

starts gossiping. One who is centered will say, "Brother don't feed me this ahar. Don't pour this useless gossip in my ears. What's the use? I have no interest in it. This is feeding junk to my ears." A man who eats suitable aahaar will not take in junk. He will not take in useless stuff. Why? Because it too is aahaar. He will not look at useless scenes. He will not sit at the television watching fighting and violence. He will not go to the movies to see the same well trodden stories again and again, the same love, the same triangle, seeing the same thing again and again. He will not take this rubbish inside, because you are created from whatever you pour inside. Food is not the only aahaar, everything that you take in is aahaar.

... RENOUNCE SLUMBER THE DEATH OF LIFE

And such an individual will let go of unconsciousness. Don't understand RENOUNCE SLUMBER as meaning he will never sleep. He will sleep but now he will not sleep unmindfully. This is a matter to consider. Now he will not be unmindfully awake either. You are sleeping even though you are awake. You are walking on the road and a thousand thoughts are moving, the same old problems. You see neither the road nor the people. You go on walking. If someone asks you abruptly, "On the side of the road you have just passed, there is a tree. Are there flowers blooming on it or not?" You will say I didn't see a thing. And you pass by there everyday. Daily going to work the same way, coming home the same way, daily... "Flowers bloomed, did you see them?" How could you see? You go on walking along immersed in your thoughts.

People are walking drowned in their own thoughts. They are sleep walking. This is slumber. As you start to be

without thoughts, wakefulness will come. Then you will be surprised to find, that this world is very beautiful. When the dust of thoughts is brushed aside, a correct reflection of the world starts happening. When the waves of thought stop inside then the lake became still. On a quiet lake the whole moon descends. The world is filled with unsurpassable colors. But as long as this dust of the mind exists, the world appears dull and boring. It seems as if everything is just the same.

Nothing is just the same. Every day happens anew. The sun you said good by to yesterday, will not be the same sun you say good by to today. Today the evening will blossom new colors. Today there will be a cloud in the sky, there will be new colors. Today the radiance of the sunset will be something different. Today the sunrise was also something different. Everything is changing every moment. This is the meaning of life. Otherwise everything has died. Existence is not dead, existence is a living flow.

You have fallen asleep. But you don't know it. You go on moving, somehow go on moving. Right now your wakefulness is also slumber but a moment of awareness will come, when you are asleep, the body is sleeping, but inside a small lamp of awareness goes on burning.

It sometimes happens in your life too. Like when a mother has given birth to a baby. Rains have come, clouds are thundering loudly, lightening is striking. She doesn't hear it. But the baby whimpers a little and she hears it. What is it? The clouds are thundering in the sky, lightning is falling and the mother doesn't even know about it. She is blissfully snoring. She is fast asleep. The baby whimpers, just a little, and that very moment she is awake. Within her someone is

awake, a small part is awake watching for signs if the baby is having any problem. Her motherhood is awake.
Here if all of you sleep, and someone comes and calls out Rama, then no one else will hear it. But the man whose name is Rama will say, brother, why are you harassing me? Won't you let me sleep? No one else will hear it. The sound Rama fell on everyone's ears. But everyone knows it, even in sleep they know it, know that this is not my name. They have come to bother someone else. If someone asks you in the morning, you will not be able to says that you had heard Rama. You will say I don't know anything. But Rama has heard it.
I have heard, in a village a miserly man died. His wife just sat there. She didn't cry. A crowd had gathered. People wondered if she hadn't gone insane from the shock of it. And just then a beggar came and stood before them. He beat loudly on his tin in front the corpse of the dead man lying there. As soon as the beggar beat his tin the woman started to cry. The neighbors were puzzled. They asked, what is it? She said, now I am certain that he has died. If he doesn't rise and come into the house seeing a beggar, then he has died. He has definitely died. Until now I was suspicious that he may have fallen unconscious, but now it is certain. No matter how unconscious, if he saw a beggar he would come in the house. Now it is certain that the soul has left the body.
In your ordinary life also you will notice that sometimes, in certain rare moments, something remains awake inside of you. As a student during finals week knows at night that he keeps a little awake, several times he opens his eyes and looks to see what time it is. Is it morning yet? The exams

are sitting on his head, a single tone stays awake inside of him. These are small experiences of this.

A lamp is burning continuously in the yogi. This is why Krishna has said, when the whole earth is sleeping the sanyami, the centered one, is awake. What for everyone else is sleep, deep in the night, for the sanyami that too is wakefulness. This does not mean that Krishna never slept, that he stood up the whole night. He would go crazy. Or that he played on his flute all night, whether there were listeners or not. He himself would go mad and the neighbors too would go mad. He sleeps, but only his body sleeps, his consciousness remains awake.

RENOUNCE SLUMBER THE DEATH OF LIFE

This unconsciousness has deprived you of the higher life. This is the real death. If you let go of it, you will experience ultimate life.

DROP ALL THE JUGGLERY OF TANTRA, MANTRA, YANTRA

He is saying to his yogis, to his disciples, to his sannyasins, don't fall into all these hassles of tantra, mantra, yantra - of tying on talismans, of giving this mantra to people, of giving packets of ash, of preparing magic potions!

DROP ALL THE JUGGLERY OF TANTRA, MANTRA, YANTRA, ANCIENT MEDICINE, ALL DECEIT.

Drop all this deceit. Don't get stuck in all of this. In this country sadhus have been stuck in these for too long. They do all kinds of things. They give medicines to the sick, they do miracles, they produce sacred ash in their hands from nowhere and distribute the ash, they produce talismans, produce watches. This is all deceit, just sleight of hand. . These are all magic tricks.

If a street magician does these things you don't fall at his feet and cry out, O Sai Baba. I have found you, I was searching for you. No, you know it is magic. Thinking it is magic, you understand it is some sleight of hand. But if someone comes dressed in the ochre robes of a sadhu and starts doing it, you just fall at his feet. It is just the same, there is no difference, there is no difference.

Gorakh says to his disciples:

DROP ALL JUGGLERY OF TANTRA, MANTRA, YANTRA, MEDICINE, AMULET, METALS AND STONES.

ALL THIS MEDICINEMANSHIP WILL ONLY LEAD YOU TO THE KING'S DOOR, THE POLITICS.

And if you get into this kind of business, the nonsense of sacred ash packets etc, then one day or another you will get entangled in politics, you will arrive at the palace gates. The meaning of politics is position and fame, greed for power. If you get into this sort of business you will become greedy for power, otherwise what are you doing? All these ambitions are so people will understand you are someone - significant, great. A seeker should be natural, that I am nothing, that I am empty. He should have no claim. How can any religious seeker show miracles? Only the unreligious can show miracles, because behind miracles is the desire of the ego to be worshipped.

DROP ENCHANTMENTS OF ALL KINDS AND ALL SORCERY.

Drop all this black magic - tantric curses, mantra sorcery, tricks of hypnosis, tricks of possessing someone in your power, poisonings. DROP... ALL SORCERY. Ghost and

goblin hocus-pocus, using mantras to stop someone's work -- drop all this useless nonsense.
LISTEN YOGESHWARA TO THE START OF THE PATH OF YOGA.
And he says, O yogis. Listen! I will tell you the real path of the yogi.
... TO THE START OF THE PATH OF YOGA.
The real beginning to the path of yoga -- I am opening the door for you.
RENOUNCE ALL OTHER STATES, MEDITATE WHOLLY ON THE LORD OF THE WORLD.
Drop all the rest, remember only that one.
Every morning I arise and ask of you only you,
Except you I have no wishes.
Drop everything else, they will all waste time and energy. Merge this energy totally into only one prayer. Ask for him and don't ask for anything else.
Every morning I arise and ask of you only you,
Except you I have no wishes.
With the exception of god may you have no wish. The wish should be such that you are lost in the wish.
Searching for him, "Mir" was lost
Take another look at your searching!
Look at this seeking of mine, Mir says. I ventured out in search of him and lost myself.
Searching for him, "Mir" was lost
Take another look at your searching!
Look at this seeking of mine. I ventured out searching and lost myself.
Seeking, seeking, O my friend, Kabir became the sought
Only that one remains. Be lost, then he is met.

I searched long but still he's not found
If he's found, I'll not be found.
I was searching much, but I didn't meet him. He won't be met until this self is lost. And when he is met, if I go back and look I will not find myself.
I searched much but still he's not found
If he's found, I'll not be found.
Drown so much that only one desire remains, only one longing remains. Surrender all longings unto it. If your journey moves in many directions you will reach nowhere.
Master the one, all is mastered,
Attempt all, all lost.
RENOUNCE ALL OTHER STATES, MEDITATE WHOLLY ON THE LORD OF THE WORLD.
DROPPING ALL KIND OF DRAMA, BURN LUST, ANGER, EGO.
And drop all acting. Stop all dramas. These are all just new forms of lust and anger, these are just new arts of the ego. Be careful of them.
EYES FULL OF LUST, DON'T WANDER ON PILGRIMAGES FAR AND WIDE
The eyes are filled with passions and you are journeying on a pilgrimage. Nothing can come of this.
... NO NEED TO CARRY THE WEIGHT OF MATTED HAIR TANGLED IN HEAVY LOCKS.
And no matter how many dread-locks you grow, no matter how heavy your dreads get, you will never become light and unburdened...
PLANTING TREES AND MAKING GARDENS

And no matter how much so-called virtue you you go on doing -- you have trees planted by the side of the road, or you have gardens planted so travellers are shaded...
... DO NOT DIE DIGGING WELLS AND POOLS.
Or have wells dug so that people can get water to drink.
But remember Gorakh says:
... DO NOT DIE DIGGING WELLS AND POOLS.
You will fall into the same well and die. Nothing can happen from this kind of virtue. Virtue without meditation is worthless, because it is the ego expanding itself.
Sadhus hold on to ego too. They say, I will not stop until this temple is constructed, I will not stop until this well is dug. They sit stubbornly resolved. And until their temple is built and their well is dug, they go on sitting. Finally people become bothered with this seeker sitting on their hearts every day and they give something saying okay brother, and they see that the well is dug, saying okay brother, and they have the temple constructed. But this is only an expansion of ego.
I will do merit. In this only the "I" is fulfilled. There is another virtue which is not your doing -- which is born out of meditation. I am absorbed in meditation in god, then whatever existence will do through me, I am not the doer. If he wants a well dug, he gets a well dug. If he wants a plant planted he gets a plant planted. If he wants to run a school he runs a school. If he wants a hospital, he will have a hospital made. But I am not the doer, now I am only a medium. First meditation.
Don't understand from this that Gorakh is saying that works of merit are bad. Gorakh is saying that as long as there is ego behind the facade of virtuous works, that same ego will

be nurtured, will be beautified, will grow bigger. First let the ego go, then virtuous works will come by themselves. Then there is a great fragrance in it, a great beauty, a great music.

Rahim in the heart's power, how can the body disturb?
When its shadow falls on water, the body stays dry.

Once in the hands of the heart, one doesn't worry about the body. One in the grasp of consciousness, doesn't worry about the body.

When its shadow falls on water...

As when you walk on a path and your shadow falls onto the edge of a lake, your body will not wet at all.

When its shadow falls on water, the body stays dry.

Now your body is not wet. As one's heart comes into its power, as one's mind becomes meditation, now whatever he does, however he does it, wherever he goes, no bad result will come. Only the auspicious will come from him, nothing inauspicious can come from him.

BREATH STOPS, BODY DECAYS, BE CENTERED IN SITTING O KING

This body will break, soon the breath will be uprooted.

BREATH STOPS...

The breath will be pulled out.

... BODY DECAYS...

This body will soon become old, it will come close to death. Before this happens:

... BE CENTERED IN SITTING O KING

O king! O emperor! Take care. Before this, take care. Later you will repent much. When death comes there will nothing left in your hands but repentance. We have wasted our life on things that we cannot take with us. Death will take away

everything. All our splendor will be left behind. And we didn't gather meditation. Meditation can go with you in death. Meditation is the highest wealth. Death cannot take anything from one who has experienced samadhi, because neither weapons can pierce samadhi, nor can fire burn it.

BREATH STOPS, BODY DECAYS, BE CENTERED IN SITTING O KING

Now take care O king. You are a king, if you take care you will find your kingdom. In a moment, just one moment, the happening can occur.

INSISTING ON PILGRIMAGES AND VOWS...

Don't remain entangled in useless pilgrimages and vows. Don't waste time.

... DON'T WASTE YOUR LIFE CLIMBING MOUNTAINS

And don't torture your spirit with uselessly climbing mountains, going to Girnar, going to Shikraji, climbing the Himalayas: Kailash, Badrinath, Kedar. Why are you torturing your spirit?

... DON'T WASTE YOUR LIFE CLIMBING MOUNTAINS

Don't unnecessarily torture.

DROP ALL THIS WORSHIP AND RITUALS, CHANTING WITH BEADS...

And how much worship and study have you done already? How much worship, how much chanting? So much chanting done and what has happened?

DROP ALL THIS WORSHIP AND RITUALS, CHANTING WITH BEADS; ENOUGH PRETENSIONS OF YOGA.

And you have done plenty of yoga. Someone is standing on his head, someone has twisted his body, someone has turned his body. What will happen from all this? This is all a mimicking.

... ENOUGH PRETENSIONS OF YOGA.

Don't uselessly imitate.

ABANDON ALL YOUR BUSINESS AND TRADE OF KNOWLEDGE...

These are all occupations. Be careful of these occupations.

... YOUR STUDYING, CONTEMPLATING AND BEHAVIORISM.

A very revolutionary sutra. You have studied much, you have become a parrot studying and studying, you have become a pandit studying and studying.

... YOUR STUDYING, CONTEMPLATING AND BEHAVIORISM.

And you have dyed yourself well with superficial good behavior, you have become very praiseworthy and become well skilled in popular customs. You are expert in etiquette, have become very cultured. But nothing happens from all of this. All this will be left behind. This study and writing, these virtues you are superficially covered over with, and these social conventions will all be left behind. When you go, the bird that goes will be the same as ever. You never paid any attention to it.

RID YOURSELF OF GATHERING DISCIPLES...

You yourself have not yet awakened and you have gathered chelas, disciples! Let yourself awaken then if someone comes, share -- if you've awakened first! First light your own lamp, then give light to any unlit lamp.

People come to me, saying, "We want to serve people." I say, "It will be a kindness. It will be a great kindness if you don't do any service. Still you have not yet done any service to yourself."

"No, but, " they say, "we have heard that 'without service there is no fruit.'" Their eye is on the fruit, this is why they want to serve. Who cares about service?... but from doing service you will go to heaven. The fact is the reverse: services comes to fruition through one who has attained heaven. Life becomes service for one in whom heaven has arrived. And there is service in the actions of one in whose life fruit has rained down. The whole matter is reverse.

They have come saying that they want to serve the people. I tell them, see how many do-gooders are doing service for the people and people are just dying. The more do-gooders increase, the more people are caught in traps. Someone is pulling on their arms, someone is pulling on their legs, someone's got them by the throat. They say we are all drowning. But no one pays any attention that their arms and legs are breaking, that their necks are getting cut. And the do-gooders say, we will continue doing service.

A Christian priest explained to his boys in school that one should do service, one should do at least one good deed per week. And I give you a week to do your good deed and report back. The next week he asked, have you done your good deed children? Three boys raised their hands. One child said that I did. The Father was very happy. He said, what good deed did you do? He said, as you suggested if an old man or old woman is crossing the street then give them your hand, I helped an old woman cross. Happily the priest

said, Wonderful! If you continue learning like this you will go to heaven.
He asked the second boy, What good deed did you do? He said, I also helped an old lady across the street. The priest started to get a little suspicious, but thought there is no shortage of old ladies, he must have found one too.
He asked the third, what did you do? I too helped an only lady across. The priest asked, The three of you found three old ladies? They said, there were not three, only one. All three of us helped her across. So he asked, are three needed for helping across the street? They said, so what if three did it, if there was six it still would have been difficult. We got her across with difficulty because she didn't even want to go across. We panted, got beaten. But we had decided that we must do a good deed. You said that without helping an old woman across the street there would be no fruit. The old woman proved very strong. We were deluded in thinking she was so old, she was very powerful -- and she screamed and shouted and struck us, but we did it. Until we had brought her over to this side, we didn't leave, once done we all escaped.
Service! You don't yet have the heavenly reward. You don't yet have being. Whatever you do in the name of service, will be doing something wrong. Your situation is as if you had not yet studied medical science and you go to serve patients. The same would happen, wouldn't it? The patients will die. If you don't go perhaps they will survive. Not everyone sick person dies, but if a doctor with no experience of medicine, goes to serve patients and starts giving out prescriptions and medicines they will die. They

will survive the disease, but it will be difficult to survive the doctor.

The world has suffered much from servants. Do-gooders have caused much trouble. Remember the real experience has to happen in you first.

RID YOURSELF OF GATHERING DISCIPLES, RENOUNCE TITLES AS GRAVEYARDS, DEBATE AS POISON.

And don't be caught up in the scramble for titles and degrees. In the world there are degrees. Someone is an M.A., or a B.A., a B.S.C, an L.L.B., an M.D., a Ph.D., a D. Lit., or a D. Phil. These are titles in the world. And in the world of sadhus titles are also current. Someone is a Mahant - high priest, someone is a Mandalacharya - teacher of the inner circle, someone is a Shankaracharya, someone is this, someone that. Someone writes the honorific Shree one hundred and five times, another writes it one hundred and eight times. Karpatri Maharaj has defeated everyone, he writes Anant Shree, meaning infinite unending Shrees. Now you cannot surpass him. Like a small child saying, I am one more than you. Whatever you say I am one more than that. Whoever makes this statement has won. Now whatever number you say, he is one more. Unending Shrees! Titles...

You are god. You have no need of any other title. All titles are small. What additional title does god need? Those who have known have declared your divinity. They have said you are the blessed bhagwan. You are the highest. There is nothing higher than you. Now will you write after The Blessed One, M.A.? L.L.B.? Ph.D.? You will look idiotic. All existence is filled with blessing.

This is why Gorakh says:
RENOUNCE TITLES AS GRAVEYARDS...
Understand titles as a graveyard.
RENOUNCE... DEBATE AS POISON
And don't fall into useless debate and scriptural arguments. Renounce them as you would poison.
HENCE I SAY, REALIZING DEATH...
If you don't understand, if you don't accept this, you will suffer much in the end.
HENCE I SAY...
Hence I say it to you again and again.
... REALIZING DEATH, O KING, REMAIN ALONE.
Then you will be alone, will you not? Disciples will not be coming with you, titles will not come with you, nor wealth, nor position. You will go alone, know now that you are alone.
HENCE I SAY, REALIZING DEATH...
Hence I say to remind you again and again, be now as you will be going in the end. Then death will take nothing from you. Then you will defeat death, death will not be able to defeat you.
... O KING REMAIN ALONE.
SEEING A GATHERING DON'T BOAST KNOWLEDGE
People are very eager to find an opportunity to show their knowledge. If only someone asks anything, they have a chance to show their knowledge. This is a sign of ignorance.
SEEING A GATHERING DON'T BOAST KNOWLEDGE
Watching to see if anyone is ready to hear, if anyone makes the mistake of asking. Then the poor fellow is caught by his neck.

Immediately grab hold of his neck. Immediately start dishing out your knowledge on him. Unless a seeker has come -- one seeking moksha, liberation -- remain quiet. ... REMAIN LIKE A MUTE, MAD AND IGNORANT. Until a true seeker comes, be a complete idiot, as if you can't speak, a deaf-mute. Mad, be a madman, so that people don't start to ask you on their own -- why ask that madman?

A journalist came to visit Gurdjieff. He came for an interview. Gurdjieff was drinking tea. He sat the journalist down next to him. Then Gurdjieff said to a disciple sitting nearby, what day is it today? The disciple said, today is Sunday. Gurdjieff banged his fist hard on the table and said, how can it be Sunday? Yesterday was Saturday. When the journalist heard this he was shocked out of his wits -- what kind of man is this? He got so angry he banged the table with his fist saying how can it be Sunday? Who are you trying to befool? Who do you think you are? Yesterday was only Saturday, and today is Sunday? The journalist stood up. He said, good-by, I'll be going now.

When he left he looked quite ridiculous. Gurdjieff laughed. The disciples too were very happy. They said, you were outrageous! He said, what's the use wasting time with this idiot? REMAIN LIKE A MUTE, MAD AND IGNORANT...

Gorakh says the same. He says just be insane if you see that some muddled, stinking, superfluous person... journalist etc... just be insane. He will go on his own and will never come back again.

REMAIN LIKE A MUTE, MAD AND IGNORANT...

And be completely ignorant. And those who know become totally ignorant. And those who know become totally mad. And those who know become total idiots, deaf-mutes -- because there is no way to express what they have known. Kabir calls it "the deaf-mute's sweet". Like a deaf-mute who has tasted sweets! Those who know become totally mad because what they have known is so different from the underlying logic of this world that the logic of this world can take no part in it. They become just insane. Those who know become totally ignorant because they have found out that what they know is such that it cannot be communicated, even knowing it, it cannot be shared. The experience has happened, the taste is released, but it doesn't form any idea.

This sigh of loving you -- who can give news of it?
All acquainted with you become ignorant.

He says if I want to ask about you, whom can I ask? There are some who don't know. They are ready to tell. But they don't know. And there are some who know. But they are not ready to tell. They have become ignorant. What news can they give anyone?

This sigh of loving you -- who can give news of it?
All acquainted with you become ignorant.

One who has come to know, he himself goes beyond knowing. He has become completely ignorant.

Socrates said at the time of his death, I know only one thing, that I don't know anything. This is the sign of one who knows.

DROP THE HOPINGS OF KING AND COMMONER...

Drop any idea of being something. There are very strange thoughts moving here. One who is poor wants to be rich.

And one who is rich thinks that the poor have more fun. This statement is very amazing:
DROP THE HOPINGS OF KING AND COMMONER...
Those who are commoners want to be kings, those who are kings think the common man enjoys more! The emperors think, if only I could get away from all this trouble, just take my guitar and roam from village to village. What ecstasy the wandering monk must have? He has a ragged quilt and he has the sky. Just beg a couple of crusts and sleep without cares. Drink water from a stream, and sleep beneath a tree. What fun that must be!
Those who are kings think a beggar is in great joy. And beggars think, I am defeated, how long am I going to lie here under this tree, will I never put a roof over my head? Will I never have butter to spread on my bread? When will I acquire a throne or even a cushion?
Here all are suffering. One who has thinks, those who don't have are in bliss. One who doesn't have thinks those who have are in bliss. Gorakh says, let go of both. Wherever you are, however you are is good. Don't hope for the future.
... EAT BY BEGGING, REMAIN ABSOLUTELY INDIFFERENT.
What you receive, whatever god has given you, alms... What god has given you, hold in the highest peacefulness. And let go of all hopes. Don't take the meaning of UDAAS, beyond hope, to mean that you are beyond any hope, that you are sitting crying, that flies are buzzing around, that you are just wasting time killing flies. Gorakh cannot say this because Gorakh says:
LAUGHING, PLAYING, THE KNACK OF MEDITATION.

LAUGH, PLAY, ENJOY COLOR...
Gorakh could not give that meaning to beyond hope. Someone else might do that. Gorakh's UDAAS, beyond hope, has another meaning. Ud + aas, over + hope, one who has let go of hope, one who has gone beyond hope. One who has no hope of the future. Who doesn't say I will enjoy tomorrow, when such and such happens. One who is enjoying right now. One who says, who cares whether tomorrow comes or not. Has tomorrow ever come? I enjoy right now.
LAUGH, PLAY, ENJOY COLOR...
One who is immersed in color and joy right now. One who's festival of spring is now. One whose festival of lights is now. One who doesn't wait for some other time to celebrate the festival of lights.
Beyond hope means one who has let go of any kind of hope for the future.
DROP THE HOPINGS OF KING AND COMMONER, EAT BY BEGGING, REMAIN ABSOLUTELY INDIFFERENT.
LET GO OF POTIONS, MAGIC BREWS, ALCHEMY...
Drop alchemical elixirs. People have been doing this business for hundreds of years. Someone makes a 'philosopher's' elixir, saying with this elixir iron changes to gold. Or if a mortal man drinks it he will become immortal. Drop all this.
LET GO OF POTIONS, MAGIC BREWS, ALCHEMY, RENOUNCING RIDDHI, MIRACLE POWERS, RECEIVE SIDDHI, THE POWER OF FULFILLMENT.
Let go of powers, only then will you receive power, will you attain realization. There is a beautiful difference

between powers and power. Powers means: I can do miracles, I receive nectar, I can change iron to gold, I can fly in the sky, I can walk through walls. These are powers. If you drop all of these you will find power. Power is one. The meaning of power is, totally merge into what is hidden within. There is no need to fly in the sky, nor any need to walk through walls. The door is sufficient. And birds go on flying in the sky -- none of them has become awakened. And if you really have your heart set on it, there are airplanes. Sit in one.

A man came to Ramakrishna and said I can walk on water, what can you do? Ramakrishna said, you really can walk on water? How much time did it take for you to learn this art?

He said, it took eighteen years. Ramakrishna started laughing. He said, idiot of idiots! I give two cents to go across the river. You took eighteen years to walk across water? What's the use? Go and walk on water, keep on walking. You really can walk on water, can't you? Just give two cents to sit in a boat and you can go across. For this two cent crossing you wasted eighteen years?

Gorakh says, drop this kind of things. These are all new ways for the ego.

DROP DRINKING WINE AND TAKING DRUGS...

Drop intoxicants. Intoxicants give you a false meditation. For centuries sadhus have been taking drugs, making drinks of bhang hemp and smoking marijuana. From the soma drink of the Vedas till the present. Now LSD is made in America, it is a new scientific form of soma. From the seers of the Vedas through Timothy Leary and Aldous Huxley the hope continues that samadhi might happen through

taking drugs. Samadhi does not happen through taking drugs -- a counterfeit samadhi arises. Were it so cheap, to just take a drug and samadhi happens... Yes, if you smoke marijuana, drink bhang, drink wine, a little joy will come, because the worries of life can be forgotten for a little while. But the worries are waiting in their place. When you come down they will be back, in double potency.

DROP DRINKING WINE AND TAKING DRUGS, THEY CREATE ALL SORTS OF DREAMS AND IMAGINATIONS.

Many types of fantasy and dream are born inside you under the influence of all of these.

NARI, MYNA, SARANGI...

Let go of sexual desire. If you are a man drop the idea that you will receive something from a woman. If you are a woman drop the idea that you will receive something from a man.

NARI, MYNA...

Sadhus go on training myna birds. Many sadhus are doing this business of preparing a myna and having them choose cards. Sadhus are opening people's fate. They read palms. They foretell the future. They examine astrology charts. Drop all this meaningless nonsense.

SARANGI is an Indian violin. There are some who engage in this business. They think it is enough, if the sarangi is played, all is played. If the sarangi is played all has come. When will you play the inner sarangi? Are you just going to go on playing on the outer one? Are you going to beat only the outer drum, when will the inner dance begin? This is why Gorakh says drop all outer distractions.

... THE SATGURU SAYS DROP ALL THREE.

The satgurus, the true masters, say let go of all three of these.
COMMENCEMENT, VESSEL, RECOGNITION, ATTAINMENT...
What can you do?
COMMENCE the inner journey.
VESSEL. Get acquainted with the temple. Decorate the temple. Clean it. Purify it.
RECOGNITION. Recognize being. Who is enthroned within you? Who is this consciousness? Who am I? Raise the
who am I in your depth of depths. This one is the only real. And the day recognition happens is the day you can claim the ATTAINMENT. When the attainment comes, the consummation comes, your liberation comes.
SHREE GORAKH-YATI SAYS DO THESE AND KNOW YOU'RE AN EMPEROR.
Gorakh says, O emperor! I want to give you the one message of awakening. I want to give you the one remembrance. Awake! This awakening is within your capacity. It is your potential. Just as a tree is hidden in the seed, in the same way god is hidden in you.
Besides placement in line what will be gained in the end?
I have never seen a drop that won't become the ocean.
You are a drop. You can be the ocean. The ocean is hidden in the drop. And until you become the ocean, don't accept relief, do not relax. Let that thirst take hold of you like a flaming fire. And all will be reduced to ash. And all will be burnt up. And all will be destroyed. Then higher life is uncovered.
DIE, O YOGI, DIE! DIE, SWEET IS DYING.

DIE THAT DEATH GORAKH DIED AND SAW.

Enough for today?

Death is Divine
Chapter #10
Chapter title: Music, the easiest method of meditation
10 October 1978 am in Buddha Hall

[Note: This is a translation from the Hindi Maran Hey Jogi Maram, which is in the process of being edited. It is for research only.]

The first question:
Question 1
OSHO! WHY DO DISCIPLES BETRAY THEIR MASTER? JUST NOW VIJAYANANDA AND MAHESH ARE SPEAKING AGAINST YOU. AND ONE SANNYASI, SWAMI CHINMAYA HAS WRITTEN IN 'CURRENT', "WHEN MY MASTER SPEAKS AGAINST POLITICS HE IS FALLING BENEATH RELIGION" -- AND ALONG WITH THIS: "I AM A LIVING DISCIPLE, THIS IS WHY I CAN SPEAK AGAINST MY MASTER."

Mukesh Bharati, Jesus was crucified because of his disciple Judas. Stones were rolled down the mountains at Buddha because of his disciple Devadatta. Mahavira was much insulted, much condemned, had to endure many reproofs because of his disciple Goshala. It is natural. What happened previously will happen again. This Ram Leela

drama is the same, the actors change. The stage is the same, the play is the same. Only the players change. And certainly it is good to understand the psychology of what happened in the past and will happen again today and will go on happening tomorrow.

There are four types of disciples. The first type is the student, one who comes out of curiosity. He comes, but with no vision of sadhana, nor any spiritual longing, nor any thirst to attain god -- let's go see, so many people are going, perhaps there is something there? You also stop, if you see a crowd standing on the street, you start asking what's going on? You want to enter the crowd, you want to see. Something must have happened... Not that you have any purpose there, you were going about your own business. Some people come accidentally. Someone was coming, you saw him coming. He said, "What are you doing just sitting here, come with me, we will sit in satsang." You weren't occupied, you didn't have any work, you came along. The wife was coming and the husband came along. The husband was coming and the wife came along. The father was coming and the son came along. Many people come accidentally like this. Their attitude is that of a student. They will collect a little information, when they listen information will be collected. Their knowledge will increase a little, their memory will become a little more solid. Among those who come this way, only ten out of a hundred will stay. Ninety will disperse. If ten stay it is a miracle, because they did not come alert, out of any conscious motive -- they came as unconscious as ever, with someone pushing. They stuck to the shore like wood in flowing water, there wasn't any search for the shore.

How long will a scrap of wood stay stuck to the shore? A gust of wind will come, again it will float away. Its stopping or not stopping are the same. But even among such people ten percent stay. The ten percent who stay enter into the second stage.

The second stage is that of the seeker. In the first stage there is only intellectual curiosity -- a kind of itching! It feels good, like itching a scab: there is no benefit from it, there is harm -- in the same way there is no benefit from intellectual itching, there is harm. But it feels good, it feels pleasant. Ask this, ask that. Learn this, learn that also. The ego is satisfied that I am not ignorant. Without knowing the illusion arises of being wise. Ten percent of these people will stay. This ten percent will become seekers.

Seeker means one who doesn't want to only listen, to just understand, rather he wants also to experiment. Experiment is the foundation for a seeker. Now he wants to try something and see. Now his eagerness takes a new form, it becomes doing. Now he doesn't only talk about meditation, he begins meditating. What will happen from talk? From talk, more talk emerges. Talk is only talk, soap bubbles, empty hot air -- let's do something! Let life be transformed, move into experience.

In the second class of people an equal number will stay: fifty percent will stay, fifty percent will disappear; because doing is not an easy matter. Listening is very easy. You don't have to do anything. I speak, you listen, the matter is finished. In doing you have to do something. Success is not guarantied. Unless there is urgency, unless there is intensity, unless there is the courage to put yourself at stake, there is daring -- success is not easy. Success will

not be attained from doing lukewarmly. It boils at one hundred degrees. Few people are able to gather so much courage. Those that could not gather that much courage start thinking there is nothing in it, that even if you do it there is nothing in it. He has to explain to his mind that there is nothing in doing it. He hasn't done it, he never really jumped into doing it. If he entered he stayed just near the bank, he never went deep, where one starts to drown. He never cooked the food. He just went on lighting the stove. That too he lit with such indolence that it never took fire. Smoke arose, but the fire never took. Who is going to stay long in smoke? Soon his eyes fill with tears. The mind says, "Come on, what is here? Nothing but smoke."

Where there is smoke fire is possible, because where there is smoke there will be fire. But a little deeper effort is needed. There needs to be a little more inner heat. A little more exertion, a little more effort. The fifty percent of the people who cannot make that much effort will depart. The fifty percent who stay will enter the third stage.

The third stage is the stage of the disciple. Disciple means, now the joy of experiencing has come, now recognition of the master has come. It comes only through experiencing, it won't happen from listening. From listening only this much can be known: who knows, it seems right, but does this person have his own experience or not, or is he merely repeating scriptures? Who knows if the master is a master or not, or if it is mere scholarship? If you start tasting it will become clear that the one you have come near to is not a scholar, or just a scholar. In tasting it will be decided. Only your tasting can tell you. If he is a master then the third

moment has come, the third stage has come. You will become a disciple.

Disciple means surrendered. Now doubts are no more. Now the old for and against doesn't exist. Now wandering is no more. Now an abiding comes in one's life. Now one rides in the boat.

Of those people who become disciples, ninety percent will stay, ten percent of them will disperse also. As the depth of sadhana increases, the difficulties also increase. The disciple will have to undergo fire tests, which are not asked of seekers. And from students there is no of asking. The fire test is only for a disciple. The master is so hard only on one who has come so far. He will have to be hard. His hit will have to strike deep. If one is to make a stone statue then he has to take up a chisel and break stone. There will be much suffering, because the coverings over you are centuries old. The layers of ignorance covering you are not like clothes you can take off and throw away, and become naked. They have become like skin. You have to be opened up. It is surgery.

Ten percent will run away at this third stage also. The ninety percent that stays at the third stage, that passes through the fire test, will enter the fourth stage, which is the last stage, that of the bhakta -- the devotee. There remains a small difference between a disciple and the master. There is surrender from the side of the disciple, but the surrender is from the disciple himself. In surrender there still lives a little feeling of I-am, that I have surrendered, it is my surrender. On the fourth level the feeling of I is completely silent. Now bhakti has awakened, now love has awakened. Now master and disciple are not separate. From this stage

no one leaves. One who has reached this far will not be returning.

In this way many will come, many will go. The more people come the more people will go also, in the same increased number. At this time my sannyasins are some seventy-five thousand all over the earth. Now if five or ten of them disperse, run away... it is not surprising, it is nothing to worry about. Tomorrow these seventy-five thousand will become seven and a half million so even more will go away and disperse. This work will become so big, with such a vast work more people will disperse. It is natural. This ratio will remain. Ninety percent students will run away. Fifty percent seekers will run away. Ten percent disciples will run away. Only devotees will not have to go. But to come as far as the devotee is a long pilgrimage, like climbing a Himalayan peak. It is a long ascent. There will be much sweating. There will be much tiredness. One will be out of breath. And whoever runs away is helpless. When he runs away, understand his helplessness too. I understand his helplessness. For instance you have asked that Vijayananda and Mahesh speak against me. They have to speak. One who has fled cannot say that I have run away out of weakness. That I was not worthy. That I was undeserving. That my ability fell short. That the mountain was high. I thought it was a small hillock, I will climb it. And it turned out to be a Mount Everest. I could not climb it -- no one will say this who has fled. He will have to protect his ego won't he? So no one will say that I was defeated, this is why I have come away. In order to protect his ego he will have to start speaking against me. There will be suffering also, because the lie will be apparent.

So Vijayananda sends messages to me with people to offer Osho his respectful greetings, but he also goes on speaking against me. A duality has arisen. Inwardly he knows his weakness... he couldn't move with me. So he goes on sending greetings to me and making statements against me too. He will have to make statements against me, because people may ask why did you leave? There are only two possibilities: either the master is wrong or the disciple is wrong. Naturally if he had the courage to say he was wrong then there would have been no need to go, the *** of running away would never have arisen. He didn't have that courage so he will have to protect himself.
Remember this situation. When you take sannyas you start speaking in my favor. It is not so clear that you are speaking in my favor. The possibility is that now you have taken sannyas you will have to speak in my favor, because if you don't speak in my favor people will say, "Are you mad? Then why did you take sannyas?" For your self protection you will have to start speaking in my favor.
So when you speak in my favor it is not certain that you are speaking in my favor, it is more likely that you are speaking to protect your ego..."Yes, my master is a complete true master. He has attained god." You don't know anything. What can you know right now? Until you have attained how can you know? But you will have to speak in my favor, you will have to praise me. By this praise you can save your ego. All of your doubts will be repressed inside of you, will be thrown into the unconscious. It is not that doubts will not arise. It is not that doubts go so easily, that you came, took sannyas and doubts were destroyed. If only it were so easy! Doubts will

follow you for years. Doubts will return again and again. But you cannot say it to anybody. If you say it will be humiliating. If you say to anyone that you are doubtful whether your master is a master or not, then people will say then why did you accept him as a master? Then what are you wearing orange clothes for? Then why this mala? Then why have you created this whole farce? You will be in great difficulty, you will be in great trouble.

If you truly express your doubts then people say you are an idiot. To prevent this you will repress your doubts and talk a lot about trust. You will try to prove that there has never been a master like me in the world -- because there has never been a disciple like you in the world! Your ego will be fed by the great height of your master. The higher you can prove your master, the greater the disciple you are. And the master you have chosen has to be great. Will a person like you choose someone inferior?

So when you are initiated this will happen. And when you drop the initiation the opposite will happen. It should happen, it is perfect logic, it is all one channel. Now you will have to speak against me. Now whatever doubt you had repressed will all be provoked and come up. And whatever trust had been pushed will all vanish. Now all of your doubts will come in exaggeration. They will have to, because what you have dropped must be wrong. Just as what you had taken up was right.

So for five years Vijayananda has been speaking in my favor, now for fifty years he will have to speak against me. The doubts that were repressed for five years will all emerge. And now he will have to protect because those same people that yesterday were saying he was crazy to

take sannyas will now say, we told you before, didn't we, that you were crazy. Now they will have to be answered. Now great trouble will arise. One will have to defend oneself from that trouble. There is only one defense, to say he had fallen into illusion. Or the defense is, that some things were right, because of these I became a sannyasin. Then when I became a sannyasin, I slowly slowly found out that some things were wrong. Then slowly slowly as my experience grew I found out it was completely wrong. On the surface things were good, inside it was completely wrong.

This is self protection. It is totally natural. Don't worry about it at all, but certainly understand it.

Mahesh never grew beyond the status of student. He had come out of curiosity. He had come only with Vijayananda and he left with him too. Coming was a mere accident. He never came, never left. By my account he never came nor left. I never counted on anything from Mahesh. There is no need to keep account of such people. They are scraps of wood floating in the river. If it sticks on the shore and the shore starts thinking that he has come in search of me it will be wrong. A a gust of wind will come and the wood will flow away. He had come with Vijayananda. When I gave sannyas to Mahesh, Vijayananda was present. Before giving sannyas to Mahesh I said, "Vijayananda, you also come close, so there is support..." I seated Vijayananda close by, just at Mahesh's side and Vijayananda put his hand on his back, then I gave him sannyas. I didn't know Mahesh, whether he has any worth, whether he came out of any enquiry. What happened, happened with Vijayananda... He is Vijayananda's disciple not mine. So naturally when

Vijayananda leaves, Mahesh will also leave. He is of no value. He was never going to go beyond the status of student. Vijayananda certainly made efforts. And he had come to the level of the seeker. Had he found a little more courage disciplehood would have happened. But troubles arose, troubles do arise. Human troubles. Understand, they can come to you also, this is why I am answering. They can come to all. Vijayananda is well known, a great film director, the whole country knows him -- that ego kept on being a problem. His expectation was that I should behave with him as a special person -- VVIP. I had to break this, otherwise the seeker will never become a disciple. I started breaking it. I had to start hitting him every day. When he first came, the moment he wanted to see me, he came to meet me. Now it took time for him too -- after two days, after three days, after seven days... He began to suffer, to be troubled. It began to be a problem that the same treatment was being given to him as to other sannyasins, special treatment was not being given.

In the beginning I am very concerned about you. That is the bait, the ball of flour covering the hook. But if you go on feeding a fish more and more flour when will the fish be caught? Very quickly the hook hidden inside the flour is revealed. When the hook is revealed there is trouble. I started treating Vijayananda exactly the same as I treat everyone -- which was necessary. If he had passed this step, if he had accepted that becoming a sannyasin one must drop being special, there is no reason to think oneself separate... Someone has a name, someone has no name, it doesn't make any difference. It doesn't change one's inner state of life. The more people you know doesn't mean you

have more being, nor more meditation, nor more samadhi. It is also possible that you don't know anyone and the ultimate happens within you. Knowing or not knowing has nothing to do with it.

And as I was saying, as soon as your steps move ahead I will become harder. The sooner you are thrown into the fire the sooner you will be cleansed, then you will become pure shining gold. When a potter makes a pot he goes on patting the clay taking great care. He hits it from the outside, and gives it the support of his hand from the inside. But the egoist sees only the hits, he doesn't see the supporting hand inside. The egoless sees the support of the hand inside, he doesn't bother about the hits. He thinks, one hand of the potter is hitting, the other is giving support. This is the way a pot is made. Then when the pot is made the potter keeps the unfired pot very carefully, and puts it quickly into the fire. And if the pot starts to shout that you took such great care of me... you had taken such tender care of me that I might not break, would not be smashed and now you put me in the fire? If the unfired pots are people like Vijayananda they get up and run away. They say, I am going... But pots cannot run away, so it is easy. I work on living pots, this is why sometimes they run away. When the day of being put in the fire came near he freaked out. He ran away at the level of seeker.

Some people run away after reaching the level of disciple, because the final blow is the complete destruction of your ego. It is the complete dissolving of your individuality into the master, like a drop dissolving into the ocean. If that much can be put at stake, it is put, otherwise there are difficulties.

And, whoever drops out and goes away will speak against me, will condemn also. This is natural, don't worry about it. Where there are going to be hundreds of thousands of disciples, there will be thousands of people like this.

You have asked: ANOTHER SANNYASIN OF YOURS, SWAMI CHINMAYA HAS WRITTEN IN 'CURRENT,' "WHEN MY MASTER SPEAKS AGAINST POLITICS HE IS FALLING BENEATH RELIGION."

I don't even know this gentleman! He is not my disciple. He has assumed discipleship on his own. He has not come to me. He considers himself to be a disciple as Eklavya was. But Eklavya had gone to Drona. Drona did not accept him. But this fellow has never come to me. He has also given the name to himself. If I had refused him it would be okay. If he had come, if he had just let my eyes connect with his... He has never approached the ashram. He has just taken himself to be a disciple, and has started writing against me!

This kind of thing will also happen, because there are insane people in this country -- this kind of mad people exist all over the world. Discipleship is not a one way thing. It is two way. Discipleship does not happen just by your taking it. It happens when I give it. If it starts by your assuming it, then it will be very difficult. And this kind of disaster will happen.

This gentleman doesn't understand me. He doesn't even know what I am saying, or what is going on here. He just assumes. This kind of thing will happen. As my sannyas movement grows and a great wind arises, in this wind, in this wave many people will dye clothes, will make malas,

will proclaim themselves. People move with a rising sun. They want to start profiting from it.
This gentleman is of no value. And his statements are totally valueless because he doesn't know anything about my view of life.
Religion is not just another subject. Religion has no limits. Religion is the name of all life in combination. Religion has the right to make statements concerning everything that is included in life. A politician cannot make statements about religion because politics is limited. But a religious person can make statements about politics because religion has no limits. Religion is infinite. Religion surrounds all of life, as the sky surrounds... Nothing whatever can be left out of religion. The vision of a religious person will include all dimensions.
I will speak on poetry also, because religion has a poetic aspect too. This is why in this country we have given two names to poets: poets and rishis. We have called a rishi, that poet in whose poetry truth speaks, in whose poetry the experience of god speaks. One who has dyed his poetry in religion we have called a rishi. For instance Rabindranath should be called a rishi, not a poet. His GITANJALI should be valued the same as any Upanishad. He is a rishi. What he has said is not only meter, rhythm, grammar and knowledge of language. What he has said is a stream of experience. Nectar has flowed. Nectar -- that is not his! Nectar -- that is coming from above. He is merely like a medium. As if a flute is put on somebody's lip and is played. The illusion may come to the flute that these tones are mine, then he is a poet. And if the flute knows that these tones are someone else's, the one on whose lips I am

placed, then he is a rishi. Rabindranath is continuously aware that what he is singing is on his lips, but the song is someone else's, that he is only a medium, merely an instrument.

So I will speak on poetry also. I will speak on art also because art also has a religious dimension. Like Ajanta, Ellora, Khajuraho, Konark, the temple of Bhuvaneshwar, the temple of Puri.

You will be surprised to know that the Taj Mahal was created on Sufi principles. This is not discussed in history, because the people who write history do not understand such depths, nor do they try to. They think it is just a memorial made by some emperor for his beloved and the matter is finished. But they have never looked into the fact that the emperor was advised and counselled by great Sufi mystics. The Taj Mahal was made in such a way that on a full moon night if you sit for a whole hour, just looking, you will become meditative. It is an example of marvellous religious art. If you look in a special state, with a special feeling and from a special angle, then the Taj Mahal is a temple, not a tomb. It is a matter of how you look.

The images we have made of Buddha and of Mahavira are not merely evidence of the art of sculpture. Sculpture is secondary. We have attempted to contain buddhahood in these statues. If you sit in front of a statue of Buddha and go on looking at it without blinking then you will quickly find that something has stopped inside of you, has become still. Your process of thought has stopped, inside of you thoughtlessness has slowly come. In the form of that statue, in the style, in the color is a program for producing

meditation in you. That statue is a device than can give an impetus to meditation inside of you.
I will also speak on the art of sculpture. I will speak on every aspect of life, because I am religious. For me no dimension of life is not to be touched upon, nothing will be left untouched. I do not accept any part of life as untouchable. I am not a politician, but I will speak on politics. I am religious, this is why I will speak. Politics is not only politics, much in your life will be determined by it. In this determination your religion will also be influenced. Now for example, India has decided upon a policy -- of secularism. There will be effects of this on religion. This policy is wrong. No government should be completely secular. Yes, it is right that no particular religion should have influence. But how can any country be secular? Neither Hindu, nor Muslim: this is right. It shouldn't be Hindu or Muslim. But one extreme is that the country becomes Hindu or becomes Muslim. The other extreme is the country becomes irreligious, saying we have nothing to do with religion. Such an important part of the life of man -- and you say, we have nothing to do with it? It will have a ruinous effect. The government should make facility for religion. The government must not be religious in the sense of Hindu-Muslim, but it must be religious in the sense that in the country meditation should increase, love should increase, peace should increase. Yoga should come into people's lives. An inner sense of discipline should be born in people's lives. Soul should be born in people.
So I will oppose the secular state. The state should create the same conditions for religion that a gardener does in watering trees, so that flowers may bloom; otherwise

flowers of consciousness will not bloom. Then no matter how many ways you try to make people become moral, to make people become virtuous, have good character -- all those attempts will fail. Flowers will never bloom, because you never gave water to the roots.

Religion is the root of the whole morality of life. And if the state is secular then politics, political morality, will not be moral at all, it will become immoral. This is what has happened.

So I will criticize politics. All buddhas have done so. All the buddhas have expressed it. Jesus would not have been crucified if he had not opposed the politics of that time. Politics exists out of ambition. Politics is a disease. And the world has to slowly slowly be freed of politics. If the same energy that goes into politics went into religion then great bliss, and great celebration could flower in people's lives.

A person who says, because I have said something against politics I have fallen below religion, neither knows religion nor politics. And he doesn't know me at all. One who has reached truth can never fall. And one who falls had never reached. One who has reached has reached, there is no way for him to fall. Even if I go to hell I will remain the same as I am, there is no way to fall.

A scholar came to Raman and started eating his brains, started discussing scripture. Raman told him again and again, "Meditate my friend. Nothing will happen from any of this, it is all useless talk. Don't waste time, your life has already gone by."

But he was an authority on scripture too, he said, "What are you saying? Useless? These are statements from the Vedas." And he started giving proofs.

And Raman said, "Okay it's alright, but meditate."
He said, "First there will be talk about it only then I will meditate." He remained stubborn, Raman kept on telling him to meditate, he kept on saying only one thing, "Meditate, there is nothing more to be said."
When he didn't listen, Raman picked up his staff... The man freaked out. He had never thought Raman would raise his staff. And Raman started running after him. ... picture it, Maharshi Raman taking his staff and running after a pandit... Many followers of Raman began to have doubts, Raman raising his staff, and becoming angry? This is disgrace. Do such things happen?
We have the impression that a man who has attained to buddhahood cannot pick up a staff. We don't know anything. A person who has attained buddhahood picks up a staff, although there is a great difference between his picking up a staff and your picking up a staff... he can lift it. Raman drove him away and came inside, he started laughing a good belly laugh... Someone asked, "What have you done?"
He said, "What else could I do? 'The goddess of staffs won't listen to words.' He just went on eating my brains He was not going to give way. He understands only the language of the staff."
Raman was not angry. Raman angry? It is not possible. If Raman were to become angry, to look angry to you, even then he would not be angry.
You have heard the story of Jesus, haven't you? He had raised a whip, had become angry in the temple and turned over the benches of the money lenders who had opened shop there. Cracking the whip he chased them outside.

Now think a little, Jesus and raising a whip and chasing people, it doesn't fit, what kind of fully realized being is this? He too became angry and fell from grace.
I say unto you that one who is afraid of falling from grace, knows nothing of grace. From there no one can fall. It is the highest awakening, it is the ultimate state. Once one has reached there, he is destroyed. Raman took the staff in hand, even to say it this way is wrong -- god took the staff in hand. Now Raman does not exist. And Jesus cracked the whip is also wrong. Now Jesus exists not -- god raised the whip. He used the hands of Jesus.
If I sometimes give a harsh statement then those who don't understand will say, "He said such a harsh thing? Should any wise man say such a thing?" They have their ideas. And in this country there are great ideas. You have made such ideas that if someone tries to follow your ideas he may become anything else, but he cannot become wise. You put so many chains on him it is very difficult to live.
Now think of it, if Raman were deceitful he would consider, is it diplomatic to lift the staff or not to lift it? He would have thought if I lift the staff what will people think? He would have thought if I lift the staff then people will say I am not enlightened. But like a spontaneous little child he lifted the staff. What was necessary at that moment -- he lived according to the feeling that arose in his consciousness in those circumstances -- not worrying what you will think, or what you will say.
I don't worry about what you will think, what you will say. I live in the style which is natural to me. I say what spontaneously comes to me to say. What is to be said, I say. What is, I let it be. Keep your ideas to yourself. If you think

it is okay, okay. If you think it is wrong, okay. From my side now there is no wrong, no right.

The gentleman who has given himself the name Swami Chinmaya is not my disciple, nor does he have any experience of what I am saying. But this sort of thing will happen. False disciples will also arise, false claimants will also arise. Malas of sannyasins are being stolen from here. Who will steals malas? It is very amazing -- what will one do with stolen malas? But if they have stolen my mala then they become my sannyasin, I have not given them sannyas. They have orange clothes made, the mala was a problem, they have stolen that. Now they go from village to village... news comes here every day that your sannyasin came to this village and took donations. He had said that the ashram needed it. This too will happen. He has a mala, so people assume it is okay, he must have come from the ashram, it is my sannyasin. News of some ten sannyasins like this have come, who are collecting money. One has collected thousands of rupees -- some forty thousand rupees -- then he was caught and it was shown that he is not my sannyasin.

Be alert, these kind of incidents are natural. Where such a vast movement arises these small things arise by themselves. When a flower blooms there are a few thorns too. They have to be accepted. Remain natural, remain attentive, there will be betrayal also. Deceitful people will also come. They will make false propaganda. And spread such false information that it will seem amazing.

Right now in the German newspapers a great storm has come up concerning me. For a full month a storm is raging. Almost all of Germany's newspapers have

participated in it. There may not be any paper in Germany that has neither published articles in my favor or against me. It is a fierce battle. And when I read the article that started it, I too was delighted. He made a statement that, "At five-thirty in the morning, I arrived at the gate of the ashram" -- a German journalist -- "knocked on the door. A beautiful naked girl opened the door." At five-thirty in the morning... And not only this, "From a nearby tree she picked a fruit, that appeared like an apple. She gave it to me and said, 'Please accept this as a gift from Osho.' I asked her what will happen from this? She said, 'From this great sex energy is aroused in man.'"

Now you will be surprised to know that letters have started coming. From Australia a letter has come. An old man has written a letter saying, "I am seventy years old and my wife is young and in your ashram there is this fruit... so shall I come? Have compassion on me." All these things will happen. I had a letter written to him, "You just come! We will think about fruits etc. later. Okay come by this excuse." If he comes I will explain and make clear to him to meditate.

From Germany my friends have written that you should be alert, because so much of this kind of false information is spreading here, its effect will be that all kinds of mentally ill people, psychological insane people will start reaching the ashram.

One gentleman has come. Came just like that. He is sixty years old. As soon as he came he sent the message that he is suffering from homosexuality, do you have any cure for me? This world is very strange, its paths are very strange!

There are all kinds of people here. There are all kinds of madness on this earth...
To live among these mad people and to live consciously and to live free of madness is a very difficult matter. It is very difficult to live with wakefulness among mad people. These difficulties exist for all buddhas because mad people project their thing on them. It is not the fault of the mad people either, what else will they do? They project the mind they have.
Now if I say to this gentleman that you are mad, what kind of newspaper articles have you seen before coming here? He will not accept it. He will think that no attention is being given to him. I asked that he be told that he has come from reading nonsense things. He should look around here. Here we are not at all interested in curing these people. This is not a clinic for people of this type.
So he sent a message saying, "If it is necessary to take sannyas then I can take sannyas, but now I will not go. I will go only if something happens."
All this will occur. Those who are with me will have to remain alert and give attention to all these things. There is no reason to be demoralized, nor any need to be upset. False things will be said, false things will be spread and there will be people who believe them. And the majority will believe them. The crowd will believe them because what I am saying is opposed to the beliefs of the crowd. This is why whatever is said against me the crowd will readily agree with. And people speaking against me will increase, because they will gain from it. People will believe them, will listen, will think -- people will think they are very wise. But this drama has always gone on like this.

Sometimes a Jesus exists and there is a Judas. Sometimes a Buddha exists and there is a Devadatta. And sometimes a Mahavira and a Goshala. Someone or other will have to be a Judas with me also.

The second question:

Question 2

WHAT IS TRUST?

Trust is the inner eye. Like these two eyes for seeing the universe, there is a third eye inside of you whose name is trust. With the eye of trust god is seen. The meaning of the eye of trust is the eye of love. There are some things that only love can know. There is no other way to know them. If you fall in love with someone you will see things that no one else will see. You will see in that person a sweetness that no one else will see. That sweetness is subtle. The touch of love is needed for it, only then is it revealed. You will hear the echo of a song in that person, which no one else will hear. To hear it one has to come closer than anyone else has come. Only you are that close.

This is why beauty starts manifesting in what we love. People think that we fall in love with what is beautiful. They are wrong. What you fall in love with starts looking beautiful. There all of life's meaning, all of its dignity starts to be revealed. And it is not that you are imagining. As soon as the eye of love opens the invisible begins to be visible to you, the imperceivable begins to be perceivable. The presence of what is hidden begins to be experienced. Without any door opening someone comes inside of you. It never opens, my heart always sealed,

Who knows how you got in?

Those who trust discover a very strange thing: from where, by which unknown door does god enter inside?
Looking upon awakening, shutters yet chained,
He came, he left, who knows the path?
This is a couplet from Bihari, very lovely. The beloved is sleeping with shutters locked on all four sides. In her dreams her lover comes, after a while she awakens. Waking she sees that the shutters are locked just as they were, the chains on them are set just as they were. Who knows where he entered from and by which route he fled.
Looking upon awakening, shutters yet chained,
He came, he left, who knows the path?
Which way do you enter, which way do you depart? From which window do you look? The name of that window is trust.
One who lives in logic will never know anything deeper than the material. His life will be meaningless. He may well collect money, but all his wealth will just be lying there. He will be deprived of meditation. And only meditation will accompany you at death. He will not attain the highest wealth. Only one who has the eye of trust within attains the highest wealth.
I was telling you there are four types of enquirers. The student moves by logic. The seeker moves by doing. The disciple, he moves by love. And the devotee by trust.
Trust is the culmination of love. The meaning of trust is, faith that what has not yet happened will happen. Trust awakens from what has already happened. There is such beauty in this universe, there is such light in this universe, such music... the throat of each bird is filled with song. There is beauty in each leaf, light in each star. This

universe is so full of significance, there must be some painter or other behind it.
The meaning of trust is there must be some painter behind so many colors.
The meaning of trust is where so much beauty is showering the source of such beauty must also exist.
This is not logic, this is not the theory of cause and effect -- this is experiential. Just like when you start to come near a garden there seems to be a coolness in the winds. The garden has not yet appeared, but the air starts to be cooler. So it is clear that you are coming close to a garden. Knowingly or not your feet have taken the right path, the distance is decreasing, you are getting nearer. Then slowly slowly riding on the winds the fragrance of flowers also starts reaching... this fragrance of jasmine, this fragrance of the queen of the night, this fragrance of roses... Now you know you are near, you are coming yet closer. Still the garden is not visible but now you are certain that there is a garden. Otherwise where is this fragrance from? The fragrance must have a source, flowers must be blooming. Then you come closer, the songs of birds start to be audible. Now you know that there will be full shade, trees with thick leaves. Otherwise the songs of so many birds... this call of the cuckoo, it must be a mango grove.
The meaning of trust is: welcoming the source from which you receive these subtle delicate signs. Sitting near the master the mind becomes absorbed, a shower starts raining, a lotus starts blossoming in the heart. Then you know that if this can happen sitting near him, something more can also happen. Trust increases.
I will meet you one day on the path of consciousness,

I will make the remembrance of you my own!
"I will meet you one day..." the name of this feeling is trust.
I will meet you one day on the path of consciousness,
I will make the remembrance of you my own!
You will destroy one day the suffocation of my heart
I will make your lamp my own!
A smile like the morning, heart-wealth like sandalwood,
Water from the eyes pure as dew drops;
Giving the flower fragrance, giving the bumble bee it's hum,
You kept deceiving yourself, drinking this wine and liquor
You embellish sometimes this disjointed dream
I will make your sleep my own!
I will meet you one day on the path of consciousness,
I will make the remembrance of you my own!
I stand as if destitute on the shore,
And the frothing ocean holds out a challenge;
This wave surges ahead to be with me,
And even the courage of the shore roars;
You will meet me one day on a wave of love;
I will make the seething midstream my own,
You will destroy one day the suffocation of my heart
I will make your lamp my own!
The night is long but star-filled,
Eyelids have lit lamps in every direction;
Breath is small, but hope is vast,
Life has put a watch on death;
I will meet you one day in the early watches,
I will decorate with dew the sobbing red hair parting!
I will meet you one day on the path of consciousness,

I will make the remembrance of you my own!
You will destroy one day the suffocation of my heart
I will make your lamp my own!
There are signs in every direction, hints from all sides.
Trust is the name of understanding those hints.
Logic is blind, because logic asks for the gross. For instance if a rose blossoms and you say to a logician, "Look how beautiful, just matchless!"
The logician will say, "Where is the beauty? Show it to me. I want to take beauty in my hand and see it. I want to touch it. I want to weigh it. I want to weigh it on scientific scales. I want to check it with mathematical tests. I want to examine it with logic, then I will measure it." What will you do?
And it is not that the flower is not beautiful. The flower is beautiful. But beauty is not some gross thing that you can lift up and give to this logician, saying, "Take it, measure it. Take it away, inspect it."
I have heard a lovely song of the Baul mystics. A philosopher asked a Baul fakir, "You sing many songs of god, you whirl around madly. I don't see anything. For whom are you spinning around carrying this ektara and hand drum? For whom do you play this song? For whom do you dance? It all seems completely empty to me. I don't see any god anywhere. And tears are pouring from your eyes. You have become ecstatic. Are you mad?"
This is how they got the name Baul -- Baul means mad, affected by the wind. The fakir started playing his ektara and he sang a song. The song is marvellous. The meaning of the song is: It happened once that a goldsmith went to a garden and started to ask the gardener, "I have heard much

discussion of your flowers, that you grow very beautiful flowers. Today I have brought my stone for assaying gold with me. Today I will inspect and see which flowers are real and which are false."

So the Baul said, imagine what state that gardener was in! If some one scrapes his flowers with a stone... A stone for assaying gold cannot assay the beauty of flowers. Gold is gross, and gross gold influences people's minds. For those who are very inert and insensitive, gold is the most valuable thing. But there are others whose sensitivity is profound. For them flowers... Even if you give all the gold in the world it will not equal the price of a single flower because a flower is living beauty.

So the fakir said, "The state that gardener got into is the same that you put me into. You say where is god? Make logical proof. Neither flowers can be tested on a stone for assaying gold, nor can god be tested on the assay of logic."

Life is not gross. Logic can grasp only the gross. What can grasp the subtle is called trust. Trust is a unique dimension. I will meet you one day on the path of consciousness... This path of awareness, I will meet you sometime or another on it -- this faith. Because you are! Because flowers have given the news that you are. Because this filtered sunlight from the trees has given the news that you are. Because at night the stars start dancing and I receive the message that you are. Because so much festive powdered dyestuff is flying in this life, this existence, these spring rites being celebrated, this festival of lights emblazoned -- they all give the message that you are. Where so much festivity is going on, the master will be hidden somewhere. Otherwise this festival would have

ended long ago. Where so much dancing is happening, someone must be at the center of the dancing.
I will meet you one day on the path of consciousness,
I will make the remembrance of you my own!
Trust is the most valuable thing in the life of man. One who has trust in his life has everything. The shadow of god will fall in his life. He will be intensely moved by the unseen. In his heart poetry will arise. In his spirit a flute will play. In him meditation will fruit, he will attain samadhi. His life will become significant. And the life of one who does not have trust becomes meaningless.
If you move with the help of logic then today or tomorrow there will remain only committing suicide and nothing else. This is why Western philosophers who have been moving with the help of logic for three hundred years have arrived at suicide. The great Western thinker Albert Camus has written, to me suicide appears to be the most important philosophical problem. Why doesn't man destroy himself? What is the significance of living? Get up everyday, eat breakfast, go to the shop, or to the office, or strive all day, then the evening comes again beaten down. Then eat, go to sleep, then get up again. If this is all then too much has been seen already, too much has happened. A limit comes, why go one repeating the same? What is the significance of it? If this is all, then there is no significance whatever. And logic says this is all.
The ultimate conclusion of logic is suicide and the ultimate conclusion of trust is immortal life. Choose, choose whichever you like. You are your own master. When you leave trust and choose logic don't think that you are opposing god: you are committing suicide.

On the day Friedrich Nietzsche proclaimed that god is dead, god did not die, but that same day Nietzshe went mad. Does god die from someone's proclamation? But one thing certainly happened: if god has died then what meaning remains in life?

Think a little, get rid of god then with him you get rid of all beauty, get rid of all love, get rid of all prayer. Then the temple bells will not be struck again, then the trays of worship will not be decorated again, offerings will not happen again -- all will be disposed of. Whatever was valuable in life was pushed aside by putting aside this one word, god. Then what remains? Rubbish. Then you are sitting on a pile of waste. Then where is meaning? Then your life is a mere accident. Then what difference does it make whether you die now or tomorrow? Then living is cowardice. Then there is no significance. Why go on living, why suffer unhappiness? Why not you finish your life with your own hands?

Nietzsche went mad and this whole century is going mad, because this whole century has believed in Nietzsche. This is the first time in the history of man that it has happened that people start asking the meaning of the word trust. The experience of trust no longer exists, this is why the meaning has to be asked. People have started asking what is love because the experience of love no longer exists. The day people start asking what is light, know well that people have gone blind. The day people start asking what is music, know well they have become deaf. What else could it mean? Our trust has dried up. We live completely without trust.

And I say unto you: you go to the temple, the mosque also, the gurudwara also and you go without trust. This is why there is no significance in your going. You go, that too has become an obligation of an arranged life. Everyone else goes, so you go too. If you don't go there will be trouble. If you go it is convenient. You will keep the name in the society that you are very religious. If you maintain the practice of religion many kinds of conveniences continue. If the practice of religion is broken then people will start becoming angry, people will start making trouble. Alright, it is acting, keep doing it. But it is not trust. When you go towards the temple I don't see dancing in your feet. When you return from the temple I don't see tears of bliss reflecting in your eyes. When I see you in the temple with hands joined, I don't see your heart joined.
Trust has disappeared. And if trust has disappeared, the eye has disappeared -- the eye that sees god has disappeared. But what has disappeared is present inside of you right now. It lies closed, it can be opened. When trust opens from some impact it is called satsang. The one in whose presence the bud of trust blossoms and becomes a flower is called a master.

The third question:
Question 3
WHY IS LOVE GIVEN THE TEST OF FIRE?
It can only be given to love. Only gold can be thrown into the fire, because the rubbish will burn, gold will remain, will become pure shining gold. The fire test can be given to love because love will not burn in fire. What burns is not love. What remains after the firing is love. And it remains

in a purified form. Whatever rubbish was in it... And there is much rubbish in your love. Usually it is love in name only, rubbish is more. Hate too is mixed in your love. Hence your love can instantly turn into hate. It was just love, now it becomes hate. The wife you were ready to give your life for, you can take the life of in a moment.

Consider this: a moment earlier you were completely ready to die and you were saying to your wife, "I cannot live without you. If you die then I will die. You are my soul." And you got up and looked through your old papers and letters. You found an old letter, written by someone to your wife. And you get a glimpse that it is an affair of love. You forget all about your love, pick up a gun and kill your wife. You killed the one you were going to die for. How long does it take for love to become hate? A small letter, a few words, a few lines on paper -- this much is sufficient, and love is gone?

How quickly your love turns into jealousy. If your wife is laughing and talking with someone, it is enough, a fire is lit. Your love is love in name only. In the name of love you are trying to prove your possession of the other. The husband wants the wife to be completely in his control. For centuries he has attempted, he has explained that the husband is god. The husband himself explains that the husband is god. Do you see the idiocy?

Mulla Nasruddin went to the market one day and said, "There is no woman in the world more beautiful than my wife."

People were surprised. People said, "Who told you this?" He said, "My wife herself said it."

What value does it have? The husband himself explains it. And because women are physically more delicate, husbands have imposed it on them. It has been imposed by the strength of the club.

Indian women sign letters -- 'your slave.' They write it only in letters, but during the other twenty-four hours they get even. And in reality the situation is something else, because women cannot physically fight hand to hand with men they find subtle ways to fight. Very subtle ways. They have to find them.

Have you seen? Men invented many devices. They invented swords. They invented guns. They invented bombs. They invented spears. Why? Scientists say because man does not have the bodily strength that animals have. If a lion attacks you directly then all valor will be gone. Forget about a lion, if an alsatian dog comes after you, you will forget everything, you will go limp, you will be reminded of your mother's milk.

Man is helpless in comparison to animals. He has neither the claws to rip and tear, nor the teeth to chew raw flesh or crunch bones. So because of his helplessness man invented weapons. They are substitutes. Animals have claws, we have invented long spears. We have invented long knives, invented swords. But still we are afraid, even carrying a sword if you stand before a lion you will tremble. If in this trembling the sword falls...?

Mulla Nasruddin had gone hunting. He was sitting in a tree on a raised platform. And when the lion came he lost consciousness. He was in a tree but lost consciousness, went totally unconscious. With difficulty his friends brought him down from the platform, splashed water, gave

him liquor. Then somehow he became conscious. They asked, "Nasruddin, why did you get so frightened? You had a gun with you."
He said, "What will a gun do? Fright arrived first. The gun fell from my hand. When the gun fell I went unconscious."
So man invented arrows, from a distance... Then he invented rifles, to shoot bullets from a distance, then the situation of going near no longer existed. And people call this recreational hunting, hunting for sport. Sitting on a platform in a tree and from there shooting bullets at a harmless, unarmed animal. They don't feel ashamed? And they call this sport, hunting for sport. But if sometime a lion pounces it is not said that the lion went hunting for sport.
Man was weak so he invented weapons. Exactly the same situation has existed between woman and man. Man is powerful. He is a little taller. There are more muscles in his body, he is strong, his bones are thicker, he can oppress women. So women had to invent subtle weapons, devices that man cannot fight. Like when you come home and your woman is pulling out her hair and crying, now what to do? To beat a crying woman is not right. Her crying is a weapon, a subtle device: now what can you do? You will have to bow down. Now you will have to buy ice cream. Or some people come bringing ice cream already and bouquets of flowers. They come already prepared.
An emperor made a proclamation -- first he had asked his courtiers, "Is there any courtier among you that can fulfill this: -- but answer honestly -- I want those men who are afraid of their wives to stand on one side and those that are not afraid of their wives to stand on the other side."

All the courtiers stood together with only one exception. And that man the emperor had never even expected. He was a completely dried up, wasted man, the least likely of all. He stood to one side. The emperor asked, "I am very surprised... But it is nothing, at least there is one man in my court who is not afraid of his wife."

The man said, "Excuse me, you understand wrongly. In fact when I was leaving the house my wife said, 'Look, don't follow the crowd.' Everyone is standing over there. If I stand over there and my wife finds out, there will be trouble, therefore I am standing over here."

So the emperor said to one of his men, "Now I must find out what the situation is in the whole kingdom. When this is the situation in the court, what will be the situation in the whole kingdom?"

So he sent one man, saying, "You go and ask at every house in the capitol, who is afraid of their wife and tell them they will be punished severely if they lie. Better they tell the truth. And when you truly believe that some man is not afraid of his wife then take that beautiful horse. A white horse from Kabul" -- very valuable, expensive, a horse from the king's court -- "take it and give it to him as a gift. It is a gift from me."

The man went. Whosoever he asked said, "Brother, we don't want to fall into lies versus truth. Who wants that trouble? The truth is that I am afraid. But don't tell anyone brother. If the king is asking then I say the plain truth, I am afraid."

That minister got tired seeking and searching if one or two men could not be found who could take the horse. But it also occurred to him that I myself cannot take this horse, so

what other man will I find? And he realized that the emperor himself could not take this horse, because everyone knew that he was afraid. That the queen was the real ruler, the king is only her hand puppet. If the queen agrees, the king will agree. Will he not find a single man? Has humanity fallen this low? Is there not a single man, who is a man?

Finally he came to a hut and saw a man, who seemed absolutely like a Muhammed Ali. His muscles were huge, he had huge paws. His height was seven feet. And his wife was really skinny. He thought, this is the man. He said, "Brother you must have taken possession, are you not afraid of your wife?"

He showed his muscles. He said, "Look at these!"

He said, "Your muscles are such that I am afraid just looking."

He opened his fist and spoke, he closed his fist and spoke. He said, "If this tightens on someone's neck... finished!"

Then he said, "Okay brother. The king has said that if you meet such a man offer him a horse as a gift. The king has two horses one black and one white. Both are the finest of horses, equally precious horses. Do you want the white horse or the black?"

Then he said, "Mother of Lallu, white or black?"

Then the mother of Lallu said, "Black."

So the minister said, "Now you are not going to get it."

The mother of Lallu decided. Those muscles etc, those fists etc all just remained lying there.

Women have discovered a few subtle ways to fight with man. If the man gets angry he beats up the woman. If the woman gets angry she beats herself, beats her own head on

the wall. Her device is very Gandhian, non-violent. She gives the child a beating, she beats up Lallu. The father of Lallu starts to think, "Now what is the use? The child is getting unnecessarily beaten, it was better if earlier I had remained silent."

Your love is continuous strife. The woman is trying to gain control over the man, the man is trying to gain control over the woman. In this way your small garden of love never gets rooted. Love has to pass through fire. And when love is purified it becomes trust.

This is why when you go to a master he tests your love in many ways. And as I was saying, in these tests many people will flee. They are not ready to face so many tests. Only a few people will have the courage to pass through that much fire. And those who cannot pass through fire, cannot be cleansed, cannot be made pure. They cannot become worthy of god.

You are not heartless, you are not merciless!
Your laughter, and my weeping,
I know not why fate weighs them today.
There stars twinkle in the sky,
Here dew drops rain on the earth;
There the clouds wander in amorous sport;
Here the love bird pines for a drop;
Restless to receive your touch,
The wind gusts and blows in the arbor!
Your laughter, and my weeping,
I know not why fate weighs them today.
Tear the dark covering a little,
Show a glimpse of your captivating self sometime;
The soaked petals of flowers,

Dry them with your own hands, decorate them;
These beads of pearl are for you,
The eyes of the world always weep them!
Your laughter, and my weeping,
I know not why fate weighs them today.
I know not when my suppressed sigh
Will reach the hollows of your ears;
I know not what day, Life of mine!
My path will take me to your city,
You are not heartless, you are not merciless!
From the horizon a ray is speaking!
Your laughter, and my weeping,
I know not why fate weighs them today.
Keep trusting, let trust go on increasing, then some ray will be speaking from the sky. Don't worry, keep moving, This is the necessary process of becoming cleansed, of becoming purified.
You are not heartless, you are not merciless!
God is not unkind, and not merciless. But the test of fire must be given to love, because only through a test of fire does love become trust.
Love is like a flower and trust is like the fragrance of a flower. Even that little bit of earth that was in the flower has gone. Now the fragrance is pure. As scents rise upwards, towards the sky, as the smoke from incense rises towards the sky, the fragrance of the flower rises towards the sky. If the flower falls it will fall towards the ground, the fragrance goes upwards. If the incense stick falls it will fall to the ground but the fragrant smoke of the incense goes towards the sky.

Love falls towards the ground, trust rises towards the sky. This is why we say, so-and-so has fallen in love -- in all languages of the world: falling in love. In love we fall towards the ground. The flow of love is descending, moving downwards. Love is just like flowing water, water goes from one hollow to another, lower and lower, lower and lower... Trust is like water that has been vaporized, it starts rising up, clouds start gathering in the sky. As soon as vapor becomes water it descends to the earth. And as soon as water becomes vapor, it rises into the sky.

Love passing through fire becomes vapor. As water passes through fire it becomes steaming vapor, the fire test of love is exactly the same.

From love's inception till love's culmination
You too must have heard what all I endured.
One goes through much.
From love's inception till love's culmination

From the beginning of love, till the fulfillment of love one goes through much.

From love's inception till love's culmination
You too must have heard what all I endured.

Read the stories of the bhaktas -- the devotees, read the narratives of the bhaktas then you will understand -- what anguish, how many tears, how much weeping, how much longing, how much fire... But only walking across those coals one reaches to the temple of god. That condition will have to be fulfilled.

And remember, god is not unkind and not merciless. The truth is, it is his kindness that he gives you tests. And the harder the test he gives, the happier you will be -- giving thanks, because he is putting great faith in you.

A master will give the most tests to the disciple that he has the most faith that something can happen in him. He doesn't give tests to one he doesn't have faith in. Fortunate are they who are given the test of love.

You are not unkind, you are not merciless!
From on the horizon a ray is speaking!
Your laughter, and my weeping,
I know not why fate weighs them today?

Fate will have to be weighed. The tears of love will be weighed, the laughter of love will also be weighed. Love will be assessed.

And there are thousands and thousands of difficulties on the path of love, thousands of rocks. But if you climb them, you will arrive on a Himalayan peak, on the peak of life -- where the peaks are conversing with the moon and stars, where the peaks are having a dialogue with the clouds. On these very peaks the Upanishads were born. On these peaks these words of Gorakh were born. Buddhas call was born, the Vedas were born, the Koran was sung -- on these very peaks. These are peaks of love. They are love's purest form. Their name is trust.

Don't be worried, don't be frightened, keep moving ahead.
I will continuously carry the boon of your love!
Though you show contempt for me, do I ever forget you in my heart?
Afraid of this longing, I have always held on to the edge of burning
In my sorrow I stroke the veena filling it with music of compassion
I will continuously be the pride of your music!
I will continuously carry the boon of your love!

Unable to come to the lips, it went out through the eye
The wave tore up the shore and went on its way, dropping me midstream
How can it burn the moth? In anguish, the flame itself went out
I will continuously make that curse a blessing
I will continuously carry the boon of your love!
1) Imagining it to be a flower the vine kisses a thorn
2) Thorn-like aching memory, laughter swings even a thorn
In the sorrows of grief's grove, do flowers of happiness bloom?
I will continuously be inferring that knowledge of you
I will continuously carry the boon of your love!
3) In the agonies of separation, union silently burns
4) Grown in my sigh the joy of a tear drop takes expression.
An ache the destruction of past ages did not destroy
I will continuously be the meditation of those drunken moments,
I will continuously carry the boon of your love!
Fire tests will come, let them come. Challenges will come, let them come. Accept them. Storms will arise, say yes to them. And one thing will echo without shaking within:
I will continuously be the meditation of those drunken moments,
I will continuously carry the boon of your love!

The fourth question:
Question 4
I AM VERY FOND OF INDIAN CLASSICAL MUSIC. MY NEIGHBORS DON'T LIKE IT, NOR DO MY WIFE

AND KIDS, NOR THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY. WHAT SHOULD I DO?

Not everyone can appreciate Indian classical music. It is wrong to expect such a thing. For classical music a different kind of sensitivity is needed, a different kind of receptivity. A very delicate, rhythmic, and melodically refined heart is needed.

Classical music is not your popular film music which you can appreciate remaining just as you are.

Indian classical music is a sadhana - a spiritual discipline. As you are, you cannot understand it. You will have to transform yourself. Classical music is a challenge. Only after years of effort and practice will you be able to appreciate and listen to it. It is not the fault of the people in your neighborhood, not your family's fault, nor your wife's. You have have chosen something really troublesome.

I have heard that Mulla Nasruddin invited a musician friend to his home for dinner and said, "Bring a tabla player along too and bring all your instruments, because after dinner is over we will have a concert."

The musician friend was a little surprised, because even in his dreams he had never had an inkling that Mulla had an appreciation for Indian classical music. Mulla had never shown any interest, now suddenly he is bursting with love for classical music!

He arrived, arrived well prepared. He brought his instruments and his whole music party. Dinner was served, wine flowed. Talk went on very late. The musician wondered a little when the music might happen. It was almost midnight and Mulla kept busy with things here and

there. Two or three times the musician mentioned, "Brother, the music...?"
Mulla said, "Wait friend, it will happen at the right time. Everything has its time." When it was midnight and everything had become still, the whole neighborhood had gone to sleep and the movement of people had stopped on the street, Mulla said, "Now the moment has come, now it shall happen, now we can open our hearts and enjoy classical music."
The musician said, "But now the neighbors have gone to sleep, your wife too has gone to sleep, and your children and other family members have gone to sleep. Classical music will be troublesome now."
He said, "You needn't worry at all. What trouble? When their dogs went on barking, I didn't say a thing. I don't have a dog, that is why I have called you. Let the music happen, go into it wholeheartedly. Don't hesitate or hold back. Whatever you have learned your whole life... Tonight every one of those fellows will find out that even if I don't have a dog, still I have friendship with a classical musician."
There are people like this too. Mulla had gone once to a music recital and when the singer began to sing, "Aaaaaah...." Mulla started weeping, his tears were falling, drip, drip...
The man sitting next to him said, "Nasruddin, I had never thought that you had such a love for classical music." Tears were just pouring...
He said, "It is not a *** of classical music, my goat died just like this. This man will die, just like my goat, "Aaaaaah.... Aaaaaah...." At that time also, I knew my goat

was singing classical music, in the morning I found him dead."
You have have chosen something quite troublesome.
The men in the fire brigade asked,
"What caused the house to catch fire?"
The owner of the house said twirling his mustaches,
"This is a striking example
of the traditional way of singing Deepak raga:
it strikes fire."
They asked: "This sitar,
why is it uselessly lying here broken?"
The rhythmical todas of raga Todi tore it apart."
Why are these kittens, these 'bilavate', making such noise?
You call this noise?
Sir, they are singing raga Bilaval.
Why is he moving so slowly. Is the poor man old?
No, his pace was composed
in the slow vilambit tempo.
Inquiring,
where are the villagers going
deserting their homes?
It was discovered,
that classical musicians are gathering
in the village
for a music festival.
Now there is only one possibility: you begin Dynamic Meditation or Kundalini Meditation. Then your neighbors will suggest on their own, "Brother, classical music is better. You play that, now what worse trouble have you brought?"

You have asked so now I suggest to you - and this prescription has worked previously, that is why I give it to you. You just start shouting, "Hoo! hoo! ha! ha!" and jump right into Dynamic Meditation. Your neighbors will come praying to you, "Brother, classical music would be better...."

There is no other method to solve it. You have have chosen something really troublesome.

Is this an era for Indian classical music? Either leave the neighborhood or move somewhere in solitude.

Sit somewhere alone. Learn it there. And if something has to be renounced then renounce the neighborhood because music is a very valuable thing. If you have to stake something for it then stake it. If you have to renounce the family, then renounce, but don't renounce music. If you truly enjoy music, this enjoyment will become your meditation, it will become your samadhi.

Music is the easiest method of meditation. Whoever can let himself dissolve into music has no need to seek anything else to dissolve into. Music is wonderfully intoxicating. Music is the ultimate wine. Dissolving deeper and deeper into it, your thoughts will go, your ego will go. Understand music as meditation.

But don't torture others, because it is not right if others are sacrificed for your meditation. Give way. And if your wife loves you and if your children love you, then slowly slowly a love for your music will also be born. Very gradually teach them music. Not all at once, but slowly slowly the taste for music will be born. It is very difficult to find anyone who has no taste for music somewhere inside of him. The taste of music is irresistible. This is why we have

called god: shabda - the word, svara - the musical tone, omkar - the sound of om, because each individual is created out of sound. In our heart of hearts sound is reverberating, the unstruck sound is vibrating, the sound of om is happening. This is why it is difficult, extremely difficult to find anyone who has no potential for music somewhere inside of him. But awaken it very gradually. Slowly slowly get them used to it. But don't drop music.

If one finds joy in music then everything can be dropped, but music must not be dropped. If music can become your very sannyas, then let it become. This much courage will be needed. The courage to put everything at stake will be needed. Then something can come to fruit in life. Then something is attained in life. Everything else is trivial. If this is the voice of your being, then follow this voice.

This is why I have to speak on everything. I have to speak on music also, even though I am no musician. I don't know Deepak raga or raga Todi, or raga Bilaval, nor vilambit - I don't know anything. But I have heard that music which is the ultimate music. Where all ragas disappear, I have heard that music about which Nanak has said, "Ek Omkar Satnam - the sound of Om is the only truth". This is why I have to speak on music also. If a music lover comes then I will have to take him with his love towards god.

I don't want to separate you from your nature. I don't want to project anything on you. I want what is spontaneous and natural in you to come to fruit, to flower.

The last question:

Question 5

I AM DISCONTENTED WITH EVERYTHING. WHAT CAN I GET SO I CAN ATTAIN CONTENTMENT?

As long as you think in terms of the language of getting you will not find contentment. Discontent arises from the very language of getting. As long as you say, what can I get, you will remain discontented. Contentment is in celebrating the festival of what is. Discontentment is in the desire, in the thirst to get what is not. And there is much that you do not have. If you go off to get it you will continue going, continue going, you will never be able to get it all. You will never become contented. Your life's story will continue in discontented anguish.

No, what is, is not lacking. You have received life. Have you given thanks to god for this life? And if you had to go buy this life then what price might you be ready to pay! He gave these eyes, he gave these burning lamps. With these eyes you see such beauty in the universe. You see the morning sun, you see starry nights. Have you ever thanked god for giving you such wonderful eyes, such magic: eyes! But you have not given thanks.

You have heard much music with your ears. Have you ever bowed -- in gratefulness? He gave this sensitive heart. Have you ever let fall two tears on his feet for this -- of prayer, of worship?

The meaning of contentment is: what is, is more than what I deserve, is more than my worthiness. I am neither deserving, nor worthy and god has gone on showering -- the name of such an experience is contentment. And one who has contentment will receive more.

There is a very lovely statement of Jesus which again and again I remember -- and it is rare, incomparable and far beyond logic. Jesus says, "To one who has more, more will be given unto him. And one who has not, even that which he has will be taken from him." A very paradoxical statement, an inversion. Is this something to say? Is this any kind of justice where those who have will be given more and those that do not have will have more things taken away from them? This seems to be very unjust. But no, it is not unjust. This is the highest law of life, because the capacity to receive more increases in one who has. He opens more doors. He becomes thirstier. He becomes more eager, he becomes more enquiring. And one who has not becomes more shrivelled up. He becomes so shrivelled that even what is inside him, starts getting restless to get out.
If you have contentment you will receive more and more gifts. Every day you will receive gifts. And if you do not have contentment, only discontent and complaint and crying and a continuous tale of woe you will shrivel up. You will become contracted. What is within you will also be lost.
You ask, I AM DISCONTENTED WITH EVERYTHING. It is natural. Everyone is. Such is man. Such is the mind of man -- discontented with everything.
Now understand this. It means that you have been discontented for many years, but what have you gained? Discontent has gone on growing. You will remain discontented in the future too. Death will come one day and you will have lived discontented and you will die discontented. Now learn a different art, the name of that art is contentment, or sannyas. These two are synonyms.

Sannyas means contentment. What is: this much is plenty. Why is it so much? It seems surprising. Why have I received so much? I have not earned it. I am not worthy, not deserving. Thou hast given, it is thy gift! I am thankful. I am grateful.

Dance, tie ankle bells to your feet, let the hand beats sound the drums. Dance! Dance in ecstasy! And then you will find that every day more and more gifts start coming. The deeper your thankfulness becomes, the more god's kindness will start showering on you. If there is a drizzle now then a torrential downpour of bliss will come.

This spread of earth, this covering of blue sky,
What more do you want? O reclusive heart!
The sun overhead like a golden umbrella,
The moon dressed in a garland of silver,
The dawn holds an urn, welcoming shining,
The dusk slowly ornamented by stars,
The jewelry of sun and moon, a necklace of stars
What more do you want? O great-fortuned heart!
Sweet spring humming with cuckoo song,
Summer afternoon making rendezvous',
In the rains a papiha chanting pia, pia,
Winter moonlight showering sweet love.
The swinging of the seasons, the to-and-fro of time,
What more do you want? O affectionate heart!
New shoots waving a silken handkerchief,
Blossoms filling life with joy,
Flowers shower color, delicate fragrance flies,
A saffron breeze makes ripples on the heart.
The flowering of spring perfuming the horizons,
What more do you want? O sweet passioned heart!

A bird with many colored wings,
Whispers in the ears secretive nothings,
Scents arising from the bowl-like pond flower,
The leaves of the jalkumbhi shake and shake,
A bird's flying, a jalkumbhi's shaking,
What more do you want? O rebellious heart!
This spread of earth, this blue sky covering,
What more do you want? O reclusive heart!
You are greatly fortunate! What more do you want?
The jewelry of sun and moon, a necklace of stars
What more do you want? O great-fortuned heart!
You have received so much, but because of the ego it is not seen. Let the ego go now.
You ask what you should do: Let the ego die.
DIE, O YOGI, DIE! DIE, SWEET IS DYING.
DIE THAT DEATH GORAKH DIED AND SAW.

Enough for today?